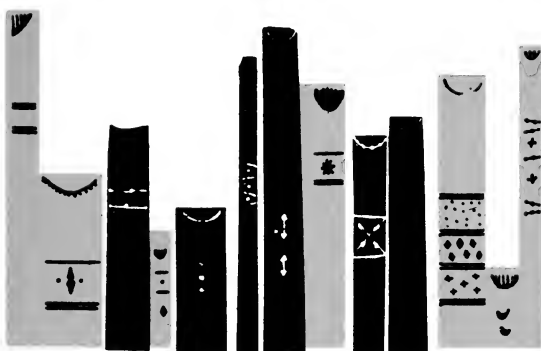




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# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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## ERRATA

Page 37, title, *for 1867 read 1866*

- " 177, line 23, *for indefinite read infinite*  
 " 235, " 17, *for 1622-1663 read 1661-1662*  
 " 241, " 28, *for to read too*  
 " 278, " 8 from bottom, *after have insert been*  
 " 281, correct *initial*, Richard A. Greer.

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## ARIZONA'S STAND ON THE SANTA FE COMPACT AND THE BOULDER DAM PROJECT ACT

*By* DONALD R. VAN PETTEN

THE COLORADO River and its tributaries form a system in the southwestern part of the United States, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. Its potentialities for power and for irrigation are of paramount importance in the industrial life of the Colorado Basin. Seven states—Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Wyoming, and Utah—contribute in varying amounts to its flow. This vast territory may be divided into the upper and lower basins. The upper is comprised of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and New Mexico—states in which the vast river and the tributaries to its upper reaches rise among the mountains, where precipitation, especially in the form of snow, is heavy, and where the opportunities for irrigation are limited by the character of the terrain. The lower basin is composed of Arizona, California, and Nevada—states whose valleys possess an excellent climate and soil—where, particularly in the first two, an immense acreage is susceptible to irrigation. Of these three lower basin states, only Arizona contributes materially to the normal flow of the river. While the sources of the Colorado are all in the United States, its final channel, delta, and mouth are in territory belonging to the Republic of Mexico.

At its mouth, the river has built an immense delta from the materials eroded from the canyons, and by this means has formed a dike across the Gulf of California. This cuts

off entirely the northern end of the gulf, which forms a deep bowl below sea level, and includes the Imperial and Coachella valleys, together with a large lake at the lowest point—the Salton Sea. This body of water has an area of about 150,000 acres, and its surface is approximately 250 feet below sea level.<sup>1</sup>

The river itself flowed down along the eastern edge of this depression, in a river bed which was being gradually built up by deposits of silt above the level of the surrounding country. In the early summer, when freshets, fed by the melting snows in the far-away mountains, came, the anxious farmer in the Imperial Valley lived under the constant apprehension of waking some fine morning to find his house and farm under water.

This catastrophe did occur in 1906, when the breaking of a main levee caused a disastrous flood which inundated 50,000 acres of farms. By 1922, due to silt deposits, the bed of the channel of the river as it flowed to the gulf was fourteen feet higher than it had been in 1906, and the levees were kept correspondingly high by the people of the Imperial Valley. Once the water poured into the valley, it could escape only by evaporation, and all the cultivated land and thriving towns would be submerged beyond hope of recovery.

The threat of such an event is realized, when it is understood that this valley is the largest single irrigated unit in the United States, and that the danger zone of the Colorado River is the home of more than 75,000 people, who have reclaimed more than one-half million acres of land, and have built more than thirty towns and villages. The value of their annual crops exceeds one hundred million dollars, and the potential value of their homes, lands and improvements is more than eight hundred millions.<sup>2</sup>

There was another unique feature of the Imperial Val-

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1. Colorado River Commission of California, *The Boulder Canyon Project* (Sacramento, 1930), p. 13.

2. E. A. Hampton, "The Battle with the Colorado," *Review of Reviews*, Nov., 1922, p. 525.

ley besides its topography, which made it necessary to seek help from the national government. The main canal conducting water from the Colorado River at Yuma to the Imperial Valley, several miles to the west, crossed the international boundary into Mexico, and extended from fifty to sixty miles westward with laterals at various points which diverted water across the border again to California lands.

As a result, political and operating complications developed. The concession from the Mexican government to the Imperial Valley Water Users provided that when a foreign government became interested, the concession was automatically withdrawn, a provision that would make it necessary for another route to be chosen if the United States government became interested in the water supply for the valley. It was further required that levees be maintained on the Mexican side, and permission given by Mexican officials whenever it was necessary or desirable to transport warehouse equipment across the border; moreover, a duty was charged on each carload of rock that went across the line for the levees. There was a contract allotting Mexican soil a right to one-half of the water flowing in the main canal. It has been estimated that \$112,000,000 was spent by the Americans to maintain the levees in Mexico prior to 1922. In President Theodore Roosevelt's message to congress concerning the 1906 disaster he stated that the Imperial Valley would "never have a safe and adequate supply of water until the main canal extends from Laguna Dam."<sup>3</sup> The problem, therefore, was two-fold: to control the flow of the river, and to settle international questions with Mexico having to do with canal and water rights. The United States government was the logical agency to undertake the solution.<sup>4</sup>

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3. *Cong. Record*, 59 Cong. Vol. 41, Part 2, p. 1029. The Laguna Dam is several miles north of Yuma. When the canal was first built, it was considered impossible to carry it through the sand dunes which lie between the river and the Imperial Valley.

4. Winifred Smith, *The Controversy between Arizona and California over the Boulder Dam Project Act* (unpublished master's thesis, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, 1931), pp. 15-19.

## THE SANTA FÉ COMPACT

The quarrel which rose between Arizona and California concerning the development of the Colorado River, was caused by political and economic rivalry. There has never been any questioning of the fact that the harnessing of the river to prevent floods, to give power, and for the purposes of de-silting was a very desirable thing, from the standpoint of both states.

Arizona always has considered the Colorado River as her greatest natural resource. For many miles, it flows through this state, and for many more miles it forms the western boundary. Although large in territory, thousands of her acres are unfit for use, and many more are in the control of the federal government as Indian reservations, forest reserves, or as federal lands. Her population is small, and her prosperity at present is dependent largely on the uncertainty of mining operations. The time is surely coming when the copper mines will be depleted. Then a change will have to be made from a mining to an agricultural economy. When that day comes, the necessity for an available supply of irrigation water and for an abundance of power for pumping and drainage purposes is imperative.<sup>5</sup>

Because of these facts, Arizona looked with suspicion on every move which might jeopardize her future. As far back as 1918, the Imperial Irrigation District made an arrangement with the secretary of the interior providing for an extension of the Imperial Canal to Laguna Dam, and pledged itself to build an all-American canal to the valley from that point. No construction was begun, since finances were not available. It was hoped that a board appointed in accordance with a contract between the secretary of the in-

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5. Much of the material given in this paper is the result of study made by the author as a member of the Arizona house of representatives during the years 1928-1932. During the sessions of both the ninth and tenth legislatures, he was a member of the committee on agriculture and irrigation. The author is also indebted for a great deal of information to an unpublished master's thesis by Rollah E. Aston, *Boulder Dam and the Public Utilities* (The University of Arizona, Tucson, 1936).

terior and the district would report favorably for government construction of this canal.

This board did make an investigation and reported favorably on building a main canal entirely in the territory of the United States. Accordingly, the Kettner bill, providing for such a canal financed by the government, was introduced in congress in 1919. Because it did not provide for storage on the Colorado, the bill failed to pass. Congressmen did not know how adequate the water supply was, nor the number of acres susceptible to irrigation.

To obtain this data, congress approved the Kincaid Act on May 18, 1920, which provided for "an examination and report on the condition and possible irrigation development of the Imperial Valley in California."<sup>6</sup> \$20,000 was appropriated by the act, and the Imperial Valley contributed \$100,000. The secretary of the interior was directed to conduct the investigations, and to make recommendations as to the feasibility of constructing a dam on the river. He was to report in detail the character and probable cost and the best location for such storage works.

Albert B. Fall of New Mexico conducted the investigation and made the report on February 22, 1922. Referring to the opposition he met with in various quarters, he stated that it had been delayed not only by "physical limitations but by human considerations."<sup>7</sup> He had personally gone to San Diego, California, to hold hearings so that free opportunity might be given for the expression of different views. Mr. Fall stated that he concurred most heartily in the recommendations of the report, which were in part:

That the United States construct a high-line canal from Laguna Dam to Imperial Valley, to be reimbursed from the lands benefited.

That the government undertake the construction of a reservoir at or near Boulder Canyon to be

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6. Ralph L. Griswell, "Colorado River Conferences and Their Implications," *Colorado River Development and Related Problems*, p. 12.

7. *Letter of Transmittal*, Senate Document 142, 67 Cong. 2 Sess.

reimbursed by the revenues from leasing the power privileges incident thereto.

That the Secretary of the Interior be empowered to allot the various applicants their due proportion of the power privileges and to allocate the costs and benefits of a high line canal.<sup>8</sup>

It might be remarked here that the Boulder Canyon damsite was not utilized in building the present Hoover or so-called Boulder Canyon Dam. It is located at the mouth of the Black Canyon. Officials of the Imperial Irrigation District reported that the selection was made by government engineers.<sup>9</sup>

The states concerned with the development of the river early realized that differences would arise, and that it would be best to settle those differences among themselves. One of the agencies for this purpose was the Southwest League, which emerged as a permanent organization from a conference of representatives from the seven states called by the governor of Utah in January, 1919, for the purpose of discussing the utilization of water from the Colorado River and its tributaries.<sup>10</sup> This organization believed that the development of the resources of the Colorado River basin was basic for the future progress and prosperity of the southwest.

At one of its meetings in Denver during August, 1920, representatives from Arizona and California presented a resolution which the league passed, in which it was stated that the questions inherent in the development of the Colorado should be settled by a compact between the interested states, and that the legislatures of the states should authorize the appointment of a commission to enter into such a compact. This agreement would then be ratified by the

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8. *Ibid.*, p. 21.

9. Black Canyon is nearer the mouth of the river than Boulder, and consequently nearer the metropolitan district of southern California where much of the market for power was to be found. This was a sore point with Arizona objectors who felt that much more Arizona land could be brought under irrigation if the dam were placed at Boulder—higher up the river.

10. Reuel L. Olson, *The Colorado River Compact* (Boston, 1926), p. 12.

various state legislatures and by the congress of the United States. The next year, the legislatures and the congress gave approval to the plan. In May, 1921, the various governors of the interested states requested President Harding to name a chairman of the proposed commission, and he proposed Herbert Hoover.

Santa Fé, New Mexico, was decided upon as the place of meeting, and June, 1921, as the time. The sessions of the Colorado River Commission extended over a period of nearly eighteen months, and were attended at various times by all the governors of the interested states except one, and all their attorneys-general.<sup>11</sup> On November 24, 1922, a compact was signed, subject to the ratification of the seven state legislatures and of congress.

In general, it was found that the interests of the lower basin states encroached on those of the upper basin. It was felt that the lower basin states would be able to develop their irrigable lands faster than the upper basin states. According to Supreme Court decisions the beneficial use of water establishes a priority right to its use against a later encroachment, regardless of state boundaries. To protect themselves, the upper basin states desired the compact to guarantee them a fixed amount of water, regardless of prior appropriations.

It was so arranged. The water of the river was divided between the upper and lower basin rather than among the several states, the dividing point being Lee's Ferry, one mile below the mouth of the Paria River.<sup>12</sup> This plan, adopted to avoid the long wrangling which would have resulted from any attempt to apportion the water among the states, was suggested by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Delph Carpenter of Colorado.

The division of water was based on data showing an

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11. Herbert Hoover, "The Colorado River Problem," *The Community Builder*, March, 1928.

12. Olson, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

annual average flow of 17,400,000 acre feet.<sup>13</sup> Article III, paragraph (a) of the compact apportioned to each of the basins, 7,500,000 acre feet, while paragraph (b) gave the lower basin the right to increase its beneficial use of water by 1,000,000 acre feet per year. Since the annual run-off of the river, measured at Yuma, has varied between 10,100,000 and 26,000,000 acre feet during an eighteen year period,<sup>14</sup> it was stipulated that the states of the upper basin would not cause the volume of water flowing past Lee's Ferry to be less than a total of 75,000,000 acre feet for any period of ten consecutive years. It was further provided that if Mexico received any right to further supplies of Colorado River water by treaty, such water was to be supplied from the unapportioned surplus. But if this proved insufficient, the upper and lower basins were to bear the deficiency equally. The agreement was to remain in force forty years, but might be changed by unanimous consent of the same authority by which it was drafted.<sup>15</sup> A bill for approval of the compact was introduced in congress December 18, 1922, but did not get out of committee. By the end of January, 1923, the compact had been ratified by all the interested state legislatures, except that of Arizona.

#### THE OPPOSITION OF ARIZONA

In the absence of precise data, there was general apprehension in both California and Arizona that the water supply of the Colorado would be inadequate to irrigate all the land which was susceptible. As early as 1916, Mr. E. C. LaRue, an authority on the Colorado River question, after reviewing certain investigations and surveys of the river made by the government, confirmed such a fear. Additional data collected by Mr. LaRue and others in recent years seem to indicate that this conclusion is correct.<sup>16</sup>

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13. An acre foot of water is the amount of water necessary to cover one acre to the depth of one foot.

14. Senate Document 142, 67 Cong., 2 Sess., p. 220.

15. Olson, *op. cit.*, p. 40. Time later changed to fifty years.

16. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 110-111.



Arizona, as the weaker in wealth and population, felt that if there were not enough water for both states, she would be compelled to sacrifice her interests for those of California. Accordingly, Arizona's opposition to the compact dates from the first proposal for the division of water between the two basins rather than among the states severally. Arizona's water commissioner, Mr. W. S. Norviel, who represented Arizona at Santa Fé, felt that the water to be allotted to Arizona should be settled beyond question by the compact, and cast the only negative vote when the division between basins was proposed.<sup>17</sup> However, he was finally won over, and a unanimous approval was given.

During the long period of the deliberations of the commission at Santa Fé, the republican governor, Thomas E. Campbell of Arizona, had been defeated for re-election by the democrat George W. P. Hunt. The latter, in presenting the compact to the legislature for action, mentioned the fact that Mr. Norviel had been an appointee of Governor Campbell, and called attention to the lack of information on the acreage in Arizona which potentially might be irrigated from the Colorado. He emphasized the need for taking plenty of time in considering ratification, as he felt that the future of the state was at stake. The legislature failed to ratify the compact by the margin of one vote.

This action did not indicate that Arizona was in opposition to the development of the river. She was most eager for it. But she felt that her only bargaining power to obtain an equitable supply of water, was to withhold her approval until the question was settled satisfactorily. At this time there was no suspicion that work of such magnitude would be undertaken without the unanimous approval of all states interested, especially in view of Arizona's great stake in the river.

Forty-three per cent of the Colorado River was in Arizona, and only two per cent in California. Thirty per cent of

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17. Olson, *op. cit.*, p. 293.

the water of the river was contributed by the former, and practically none by the latter. Therefore, Arizona felt that after 300,000 acre feet for Nevada had been subtracted<sup>18</sup> from the allotment to the Lower Basin, the remaining 7,200,000 acre feet should be equally divided between Arizona and California.

This demand seemed to California unreasonable. She countered with a proposal first to divide the water on the basis of three-fourths for herself. Another question complicated the picture. Arizona had already developed a large irrigated acreage on the Salt and Gila rivers, tributaries to the Colorado. This system yielded an annual beneficial use of 2,700,000 acre feet of water, and this was used as the basis for California's claims to the major portion of the allotment under the compact. Later, she reduced her demand to two-thirds, not counting the already developed water on the Gila water shed.<sup>19</sup>

In addition to a demand for a more equitable division of water, Arizona asked that the basis for the division of the revenue from the sale of power at the dam be determined, since most of it was being demanded by California at bargain prices. Another point contended for by Arizona was the right to tax the wholesale power sold from the powerhouse at the dam.<sup>20</sup> She further demanded that a treaty be made with Mexico definitely limiting that country's rights to water from the Colorado. Under the compact, she feared that if drought should come and the share of Mexico be unavailable from the upper reaches of the river, she would

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18. This was the maximum demand of Nevada, since that state had only a limited amount of land susceptible to irrigation from the Colorado.

19. Thomas Maddock, *Reasons for Arizona's Opposition to the Swing-Johnson Bill and Santa Fe Compact* (Phoenix, 1927).

20. Arizona contended that congress had admitted the sovereignty of states over their own waters in the Federal Water Power Act, passed in 1920. The provisions of that act prohibit the use of the public lands by the federal government for building power dams unless a permit from the states in which the land is located is secured. Maddock, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

have to contribute the water she had developed and stored in her Gila irrigation system.<sup>21</sup>

With so many vital questions left unsettled by the compact, subject to adjudication after the development of the river had been begun, it is understandable why Arizona refused to sign until some agreement had been reached. However, it is difficult to understand why she refused to accept compromises which were offered her when she possessed the whip-hand in negotiations, before the Swing-Johnson Bill was passed.

#### EFFORTS AT AGREEMENT

In 1923, Arizona proposed to California and Nevada a tri-state agreement supplemental to the Santa Fé Compact, to settle the questions in dispute; but for two years, California refused to discuss the matter. At last, however, a tri-state conference was arranged for December 1, 1925, but no agreement could be made.

In August, 1927, the governors of the upper basin states called a conference at Denver for the purpose of settling the differences between Arizona and California which were delaying the development of the river. The governors of all the states concerned were in attendance, together with the various Colorado River commissioners, Interstate Water commissioners, and various advisors. The main discussions revolved around four questions: the division of water among the lower basin states, the amounts that might be claimed by Mexico, the rights of states to the banks of rivers within or bounding their territory, and the division of power revenues.

The problems concerning Mexico and the ownership of river banks were settled, as far as that conference could settle them, to the satisfaction of Arizona's delegation.<sup>22</sup> No final determination was made with respect to the division of water. At first, California asked for 4,600,000 acre feet of

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21. See Arizona Colorado River Commission, *Colorado River, International Problem* (Phoenix, 1938).

22. First Report of the Colorado River Commission of Arizona, Eighth Legislature, Fourth Special Session, *Document No. 1*, p. 5.

the water allocated to the lower basin, and offered to guarantee to Arizona the remaining 2,600,000 acre feet, after subtracting 300,000 for Nevada, and the waters of her tributary streams.<sup>23</sup> Arizona rejected this proposition, whereupon the governors of the upper basin states proposed that the share of water to California be 4,200,000 acre feet, to which the delegates from Arizona tentatively agreed.<sup>24</sup> They insisted on the use of language which would remove all doubt as to her responsibility for supplying Mexico from her stored water, and upon the insertion of a clause giving to California and Arizona equal rights to all unallotted water in the main stream of the river. However, California rejected this proposal, giving as her reason that such an arrangement would amend the existing Santa Fé Compact, and the pending Boulder Dam Project Act.

A final effort was made to settle questions amicably on a seven state ratification basis in February, 1930, at a conference held in Phoenix. California made the following proposals:

To Nevada, 300,000 acre feet of water. Utah and New Mexico to have all water necessary for use on areas of those states lying within the lower basin.

Arizona to have all waters of the Gila system and her other tributaries, excepting such water as reaches the main stream, also her present uses from the main stream, within the state.

California to have water now diverted in California for agricultural and domestic use in California.

Balance of water in main stream to be divided one-half to Arizona and one-half to California.

Mexican obligations to be met one-half by Arizona and one-half by California from main stream water.

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23. Griswell, *op. cit.*, p. 17.

24. When the Swing-Johnson Bill was proposed, the Bratton amendment divided this difference and allotted to California a total of 4,400,000 acre feet.

All other points to be left to determination of the Secretary of the Interior, under the Act.<sup>25</sup>

Arizona rejected this proposal, on the ground that the question of power was not settled, but was left to the adjudication of the secretary of the interior, who at that time was Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur of California, who, Arizona felt, would be prejudiced in his decision.

Mr. Charles Ward, chairman of the Colorado River Commission of Arizona during this conference countered with a twelve point power program meant to clarify the power situation which had become quite muddled. The Boulder Canyon Project Act had been so much amended to meet the questions in dispute between the states, that many of its provisions conflicted. However, California refused to agree to this program, although it contained nothing prejudicial to her rights. But by this time, the Boulder Canyon Project Act had been passed by congress, and there was no need for California to recede an inch from the position she had taken.

A great deal of enmity was generated between the two states. In Arizona, this was fanned by politicians who desired to remain in office, or gain elections, through their offer to "save the Colorado." A California congressman publicly announced his intention of introducing a measure in congress to restore Arizona to the status of a territory on the ground that she had violated the conditions under which her admittance to the union was authorized.<sup>26</sup> Governor Hunt of

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25. Colorado River Commission of the State of California, *The Boulder Canyon Project* (Sacramento, 1930), p. 45.

New Mexico has certain rights to water on the Upper Gila River. However, those rights are even now in the courts for adjudication. It was probably not those lands to which reference was made since Arizona was offered "all the waters of the Gila system and her tributaries," but the small amount of territory in northwestern New Mexico draining into the Little Colorado, which in turn flows into the Colorado below Lee's Ferry, and thus comes in the Lower Basin.

26. The congressman referred to the well-known fact that President Taft vetoed congressional action admitting Arizona to the Union on the ground that her constitution permitted the recall of judges. To meet this objection, Arizona deleted this provision, was admitted, and immediately, by proper action of her electorate, amended the new constitution so that recall of judges was again permitted.

Arizona said at one time that his sense of outrage no longer permitted him to discuss the Colorado River calmly and dispassionately, and a Yuma paper quoted him as saying: "I'll be damned if California will ever have any water from the Colorado River as long as I am governor of Arizona."<sup>27</sup> He suggested to Los Angeles that if they needed water to drink, they could sip from the ocean which was next door to them.

### THE BOULDER CANYON PROJECT ACT

After the feud between California and Arizona had raged for several years with no signs of abatement, certain responsible men began to canvass the possibilities of proceeding without waiting for complete agreement. Mr. Delph E. Carpenter of Colorado suggested to Mr. Hoover that a six state pact might be made, with Arizona privileged to sign whenever she cared to do so.<sup>28</sup> On this basis in 1925 Nevada, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Utah ratified a six state compact, but California, after repealing the seven state compact ratification, made concurrence in the six state agreement subject to the declaration of the president of the United States that congress had authorized the construction of a dam on the main stream of the Colorado River at or below Boulder Canyon, of at least 20,000,000 acre feet storage capacity and further that congress had exercised its powers "to make the terms of the said Colorado River Compact binding and effective as to the waters of the said Colorado River."<sup>29</sup>

In 1927, Utah decided to repeal its approval of the six state compact, but later was influenced to adhere to its original action, and eventually, all the states concerned, except Arizona, signed a six state agreement.

During all of this time, there was pending in congress a bill known as the Boulder Canyon Project bill, or the

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27. Griswell, *op. cit.*, p. 17.

28. Olson, *op. cit.*

29. Grace Kight, *The Santa Fé Compact* (unpublished master's thesis, University of Arizona, Tucson, 1927), p. 29.

Swing-Johnson bill. It had been introduced on April 15, 1922, by Representative Swing of California, and it embodied the main features of the recommendations made by the investigating committee headed by Secretary Fall. The purposes of the legislation were given as follows:

1. To regulate the lower Colorado River and control the floods therein.
2. To provide storage for irrigation.
3. To secure the development of electrical power.
4. To provide homes for honorably discharged ex-service men.
5. To authorize the construction of an all-American canal.

It authorized the secretary of the interior to lease power privileges and to make allocation of power generated according to his judgment. But he was instructed to give preference to applications for power from political subdivisions. No proposed interstate agreement was mentioned in the bill, but section 9 read:

That nothing in this act shall be construed as limiting, diminishing or in any manner interfering with any vested rights of the states above said reservoir, or of the citizens of said states, to the use, within the Colorado River watershed, of the waters of said Colorado River.<sup>30</sup>

Although this bill was sponsored in the senate by Hiram Johnson, and was recommended by the interior department, there was, it was felt by Arizona, little likelihood of its passage until an interstate agreement had been reached. In view, too, of the vast sum of money necessary for the work, it was expected that searching study of the problem would delay action for some time.<sup>31</sup>

On January 12, 1926, the interior department again

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30. *Hearings*, H. R. 11449, Pt. 1, 67 Cong., 2 sess., p. 1.

31. On March 17, 1924, Dr. Hubert Work, secretary of the interior, reported that since the passage of the Kincaid act in 1920, the reclamation bureau had expended more than \$350,000 and other governmental agencies more than \$2,000,000, in the observation, survey, and study of the Colorado River.

recommended that the Swing-Johnson bill be enacted. In his message of December 6, 1927, President Coolidge advised that development proceed, and on January 21, 1928, the interior department again submitted its approval to congress.<sup>32</sup> After a long and bitter fight, with the congressional delegation from Arizona fighting against passage, the Swing-Johnson bill, the sixth of a series of bills, passed both houses by a large majority, and was approved by the president on December 21, 1928.

The provisions of the act differed from those first stated in the bill. Two new purposes for the project were given: to provide for a domestic water supply, and to improve navigation.<sup>33</sup> The secretary of the interior was authorized to carry out the provisions of the act subject to the Colorado River compact which required ratification by California and five others before the act would become effective. California was required to limit her annual use of water to 4,400,000 acre feet, plus half of the surplus waters unappropriated by the compact. Provision was made for a possible later agreement among California, Nevada, and Arizona, which, if it agreed with seven conditions stipulated, would not require a re-ratification by congress.

The provisions regarding power were as follows: The secretary of the interior was given permission to lease the water for generating power at the switchboard, or to build and lease the power plants. It was stipulated that the power should be sold comparably with the cost of power elsewhere in that area. Preference was to be given states in the bidding for power, but private corporations were specifically mentioned as possible contractors for electrical energy.

The total appropriation for the project, which called for a dam 550 feet high, creating a storage for 26,000,000

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32. Hiram Johnson, *The Boulder Canyon Project*, 70 Cong., 1 sess., p. 14.

33. This seemingly ridiculous motive had been added to give the United States jurisdiction over the bank of the Colorado in Arizona. It is true that in pioneer days, boats had plied on the Colorado. But none had gone above Yuma after the diversion dam had been built there to divert the waters into the canal of the Imperial Valley Water Users. Arizona fought this point bitterly.



acre feet of water, a power plant of 1,000,000 horse power installed capacity, and an all-American canal, was \$165,000,000. This money was to become available when the secretary of the interior had procured contracts for the sale of power which would return sufficient revenues for all operating expenses, maintenance, and the repayment within fifty years from date of completion, of the original cost with interest.

On June 16, 1930, Secretary Ray Lyman Wilbur stated that all the conditions necessary for obtaining the appropriation had been met. He had signed two contracts: one for "lease of power privilege executed severally by the City of Los Angeles and the Southern California Edison Company, Lt.," and another "for electrical energy executed by the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California." In addition, a contract was made with the latter organization, "for the delivery of water to be stored in the Boulder Dam reservoir."<sup>34</sup>

The secretary allocated the power as follows:

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| State of Arizona .....  | 18% |
| State of Nevada .....   | 18% |
| Metropolitan Water District of Southern<br>California, for pumping domestic water<br>from river ..... | 36% |
| City of Los Angeles .....   | 13% |
| Eleven smaller cities .....   | 6%  |
| Four Public Utilities serving farmlands --  | 9%  |

As some of these agencies could not make immediate use of the power assigned to them when it became available, and since the act specified that firm contracts should be made prior to making the appropriation available, certain rearrangements had to be made. It was found that the sale of 64% of the firm energy would provide the government an adequate revenue. The City of Los Angeles and the Southern California Edison Company underwrote 37% and 27% respectively of the firm power; but the two contractors

34. Wilbur and Ely, *Hoover Dam Contracts* (Washington, 1933), p. 575.

acquired title to only 13% and 9%, as had been allotted to them. The smaller municipalities were allowed one year to arrange for contracting for their 6%, but Arizona and Nevada were given the entire period of fifty years to contract for their 36%.<sup>35</sup> The contracts with the City of Los Angeles, the Metropolitan Water district and the Edison Company were closed on April 26, 1930, and provided for a revenue of \$327,000,000.<sup>36</sup> The rates obtained were 1.63 mills per kilowatt-hour for firm energy and .5 mill per kilowatt-hour for secondary energy, both delivered at transmission voltage.<sup>37</sup>

Even after the bill had passed congress, the opposition of Arizona did not cease. The secretary of the interior made several efforts to bring the lower basin states into harmony. Conferences were held in March and June, 1929, with no success. The conference held in Phoenix in February, 1930, has already been mentioned. On May 14, 1930, Secretary Wilbur sent a stinging rebuke to Arizona in answer to criticism of Governor John Phillips, that the contracts had been awarded "hastily."<sup>38</sup>

In 1930, at the second session of the seventy-first congress, the Arizona congressional delegation fought against the first appropriation for the Boulder Dam Project. Through fear of a filibuster, with time for adjournment near, amendments were made to the power contracts which met some of Arizona's objections.

Arizona's fight was now transferred to the courts. On October 13, 1930, after decisions of the attorney general and comptroller general had been made against Arizona's position, that state sought an injunction in the supreme court of the United States, asking that the Boulder Canyon Project Act and the Colorado River Compact be declared "inoperative and unconstitutional." The bill of complaint

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35. *Ibid.*, p. 601.

36. *Ibid.*, p. 24.

37. *Ibid.*, p. 536.

38. *Ibid.*, p. 605.

alleged a violation of the sovereign rights of Arizona in the construction of a dam which would divert waters from the state for consumption elsewhere. It also denied that the stream was navigable, declaring that the purpose of improving navigation as given by congress was a "subterfuge and false pretense."

On May 18, 1931, the suit was dismissed, the court rejecting every point of the complaint. It was held that by historical evidence the river was navigable, and therefore the erection of a dam and reservoir was clearly within the powers conferred on congress.<sup>39</sup> It was also decided that Arizona had no basis of complaint against the Colorado River Compact, since she was not a signatory to it, and therefore not bound by its provisions. With regard to the interference with her rights by California and the other defendants, the court ruled: "There is no occasion for determining now Arizona's rights to interstate or local waters which have not yet been, or which may never be, appropriated."<sup>40</sup>

This decision effectively halted further opposition by Arizona. In her fight on the Compact and on the Swing-Johnson Bill, Arizona did not stand alone.<sup>41</sup> For a long time Utah was opposed to the plan of development. In congress, she had the assistance of many Eastern representatives, who are notoriously loathe to vote appropriations for improvements in the West. One may wonder why the Swing-Johnson Bill passed against such powerful opposition. Commenting on this matter, Professor G. E. P. Smith of the irrigation engineering department of the University of Arizona said that "if the whole narrative of the plotting, the political

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39. Opinions of the Supreme Court of U. S., *Arizona vs. State of California, et al.*, cited in Wilbur and Ely, *op. cit.*, p. 665.

40. *Ibid.*, p. 673.

41. When work began on the Parker-Gila dam site for the purpose of diverting water into the Metropolitan Aqueduct which carries water across the mountains to the metropolitan district around Los Angeles, Dr. B. B. Moeur, then the governor of Arizona, called out the militia to prevent any work on Arizona soil. But after congress had specifically authorized this project, the soldiers were called home.

chicanery, the fallacious propaganda, the blunders and the reprehensible coercion shall ever be written, it will read like a succession of chapters in *Les Misérables*.”<sup>42</sup>

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42. G. E. P. Smith, *An Equitable Basis for Solution of the Colorado River Controversy* (Tucson, Ariz., 1925), p. 6.

# NOTES UPON THE ROUTES OF ESPEJO AND FARFAN TO THE MINES IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

*By* KATHARINE BARTLETT

**I**N 1540, Coronado's expedition penetrated the unknown territory of Arizona and New Mexico. From Hawikúh in the Zuñi country, the leader sent Tovar to visit the Hopi villages, and a few weeks later, Cárdenas to see the great river of which the Hopis told. The routes taken by these daring explorers from Hawikúh to Hopi have been established and seems to coincide reasonably well with the Indian trail between these two points.<sup>1</sup>

Arizona was not again visited by the Spanish until 1583, for the best route from Mexico to the populous Pueblo villages in the Rio Grande valley was found to be from southern Chihuahua rather than up the west coast of Mexico as Coronado had come. In 1582, Antonio de Espejo set out from Valle de San Gregorio with fourteen companions. The expedition was organized ostensibly for the purpose of rescuing two friars who had remained in New Mexico after the Rodríguez expedition of the previous year, but the Spaniards were really more interested in prospecting. They went down the Conchos River and up the Rio Grande to the Pueblo of Pualá, where they found that the friars had been murdered. However, the members of the company decided to continue their explorations. In the course of time Espejo and nine companions arrived at the Hopi villages, where they heard about some mines further west. The leader and four others determined to visit the place and set out with Hopi guides. Their itinerary is given below.

In 1595, Juan de Oñate was awarded a contract for the conquest and settlement of New Mexico. Not until nearly three years later was he allowed to start north, with his

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1. Bartlett, Katharine. "How Don Pedro de Tovar discovered the Hopi and Don García López de Cárdenas saw the Grand Canyon, with Notes on their Probable Route." Museum of Northern Arizona, *Plateau*, Vol. 12, No. 3, Jan., 1940.

soldiers and colonists, with their loaded carts and live stock. They arrived at the Tewa pueblo of San Juan in August of 1598, and shortly thereafter, Oñate set out to receive the submission of the Indians in the name of the king. Coming from Zuñi to the Hopi villages, he heard about mines off towards the west. He sent his Captain of the Guard and of the Horses, Marcos Farfán de los Godos, with eight companions and Hopi guides to visit these mines.

The mines to which Espejo and Farfán went have been a subject of some speculation among historians for many years. Though all the other portions of the routes of these explorers seem clear enough, the position of the mines has often been imagined. In 1888, Bancroft published his *History of Arizona and New Mexico*,<sup>2</sup> in which he indicated that Espejo had found the mines in the region of Bill Williams Mountain, near Williams, Arizona. Farfán, he thought, might have gone to the same region previously explored by Espejo.

In 1916, Bolton's *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706* was published.<sup>3</sup> Here are given translations of Espejo's own narrative regarding the trip to the mines and the official testimony of Farfán of what he saw. Bolton believed that both the men had traveled to the western part of Arizona, Espejo reaching the Bill Williams Fork, and Farfán the Big Sandy, which is the northern branch of that river.

The journal of Diego Pérez de Luxán, a narrative of the Espejo expedition, was translated and edited by Hammond and Rey and published in 1929.<sup>4</sup> They pointed out that

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2. Bancroft, Hubert H. *History of Arizona and New Mexico*. The Bancroft Co., New York, 1888.

3. Bolton, Herbert E. *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706*. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1916.

(a) Account of the Journey to the Provinces and Settlements of New Mexico, 1583, by Antonio de Espejo, pp. 163-195.

(b) The Oñate Expedition and the Founding of the Province of New Mexico, 1596-1605, pp. 199-280.

4. Hammond, George P. and Rey, Agapito, translators and editors. *Expedition into New Mexico made by Antonio de Espejo 1582-83, as revealed in the Journal of Diego Pérez de Luxán*. Quivira Society, Los Angeles, 1929.

Espejo could not have covered the distance to western Arizona in the time at his disposal and that he probably went to the Verde Valley. This assumption is undoubtedly correct, for the Spanish description of the mines (which were copper mines), is identical to the description of the Indian workings, which were found when the United Verde was incorporated in 1883. The Spanish description of the country in the vicinity of the mines corresponds exactly to the region of Jerome at the present time. The United Verde Copper Company has now been mining at the site for fifty-eight years, and long ago destroyed the ancient workings.

Hammond and Rey were not familiar with the country and the route they selected for Espejo to travel is almost impossible. Granting that Espejo and Farfán went to the same place, which seems likely, and that the mines they visited were identical with the United Verde of today, what were the routes which they might have traveled to arrive there?

### *Geography of the country*

Between the Hopi villages and the Verde Valley there are a number of geographical features that interfere with the ease of one traveling over the route. First one descends a long gradual slope to the Little Colorado Valley and ascends a long slope on the other side; then comes an abrupt ascent of 600 feet, leading to Anderson Mesa. On the west side of this plateau is a cliff of 2000 feet whence a gentle slope leads to the Verde River.

Near the foot of the Hopi Mesas are areas of sand dunes, which soon give way to a grassy region with occasional juniper trees, especially in the Moqui Butte Region. The grassy area extends to the Little Colorado river, and is very waterless from twenty to thirty miles back from the river. After crossing the river another waterless area is found, of the same width.

Towards the southwest appears the escarpment called Anderson Mesa, which swings towards the northwest and

merges into the volcanic area about the San Francisco Peaks. A long gradual slope, grassy in its lower reaches, with pinon and juniper higher up, and cut by deep limestone canyons, leads from the river to the edge of the escarpment or to the San Francisco Mountains. Upon ascending the Mesa, which is about 600 ft. high, a vast pine forest extends away in all directions. It is about twenty miles wide, northeast to southwest, at its narrowest point and runs unbroken from the vicinity of Williams in a southeasterly direction into New Mexico. On this plateau, occasional springs and small shallow lakes are found. The whole area is covered with old lava flows and cinder cones. The lava flows are badly eroded and the ground cover alternates between heavy clays and weathered lava rocks, the "malpais" which is so bad for both man and horse. The clay, when wet, is bottomless and unspeakably sticky.

To the southwest of the pine belt is the Mogollon Rim, a cliff about 2000 ft. high, which extends unbroken from a point south of Williams, southeasterly to the White Mountains. This cliff is a great barrier to travel, for except in a few places where lavas from the plateau have flowed down over it, it is most hazardous and difficult to descend. Below this, fertile valleys with flowing streams lead to the Verde River. The valleys are separated from one another by low ridges covered with juniper in the higher parts and prickly pear, mescal, and beargrass below.

#### *Route 1 from the Hopi Villages to the Verde Valley*

At the present time, old Hopis can remember having gone to the Verde Valley over the old trail. This trail ran from the Hopi villages directly southwest to near Winslow (in the early days called Sunset Crossing), passing occasional small springs on the way. The Little Colorado was crossed at this point and a direct line made for Sunset Pass. This is an opening about ten miles from the river between two prominent lava capped mesas called Table Mountain and Sunset Mountain. Salt Creek Canyon with deep pools of



# ROUTES OF ESPEJO & FARFAN TO THE M

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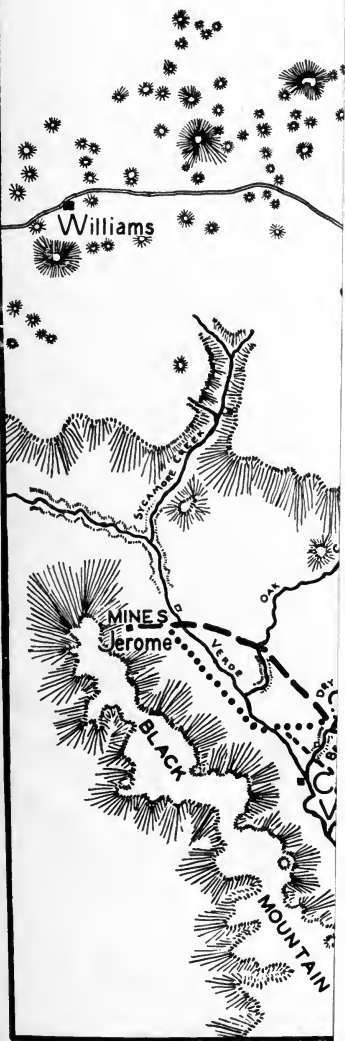
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water runs between the two mesas. Here the trail left the canyon and headed more west for Chavez Pass, a small canyon leading up to Anderson Mesa. At this point a seep spring was encountered. A gently sloping valley leads upward to a large shallow lake, called Hay Lake. There the trail turned northwest to Jay Cox Tank, then west to Pine Springs. Here a ridge of volcanic cinder cones must be crossed, where the vegetation is dense with pines, Douglas Fir and aspen trees on the north slopes of the hills. Within a few miles, Stoneman Lake was reached, a beautiful small lake in the bottom of an old crater. A long gentle slope extends towards the west, and in a nearby canyon is Rattlesnake Tank. The long slope, old lava flows covering the high red cliff bordering the Verde Valley, leads down to Beaver Head, a point at which the canyon of the Dry Beaver opens out at the foot of the cliffs. From this point one can (1) follow down the Dry Beaver southwest to its junction with the Beaver Creek (sometimes called the Wet Beaver), (2) go south over a gentle ridge to Beaver Creek, or (3) proceed directly westward down grassy ridges to the Verde River. The distance from Awátovi to the mines by this route is 152 miles.

It is likely that the route described is a very old Indian trail, for in the 1300's the last remaining pueblos of north central Arizona must have been joined together by it. There were occupied pueblos close to the present Hopi towns; then on the Little Colorado were Homólovi, northeast of Winslow, and Chevlon at the mouth of Chevlon Creek, a few miles up the river. Chavez Pass Pueblo, Kinnikinnick Pueblo, and Grapevine Pueblo were on the eastern border of Anderson Mesa. In upper Beaver Creek, the pueblo at Montezuma's Well was occupied, and Montezuma's Castle near the mouth of that creek also flourished. On lower Oak Creek and along the Verde as far north as Tuzigoot, were several large pueblos. The yellow pottery then made by the Hopi was traded in great quantity to all these other pueblos as far as the Verde, so intercourse between the towns must have been

constant. Moreover, there were no other pueblos then extant, for the large pueblos around the San Francisco Mountains had been abandoned for fifty years or more.

When the American explorers came into Arizona in the last century, they used the same routes. Lieutenant J. C. Ives, traveling without guides from the Colorado River to Fort Defiance, tried to go across country from the mouth of Canyon Diablo to the Hopi towns but was unable to find water. He turned back and followed the Little Colorado up to Sunset Crossing, where he found a well marked Indian trail leading northeast. This he followed and arrived at the Hopi villages in two and one-half days.<sup>5</sup>

At a later date, when military posts were established at Camp Verde and Fort Apache, one of the wagon roads followed this old trail from Sunset Crossing to Chavez Pass, Stoneman Lake, Beaver Head and Camp Verde.<sup>6</sup> The old ruts and deep blazes on the trees can still be seen.

### *Route 2*

A route from Awátovi to the mouth of Canyon Diablo, on the Little Colorado, could be easily followed, passing springs such as Coyote Springs in the Polacca Valley, and following down that to its junction with the Oraibi, then proceeding west to the river. Crossing the river, the north side of Canyon Diablo can be followed to its junction with Walnut Creek, then to Walnut Tank, and Turkey Tanks (Cosnino Caves), where the yellow pine forest begins; and from there, leaving the canyon, and going westward to the foot of Elden Mountain, close to Flagstaff, where there are springs. This was the route taken from the mouth of Canyon Diablo to Flagstaff by Whipple in 1853-54,<sup>7</sup> and Beale in

5. Ives, Lt. J. C. Report upon the Colorado River of the West. *Senate Ex. Doc.* 36th Congress, 1st Session. Washington, 1861, pp. 117-119.

6. Wheeler, Lt. Geo. M., *Preliminary Report of Explorations and Surveys South of the Central Pacific R. R., principally in Nevada and Arizona.* Washington, 1872. Map.

7. Whipple, Lt. A. W. "Route near the 35th Parallel. Vol. III of Reports of Explorations and Surveys to Ascertain the most practical and economical route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean." *Senate Ex. Doc.* No. 78, 33rd Congress, 2nd Session. Washington, 1853-54, pp. 78-82.

1857-58.<sup>8</sup> Crossing low ridges south of Flagstaff, Clark Valley, the upper valley of Walnut Creek, is entered, and leads almost to Mormon Lake. From this point it is not far to Stoneman Lake, where the yellow pine forest ends, and the descent to Beaver Creek can be made via Rattlesnake Tank as in the previously mentioned route. The distance is 172 miles from Awátovi to Jerome over this route.

### *Route 3*

By following the old Hopi trail to Sunset Pass, and then the south side of Salt Creek Canyon, one arrives on Anderson Mesa. Turning southwest, one can follow up long ridges, heavily forested with yellow pine, and cut by many side canyons, to various water holes and small lakes such as Lost Eden, Little Springs, and so arrive at Long Valley.

From Long Valley it is possible to proceed westward, crossing south of the headwater tributaries of West Clear Creek, to Calloway Butte, Salmon Lake, Thirteen Mile Rock, down a canyon, and thence down long ridges to the crossing of Clear Creek near the mouth of that stream, then up the Verde to the mines. This is an arduous road, for from the east edge of Anderson Mesa to Thirteen Mile Rock there is a yellow pine forest very dense the greater part of the way, for the altitude is about 7,000 to 8,000 ft. and the rainfall is very great so close to the rim. There are innumerable ridges and washes to cross, with but few landmarks. By this route the distance from Awátovi to Jerome is 160 miles.

When Camp Verde and Fort Apache flourished as military posts, General Crook's wagon road between these two points followed this route from Camp Verde to near Long Valley.

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8. Beale, Edward F. "Wagon Road from Fort Defiance to the Colorado River." *House Ex. Doc. No. 124* 35th Congress, 1st Session, Washington, 1858, pp. 47-50.

ITINERARY OF ESPEJO'S TRIP TO THE MINES  
(ABBREVIATED FROM LUXAN'S NARRATIVE,  
EDITED BY HAMMOND AND REY)

| Date             | Leagues |   |
|------------------|---------|---|
| April 30<br>1583 | 5. l.   | We left the Pueblo of Aguato <sup>9</sup> for the mines, taking along with us the necessary guides. We marched 5 leagues to a waterhole which was insufficient for the horses, <sup>10</sup> so they were two days without water. We named this place El Ojo Triste.              |
| May 1            | 10 l.   | Marched two hours before daybreak. We halted midway for a siesta. Reached a fine and beautiful river, almost as large as the Del Norte, containing many groves of poplars and willows. River flows from south to north. <sup>11</sup> It is settled by a warlike mountain people. |
| May 2            | 6 l.    | To a deep stream where there are many large pools of rainwater which would be sufficient for a whole year. <sup>12</sup> This route is rich in abundant pastures and cedar forests. The cedar bear a fruit the size of hazel nuts which are somewhat tasty. <sup>13</sup>         |
| May 3            |         | Remained at the same place.   |
| May 4            | 6 l.    | Went through a mountain <sup>14</sup> dense with cedar forests and ash trees. <sup>15</sup> We found many water   |

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9. Aguato is Awátovi. This pueblo was destroyed by the Hopis in 1700, and never again occupied.

10. Farfán's account described a similar spring at the end of the first day's march. It could be Comar Spring or Pyramid Butte Spring, or any others in the Moqui Butte Region.

11. The Little Colorado River.

12. Deep pools of this description are Sunset Tanks, permanent water holes in Salt Creek Canyon. They also describe Turkey Tanks on Walnut Creek.

13. Hammond and Rey, page 105, footnote 125, state that there must be an error in the text and that pinyon trees with edible nuts must have been meant. However, Mr. A. F. Whiting, curator of botany, Museum of Northern Arizona, points out that at least two species of junipers with large single-seeded edible berries flourish in this area. These are *Juniperus utahensis* and *uniperus monosperma*. Some berries remain on these trees well into the spring.

14. "Through a mountain" may describe entering Chavez Pass Canyon, which leads to Anderson Mesa. There are many cedars and pinyons in this locality.

15. Ash trees is a misnomer, as there are none to be found in this area. The most common deciduous tree is the oak.

## Date      Leagues

May 3 &      7 l.  
May 6

holes and small *ciénagas*.<sup>16</sup> We stopped by a beautiful and large *ciénaga* which was 2 leagues in circumference, surrounded by numerous pines, cedars, and many waterpools which can be utilized for irrigation.<sup>17</sup> This region is inhabited by a mountain people because it is a temperate land.

Traveled through a very broken and rough mountain, with bad roads and very dangerous in an enemy country.<sup>18</sup> We descended a slope so steep and dangerous that a mule belonging to Captain Espejo fell down and was dashed to pieces. We went down by a ravine so bad and craggy that we descended with difficulty to a fine large river<sup>19</sup> which runs from northwest to southeast.<sup>20</sup> The river is surrounded by an abundance of grapevines, many walnut and other trees. It is a warm land and there are parrots.<sup>21</sup> The land is rather warm than cold. This river we named El Rio de las Parras.

We found a *ranchería* belonging to mountainous people who fled from us. We saw plants of natural

16. Water holes and *ciénagas* well describe such places as Jay Cox Tank, Hay Lake, Cow Lake, etc. The lakes are very shallow even when full.

17. A *ciénaga* 2 leagues in circumference would be at least five or six miles around, a very large lake for this region. Mormon Lake is the only one this large, and it is surrounded by yellow pines and cedars. To the east of it are many small lakes. As this was in May after the winter snow had melted, every lake and pool would be full.

18. The region between Mormon Lake and Rattlesnake Tank is full of cinder cones and weathered lava flows, and it is rough. The forest is thick and would have been dangerous, because they could not see an enemy approaching.

19. If they went southwest from Rattlesnake Tank area directly to Beaver Creek they would have had to go down one of the short steep tributary canyons. Such a canyon would be two or three miles in length. They arrived at a large river, which could be Beaver Creek.

20. The directions appear to be wrong. Perhaps they should be northeast to southwest.

21. When one descends the plateau to Beaver Creek, there is a very noticeable change in climate. Today there are many winter Dude Ranches along this valley. Parrots could have been *Rhynchopsitta pachyrhyncha*, the Thick-Billed Parrot, which is not there today, but inhabits similar locations in southern Arizona and northern Mexico.

| <i>Date</i> | <i>Leagues</i> |   |
|-------------|----------------|---|
|             |                | flax similar to that of Spain, and numerous prickly pears. <sup>22</sup>  |
| May 7       | 6 l.           | We reached a cienaguilla which flows into a small water ditch and we came to an abandoned pueblo. <sup>23</sup> We marched at times close to the Parras River. <sup>24</sup> Mountainous people who had fled awaited us near the said river. They had crowns of painted sticks on their heads, and jícaras of mescal and pinyon nuts and bread made from it. <sup>25</sup>  |
|             |                | They gave us metals as a sign of peace and many of them came to show us the mines. In this locality we found many peaceful rustic people. They had planted maize. We named this ciénaga that of San Gregorio. <sup>26</sup>   |
| May 8       | 4 l.           | We left this place and marched 4 leagues to the mines and discovery on which we had gone. Midway we found a large and copious river which flowed from north to south, which we called El Rio de los Reyes. <sup>27</sup> Close to it was a ciénaga into which flowed a stream of water. Rustic people with crosses on their heads waited for us. Many of them came with us to the mines which were in a very rough sierra; <sup>28</sup> so worthless that we did |

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22. In upper Beaver Creek, prickly pears are a prominent feature of the vegetation even today.

23. Mr. Erik K. Reed of the U. S. National Park Service at Santa Fé has suggested that this could be Montezuma's Well with its famous ditch. The water from the Well is heavily impregnated with lime from the Verde Limestone, and the sides of the ditch (made by pueblo people several hundred years previous to this) are coated with travertine. It is a prehistoric ditch, petrified. Beside the Well, is a large pueblo ruin, and there are many others down the valley.

24. They appear to be following down the river, though not always in the valley.

25. Mescal and pinyon grow on the south-facing slopes of the plateau and not in the valley itself.

26. This was probably a swampy place along the river. They appear to have followed down the river to the vicinity of Montezuma's Castle and then turned northwest.

27. This was the Verde River.

28. The mines are located on the east side of Black Mountain, five or six miles from the river. Farfán says that it was at a good height, but one could go to it on horseback.



*Date      Leagues*

not find in any of them a trace of silver, as they were copper mines and poor.<sup>29</sup> So we determined to return to the camp at once.

May 9      Left this place, returned to Aguátovi and on the 17th arrived at Alona.

ITINERARY OF FARFAN'S TRIP TO THE MINES  
(ABBREVIATED FROM BOLTON, P. 240 ff.)

|                 |      |   |
|-----------------|------|---|
| Nov. 17<br>1598 | 6 l. | From the first pueblo of Moki, <sup>30</sup> Farfán set out with eight companions and traveled 6 leagues west through a land of sand dunes without timber. Where they camped, they found a small spring, where the horses could not drink although there was plenty of water for the men. <sup>31</sup> |
| Nov. 18         | 3 l. | Set out west, and came to a river which flowed towards the north, of moderate width, carrying considerable water, with many cottonwoods, level banks, and little pasture. <sup>32</sup>   |
|                 | 3 l. | Further in the same direction, to the slope of a mountain range, where they camped without water. <sup>33</sup>   |
| Nov. 19         | 2 l. | Arrived at a grove of small pines and at a very deep pool, which was ample to water all the horses, and more too. <sup>34</sup>   |
|                 | 2 l. | Along a mountain range, which was covered with  |

29. Espejo's own account says that the mines were rich. (See Bolton, p. 187.) Silver is found with the copper, the modern workings show.

30. First pueblo of Moki was Awátovi, where they obtained Hopi guides.

31. Compare Luxán's description of the first night's camp.

32. This was the Little Colorado. It is important to remember that prior to 1880, when the modern period of over-grazing and erosion started, the Little Colorado was a permanent flowing stream lined with cottonwoods and willows, and with many beaver dams.

33. As there are no mountain ranges close to the Little Colorado, it is possible that they approached Sunset Mountain, one of the lava-covered mesas forming Sunset Pass.

34. See footnote 4. Sunset Tanks fits this description better than Turkey Tanks, because at the latter place large pines (yellow pines) are found, as well as small ones. In the entry for Nov. 20th, Farfán carefully distinguished "large, tall pines."

*Date*      *Leagues*

snow. They camped on a slope where was found a small amount of grass for the horses, but no water.<sup>35</sup> Two of the Indians whom they were taking as guides said there was water very near there. Also a camp of Jumana Indians. They called this *Ranchería de los Gandules*.<sup>36</sup> These Indians were sent back to their own *rancherías* to reassure the rest of the people that they (the Spaniards) were not going to injure them, and wanted to find out where they secured the ore.

- Nov. 20      2½ l. To said *ranchería* which was deserted. Two chiefs and a woman received the Captain and gave them pulverized ores and a great quantity of ground dates (*datil*), and a few pieces of venison. One chief agreed to go with them to show them where the ore came from.
- 6 l. Left *ranchería*, going up a smooth hill. Reached a plain and a very large pine grove with many large tall pines, which is the beginning of the mountain range, all of which was covered with snow which reached to the knees.<sup>37</sup> They traveled about 6 leagues along the mountain range, and at the end of this distance they found a rather low valley without snow and with very good grass, water, and wood, where they spent the night.<sup>38</sup>

35. Luxán says "thru a mountain." I believe this was Chavez Pass. The north-facing slope would be snowy, for they describe eighteen inches or two feet of snow further on.

36. This water was perhaps Hay Lake. The country around is open and grassy. The camp of Jumana Indians seems to have been temporary, for Farfán sent them back to their *own* *rancherías*. Also these people appear to have come from the region towards which the Spanish were progressing. They were probably Yavapai.

37. Turning westward at Hay Lake, one soon comes to a

38. This was one of their longest day's marches. In Bancroft, 1888, p. 139, footnote, the translation is given that they traveled "6 l. in mountains to Agua de Valle." This fits the terrain much better than "along the mountain range." At this point they were traversing the high ridge of cinder cones between Pine Springs and Stoneman lake. The elevation is about 7,500 ft. If they followed down the lava flows to Beaver Head, they would have reached a low valley without snow and with water, grass, and wood.

| <i>Date</i> | <i>Leagues</i> |   |
|-------------|----------------|---|
| Nov. 21     | 2 l.           | They came to a ranchería (Ranchería de los Cruzados), where they found a chief and about 30 Indians, stained with ores of different colors. The chief of this ranchería accompanied them.   |
|             | 3 l.           | They set out from it and traveled through a land of pine groves, with the finest pastures, many cattle, very large prickly pears, and many and large maguey patches, where they saw Castilian partridges, a great many deer, hares, and rabbits. <sup>39</sup> They came to another ranchería where the Indians gave them powdered ore, mescal, and venison. They camped there on the bank of a river of fair width and much water, with good pasture and a cottonwood grove. <sup>40</sup> |
| Nov. 22     | 4 l.           | The chief of the last ranchería consented to take them to the mines. Having traveled 4 leagues through very fine fertile land with extensive pastures, they came to another river, wider than the first, where they spent the night. This river flowed almost from the north. <sup>41</sup> They crossed it.  |
| Nov. 23     | 2 l.           | Having traveled 2 leagues further they came to another river, much larger, which flowed from the north. They crossed it. <sup>42</sup>  |
|             | 1 l.           | They went one league further to the slopes of some hills, where the Indian chief said the mines were whence they got the ore. And arriving at the slopes of the said hills, the banks of the said rivers could be seen, with deep ravines having the finest of pastures and extensive plains. <sup>43</sup> As it   |

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39. This is similar to Luxán's description (see footnote 19), only even more descriptive of the region of the Beaver Creek area near the foot of the plateau. The cattle he mentioned might have been antelope.

40. They appear to have followed down the Dry Beaver to its junction with Beaver Creek, where they camped on the bank.

41. Turning northwest from the mouth of the Dry Beaver they would come to lower Oak Creek. The best crossing is near the present site of Cornville, above the deep canyon which forms directly below. Here also the stream flows north and south, before emptying into the Verde.

42. Continuing towards the mines, they would soon arrive at the Verde River, a stream larger than Oak Creek and flowing from the north.

43. This describes exactly the view as one ascends the slope to Jerome.

*Date      Leagues*

was late, they camped that night on the slope of these hills, at a spring of water which issued from one of them, very large and carrying much water almost hot.<sup>44</sup>

Nov. 24.

Six Indians from different rancherías in these mountains joined him and took him up to the said mine, which was at a good height, although one could go up to it on horseback, for these Indians had opened up a road. Here they found an old shaft, three estados in depth (16½ ft.), from which the Indians extracted the ores for their personal adornment and for the coloring of their blankets, because in this mine there are brown, black, water-colored, blue and green ores. The blue ore is so blue that it is understood that some of it is enamel. The mine had a very large dump, where there were many and apparently very good ores which are the ones which have been enumerated.<sup>45</sup>

The vein is very wide and rich and of many outcrops, all containing ores. The vein ran along the hill in plain view and crossed over to another hill which was opposite, where they took from twenty to thirty claims for themselves and for the companions who had remained at the camp as a guard for the Señor governor.

Vein of San Francisco—14 to 15 claims

Vein of San Gabriel—14 to 15 claims

Vein of Guérfanos—10 to 12 claims

The veins are so long and wide that half of

44. Bolston said, p. 244, footnote 3, that the hot spring might be the clue to the location. However, as far as I know there is no hot spring near the mines now.

45. Compare the following description of the mine as set forth in 1884 by Patrick Hamilton. He was describing the properties of the United Verde, and said: "The Chrome South (one of the claims) adjoins Eureka on the East. Traces of old dumps, shafts, and tunnels have been found on this claim showing it to have been worked in the past. Stone hammers and other implements of the same material have been uncovered in the old workings and portions of the vein show it to have been stoped by the ancient miners in the manner in vogue at the present day." Patrick Hamilton, *Resources of Arizona*, 3rd ed. reissued and enlarged. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, 1884.

*Date      Leagues*

the people of New Spain can have mines there. At a quarter of a league, half a league, or a league, there is a very great quantity of water from said rivers and spring, where many water mills can be constructed, with excellent water wheels, and water can be taken out with the greatest ease.

Near to the very mines themselves, are enormous pines, oaks, mesquites, walnuts, and cottonwoods, and as has been stated, great pastures and plains and fine lands for cultivation.<sup>46</sup>

Dec. 11

They had returned to Cíbola and gave their testimony concerning the trip. This was two and one-half weeks after they first arrived at the mines.

I am inclined to believe that both expeditions followed the first route outlined. Both had only a short time to spend on the trip and would therefore have chosen the shortest and easiest route. Moreover, it was business, not pleasure, that took them this long way, and they did not waste time in sightseeing. Espejo's expedition was in May and Farfán's in November. They could hardly have chosen poorer times for crossing Anderson Mesa, for at both these seasons it is muddy and walking is poor. They would have wished to get over this bad part as quickly as possible. If Espejo had gone via Turkey Tanks, Flagstaff, and Mormon Lake, the distance over the mud and malpais would have nearly doubled.

Farfán might have continued southwest from Sunset Pass to Long Valley, and thence west to the mouth of Clear Creek. This is possible since he mentions three rivers: first, where he camped (though he says nothing of crossing it), which could be Clear Creek; second, one flowing from the north, the Verde. This would mean that he crossed the

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46. Pines and oaks grow on top of Black Mountain, and mesquites, walnuts, and cottonwoods in the valley bottom. The valley is wide and has fine cultivated fields on both sides.

Verde below the mouth of Oak Creek, which does not fit with his statement that the mines were only a little over one league from the point of crossing the river. They would be at least two or three leagues away. Moreover, in November, with snow on the ground, the route over the plateau would have been long and tedious, up and down ridges, and through the very thick forest. Near the Rim, the precipitation is greater than it is at points further north, and anyone who knew the country would try to avoid it in winter.

As to the possibility that Espejo may have descended to the Verde via Oak Creek or Sycamore Creek, as suggested by Hammond and Rey, knowledge of the country indicates it would be impossible. If one descended Oak Creek near the head of the canyon, it would be very precipitous, and one would arrive at a fine river, but it would be a long and weary way through the thick growth in the bottom of the canyon until one arrived "at a warm land" where prickly pear flourished. The same can be said for Sycamore Canyon, except that it has no permanent flowing river in it, only occasional pools. In either case, Espejo would not have passed any lake two leagues in circumference, only very small lakes such as Rogers Lake.

# LONDON TO SALT LAKE CITY IN 1867: THE DIARY OF WILLIAM DRIVER

*Edited by* FRANK DRIVER REEVE

## INTRODUCTION

THE MIGRATION of the Mormons to the sagebrush plains of Utah is too well known to require extensive comment. The story has been written often, with praise and condemnation for both the leaders and the community. The following pages contain the account of a Mormon's trip across sea and plain to the new Zion, in the Pioneer era of Utah, or before the building of the transcontinental railroad. It is written in simple language, and with little knowledge of those rules of composition that plague contemporary students, but it gives an intimate insight into the experiences of thousands of European immigrants who made possible the building of the America that we know today.

The narrator, William Driver, the son of George and Mary Killingworth Driver, was born at Bury St. Edmund, county of Suffolk, England, May 3, 1837. His boyhood days were spent in the village of Feltwell, Norfolk county, and were probably quite similar to those of most English boys except in regard to religion. At the early age of fourteen his thoughts were troubled by the problem of religion, and after several visits to Methodist meetings and contact with Mormons, he joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

About the year 1854 Mr. Driver went to London, probably through the influence of his father, a carpenter and small-scale contractor, who died of consumption there two years later. His time became divided between interest in church work and the necessity of making a living. As a traveling elder for the church, he preached in the Kent and London conferences, the regional units for missionary work, during 1856 and 1857. For the next several years he was employed in the laboratory of Price's Patent Candle Com-

pany of London and took advantage of the opportunity to study pharmacy, or chemistry as it is termed in England. Meanwhile, he suffered a loss in the death of his mother in 1857, for whose care he had felt considerable responsibility. On August 16, 1858, he married Charlotte Emblem Boulter, a native of Hastings, Sussex.

The motive for emigrating to Utah was probably a combination of religious zeal and an opportunity for economic betterment. After arriving in Salt Lake City, Mr. Driver had the not uncommon experience of a pioneer in struggling to realize something tangible from the lure of the New World. He worked for the Deseret Telegraph Company in building a line from Franklin, Idaho, to St. George, Utah. Employment was also secured as a teamster for bringing immigrant families from the plain, and in some form on the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. Next he became cashier for the drug firm of William Godbe & Company of Salt Lake City. At the end of two years he was sent to take charge of their branch business in the railroad boom town of Ogden, often referred to as the Junction City. Later, in 1871, he established himself in business with Doctor C. S. Nellis, operating under the firm name of Driver and Nellis. He bought out his partner after two years, and in 1878 his son George was taken into the business under the firm name of Driver & Son. They eventually owned four stores, located in towns north of Ogden and in Montpelier, Idaho.

Mr. Driver was ordained to the office of a Seventy, or elder especially commissioned for missionary service. With his business successfully established, he returned to England in 1879 to carry out his new responsibility. His trip was rounded out with travel in Scotland and France. At home again, he took an active part in the public affairs of the city and was elected councilman in 1886, and was sent as a delegate to the state constitutional convention in 1895.

For several years Mr. and Mrs. Driver won the prize at the Pioneer Day celebration for having the largest number



of children in Weber county. Only seven lived to adulthood, but they and their children were quite sufficient to overflow the eleven large, high ceiling rooms of the new mansion, the usual symbol in America of material success, on the occasion of family gatherings.

Enjoying a cigar in the front porch rocking chair in the evening, and a glass of ale with cracker and cheese at bedtime, Mr. Driver lived long enough to see a town grow from a village, and to feel that he had taken part in a worthy movement. At the age of 83 he passed away quietly in his Ogden home. Three years later Mrs. Driver followed him, taking forever that precious Victorian purse in the pocket of the third petticoat, and the pennies that grandchildren bought treasures with at the corner store.

Name of Ship "Caroline"<sup>1</sup>

Tonnage 1130

President of Company

S. H. Hill

Councillors

W. W. Raymond, J. S. Fullmer

Number of Passengers 350

Port of London

Sailed 5th May 1866

Stewards

J. L. Dolton, T. S. Priday

Clerk, W. Foulger

Thursday

May 3rd 1866. Went with my Wife to the London Docks to see the Packet Ship Caroline, Bound for New York, received telegram from Bro Thurber notifying myself and Family to be ready to sail by this Ship on the 5th of May.

4th Friday

At home disposing of Goods & Preparing to start for the Docks, great difficulty in clearing out, Met with an accident, The Cart convey-

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1. The diary was written without punctuation or correct capitalization of words. Commas and periods have been inserted for the convenience of the reader. The original spelling has been retained throughout. It is particularly difficult to distinguish between the capital and small letter *s* in the mss., and between *T* and *F*.

The diary is now in the possession of Mrs. George Steinbach, San Gabriel, California, granddaughter of William Driver, and daughter of Mrs. W. B. Pearson (Ida May Driver).

ing our luggage broke at the tail and threw Ellen, Willie<sup>2</sup> & my Brother John with great violence to the Ground, also Broke a Box that fell with them, afterwards went on and arrived at the Docks about 8 oclock P M.

Sunday May 5th

Towed down the River Thames by a Steam Tugg, passed the Nore Light ship at 10 [minutes] to 5 P M, very calm, attended A Meeting on Board, I was appointed to preside over the 3rd Ward, The company being divided in 7 Wards. Instructions were given to be observed for the preservation of health among the passengers, one important item keeping the Gangways Thoroughly Clean by scraping & Having Berths kept well aired and striving to demean ourselves so that nothing tending to immorily [immorality] be made manifest, That Gods blessings might be with us on our journey across the Ocean.

Appointed Times for different Wards to Cook, also time for Prayer in the various Wards. Wallace Foulger Clerk of Meeting.

7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, We were beating about making little Headway against a strong Head wind.

12th. Gale still blowing, very Wet and Foggy Weather, our Good Ship lost her Course and before The Pilot Discovered our position We were within a few Rods of South side of Isle of Wight,<sup>3</sup> We lost a Yard and Sail, several ropes snapped like Thread, we tacked ship and anchored at the "Motherbank," A providential Escape from Shipwreck. My Willie very Sick, My Wife sick with Rhumatics, Myself from a Severe Cold. Nearly all on Board Very sick, a Boisterous Week.

Sunday 13th

Monday at Anchor all day, attended on Willie who is very sick indeed, some said he would die, a report of his Death circulating over The ship, a Calm Day.

Monday 14th

A slight breese, left the anchorage and Sailed past Isle of Wight. Afternoon very Calm. Willie little better, my Wife still very sick with Rhumatics, attended Willie all night.

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2. William Charles, the fourth child, born December 26, 1863, at Wandsworth, Surrey (now a part of greater London), died at sea May 21, 1866.

Ellen Barbara was the third child, born July 27, 1862, at Battersea, London. She married John James Reeve of Ogden, Utah, and died in San Francisco, California, in 1935.

3. The Isle of Wight lies close to the south-central coast of England and shelters the entrance to Portsmouth and Southampton.



WILLIAM DRIVER



## Tuesday 15th

A good breese blowing all day from the East, Sailing about 8 Knots an Hour, passed Falmouth, afternoon off the Welch<sup>4</sup> Coast. The Docter said Willie was better but it is no Miracle. Wife very sick.

## Wednesday 16th

Passed Lizard Point<sup>5</sup> at 1/2 past 7 oc P M on Tuesday. This Morning we have a strong Wind Blowing from the East. Willie slept better. Myself afflicted With severe cold in the Head. 1/4 past 4 P M hauling anchors on Deck, in the Evening 30 past 8 Some person came to companion Ladder and rose the cry of Fire in Cooks Galley—attending Willie.

## Thursday 17th

Attending Willie all Day, left at Night without a light, Willie very Sick, strong breese lasting all Day, Sailing about 10 Knots per Hour. Captain Ordered Galley Fire to be extinguished at 6 oc P M.

## Friday 18th

Morning again quite calm weather, ship rolling very much, made but little progress today, attending on Willie all Day who have been very restless, my Wife better in Health, myself suffering from severe cold, Nelly [and] George<sup>6</sup> well. Wind getting up slightly, making about 3 Knots an Hour, then again lulling us almost still, a Sister confined Yesterday. Bro Hill gave me Portwine for Willie. Just pumping ship, a strong wind sprung up lasting all night. Willie very restless, I got but little or any sleep.

## Saturday 19th

Morning a good breese blowing from the East, sailing along first class, Wind increasing, blowing a Gale and Raining, Taking in Canvass. Poor Willie is getting very weak, Wife sick, George, Nelly and myself pretty well, but begin to feel quarmish, Several on Board are very seasick, nothing to give our dear Baby to suck but cold tea and Sugar. Willie has been very restless all night, This morning life is very Weak, wind blowing strong all night. Those who come to sea should be very careful to bring with them as many comforts as possible, especially for the children such as Arrow root,<sup>7</sup> Soft Biscuits,

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4. This was really the coast of Cornwall, the southwestern county of England.

5. The Lizard is the southern-most tip of England on the coast of Cornwall.

6. George William, the first child, born August 9, 1859, at Brighton, Sussex. He married Mary Luenna Farr of Ogden, Utah, and died at San Diego, California, in 1936.

7. Arrow-root: a nutritive starch plant, valued especially for children and invalids.

Port Wine, Brandy, Preserved Milk, Sherbet, & This from bitter experience.

#### Sunday 20th

Morning Wind blowing strong all day, great signs of stormy weather. Poor Willie very Bad all day, nearly worn out myself, Wife Poor, others of Family pretty well. 1.30 P M to day a large French ship passed us Homeward Bound, in the Night went for Wife to come to Willie, I thought he was dying, rallied a little afterwards. Sea very rough, Ship rolling, The roughest night since we came on Board.

#### Monday 21st

Morning very rough, ship rolling fearfully, just threw me of [off] a stoll and broke a Glass Tumbler. 2 oc P M ship still rolling fearfully, Pots, Dishes, Pails, Provision Thrown across the Gangways in promiscus Heaps creating great confusion amongst the Passengers. A Child of Bro Cox's from London has just Died. The Lord has still spared my Dear child For which Blessing unto me I do hope to Live to Praise Him. Another fearful Lurch, Tins flying in every direction. Pro Cox's child was burried at 8 oc P M. Willie my Dearest Child was very ill all night untill 7.30 a m when he was released from his Sufferings, God bless his dear Soul, how he suffered, he came to his death Through Mr. Poulterers Cart breaking on St Anns Hill, Wandsworth, Surrey, England. Oh how I mourn This great affliction, O Lord help me by thy power to bear it as from thy Hand and stimulate me to more nobly and faithfully serve Thee and may I live to prepare to meet Him in a Happier and better World with his dear Sister Elizabeth Maryann<sup>8</sup> and at The Ressurrection of the Just may I be there to meet them, O God grant these blessings in the Name of Jesus. My Wife is much cut up.

#### Tuesday 22

Weather fair, Ship rolling very much, afternoon saw my Dear boy sown in canvass by first and second Mates, he was burried at 7 P M, Captain Adey read the Burial service, in Latitude 48 Deg 22 min North, Longitude 20-12, on Monday May 21st 1866, he was born Dec 26th 1863 at Wandsworth, he was a fine intelligent boy, God bless him, peace to his slumbering ashes. He was taken from our berth by order of Docter into the Forecastle, a most unfit place where he took cold as he laid opposite the Hatchway, his spine was injured and he had a malignant sore Throat. The Dr Told me had he been on Land he might have recovered!! A beautiful Day, Wind nearly due East, Cooks galley on Fire. No cooking this afternoon, a strong 3/4 Wind blowing which lasted all night. At the Prayer Meeting, Elder S. H.

8. Maryann Elizabeth, the fifth child, born August 28, 1865, at Wandsworth, Surrey. She married Joseph F. Burton of Ogden, and died in Salt Lake City in 1931.

Hill said it had come to his knowledge that some Person had been selling Consecrated Oil at the rate of one shilling per spoonfull and said those who had do[ne] so would be Cursed and Their Money with Them.

Wednesday 23rd

Morning a strong wind still blowing, sailing along Gaily. No breakfasts cooked this Morning in consequence of the chimney not being completed. A Bro Tracey supplied us with Water, had Coffee for Breakfast. Noon, Wind still blowing very strong, Weather very Cold. Great Dissatisfaction among the folks in consequence of their not being able to get their food cooked. Night, A good breese blowing, Public Prayers at Amidships.

Thursday 24th

Pretty good Wind blowing, much Grumbling among some of The people about the Provisions. Saw a Ship ahead of us. Yesterday a stuntsail<sup>9</sup> fell down from the Mast, the sail covered those who sat on the Forecastle, much complaint against the Cooks, a light fair breese blowing, Weather Dull, just saw a Ship. 7-45 P. M good breese blowing which lasted through the Night. One of the Sailors told me he had crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York Eighteen Years but never before experienced such a fine passage as We have had, The Captains Cook said he never saw such a passage although he had crossed 35 times. Bro Hill gave Orders for all open lights to be out at 9 oc P M, some were very slow to observe this.

Friday 25th

A beautifully fine Morning, a pleasant breese, Two ships in sight, all of my family feel well today, Weather very calm. Saw a steamship pass us Homeward Bound, also Two sailing ships. In the evening Cloudy, saw a seal fish. Public Prayers Amidships.

Saturday 26th

Morning a good breese blowing on our course. Family well, Cake! and coffee for Breakfast. Sister Read from Cambridge gave me Baked Flour for Polly to suck through a tube. Night very rough weather, T[oo] much so to hold Public Prayers, supposed to be near the Banks of Newfoundland, saw one ship today. Rough and Foggy Night.

Sunday 27th

Very boisterous Morning and very cold, Wind Northerly, my George overballanced and fell from the Top Berth unto the Deck. Afternoon held Meeting Between Decks, Speakers Elders Hill and T. S.

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9. Stunsail or stuns'le: contraction of studding sail, a light sail set at the end of a principal square sail for steadying the ship.

Friday. A fight between to [two] sailors, one a Norwegan. A very cold Day, afternoon calm and also at Night. Prayers were offered in the various Wards.

#### Monday 28th

Morning Calm, Wet, and foggy. Saw a Whale, my Wife rather sick, children pretty well, also myself a cold excepting which has troubled me since I came on Board. A Brother Cook said he had received a revelation informing him that our ship will arrive in New York on Wednesday next. Becalmed on the "Banks."<sup>10</sup> A large four Mast steamer passed us Homeward Bound, saw several Whales and Flocks of Birds. In the Evening a breeze sprung up and continued to increase in force during the Night, Rainy, cold and Foggy, some considerable Quarrelling among some Members of the fifth Ward, fog Bell ringing.

#### Tuesday 29th

Wind blowing hard, canvass furlled, The jibboom<sup>11</sup> plunging into the Waters, Wheather Wet and Foggy, several porposes near ship, Fog Bell ringing. Family Well colds always excepted. We are now according to Bro Hill off the Banks of Newfoundland. A strong Head Wind blowing, Heavy sea rolling, Ship tossing very much, Pails, Tins, Barrels, People etc rolling about in beautiful confusion. Head Wind all Night. On Monday evening at 7 oc A Swiss Brothers child was committed to the Deep.

#### Wednesday 30th

Fine clear Morning with a strong head Wind, very cold, Heavy *swell* on, saw a shoal of Porposis, some jumped clear from the Water, during the day Wind vered round and we sailed along Firstrate untill 4 A M—When it suddenly changed ahead of us. My George fell from The Deck to the Bottom of the Hatchway. J. S. Fullmer gave Notice That some person had lost coat and Bonet and he wished That those who had found the same would bring them to him. Weather very foggy.

#### Thursday 31st

Morning Calm and Dull, rice boiled for Breakfast, no bread in stock, at 4 A M This Morning the Wind changed suddenly ahead of the ship, caught the sails and drove us back at the rate of 9 knots an hour. A cry of all hands on Deck—rather frightened some of the folk as the[y] felt the imme[n]ce straining of the Ship, when the wind struck her we were in great Danger of foundering. Calm most

10. The Banks of Newfoundland, famous fishing grounds for Canadian and New England fishermen.

11. Jib boom or jibboom: a spar extending forward from the bowsprit and holding the lower corner of a jib sail which is triangular shaped and the foremost sail on a ship. The jib boom could easily dip into the sea in heavy weather.



of the Day. Sundown a breese blowing about six knots, standing with my Wife on the Forecastle to witness a magnificent sunset. Family poorly.

#### Friday June 1st

Calms and head Squals all Day, made little if any progress. Nelly attacked with Measles or scarletena<sup>12</sup>—very poorly myself. Saw one ship to day.

#### Saturday 2nd

Ellen very sick, Bro S H Hill gave us some Brandy and Sister Watts some saphron<sup>13</sup> Which is considered good for Measles. Evening sailing with A fair Wind which have continued, Though slightly, Through the day. Bro. Hill ordered Ellen to be moved into the Forecastle. I considered it a most improper place and objected to her being removed from our berth, Dr. said its not necessary to have her removed as the decease have not Developed itself, saw A fishing Smack. Public Prayers at 8 P M, afterwards Breese freshened and blew pretty strong at 9 P M.

#### Sunday 3rd

Morning Foggy and Wet with A Head Wind blowing, a Steamship passes us early this Morning. Ellen more cheerfull, very fretful Through the night. Boiled Rice for Dinner, Ellen, Wife and myself very sick. Afternoon Calm, A Fishing Boat with 15 Hands on Board passed near us. Three days sail from Cape Sapel.<sup>14</sup> Public Meeting Amidship, J. S. Fullmer spoke. At Public Prayers Bro Hill threatened to suspend some from fellowship unless they repented. Saw one ship to day.

#### Monday 4th

An Easterly Wind blowing, stuntsails up, sailing along Gaily at 8 knots an Hour. Ellen seems a trifle better this Morning—Up all Night with her. Saw a large shoal of Porposis. Fair wind all Day. Sailors made cable ready for anchoring, expect to arrive at New York on Thursday. Ellen is progressing favourably, myself and Wife better. Fight between a sailor and second Mate. Public Prayers, Bro. Hills called on The saints to cease Backbiting. Strong Wind all night, Ship roll.

#### Tuesday 5th

Foggy, Wet and calm morning. Ellen Better. A ship passed near us in the Night. Foggy at Intervals, several large Crampuses<sup>15</sup> seen,

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12. Scarlatina or scarlet fever.

13. Saphron: specie of crocus, used in making a beverage for a purgative and blood purifier.

14. Cape Sable, southwestern tip of Nova Scotia Peninsula.

15. Grampus: "large mammal of the dolphin family which feeds on seals, porpoises, and smaller dolphins."

head wind all Day with a heavy swell on. Ellen Better, myself and wife very unwell. Polly extremely cross. I feel very weak and quite tired of being at Sea. Bro Dalton gave us a Can of sweet Milk for Polly. Public Prayers, saw two Ships.

### Wednesday 6th

Morning very Foggy and Wet, Sea smooth as a sheet of glass, Weather very warm. Ellen little better, sailors washing Decks and Bulwarks. I shall be glad to see New York, calm nearly all day, Breezy towards evening, at 8 P M A strong head wind with thick mist. Public Prayers, Bro Hill said Towels had been stolen from the rigging and called on those who have stolen them to return them or he would call for them. Ellen and Family better.

### Thursday 7th

Morning Head wind and Foggy, afterwards cleared, saw a schooner. Ellen better. Evening saw a ship, Head Wind still blowing. Public prayers, Brother Hill spoke very pointedly to those on board who had been guilty of theft.

### Friday 8th

Morning calm, Yards<sup>16</sup> squared, about 7 oc A. M. a slight breeze  
16. The cross spars on the masts which support the sails on a square rigged ship. Blowing Favourable, at Noon Had some codfish for dinner, several Fishing boats lying at anchor. Ellen better. Strong Wind all last night, making good progress. Public Prayers, Bro Dolton Prayed. Wrote letters to my Brother Robert [and] Fatherinlaw.

### Saturday 9th

Morning strong Wind blowing, ship rolling considerably. Captain sharpening sails to stand in towards Land which in a few hours we are expecting to see. Ellen improving very well, rested Well—serving out provisions to last three days. Saw four ships, at 3-15 P M The Pilot came on Board, in the Evening got a glimpse of Long Island. Bad Headache.

### Sunday 10th June

Morning very calm, 11.30 A. M, Land ahead. My Wife very poorly, at eleven A M Pres<sup>at</sup> [President] S H Hill convened a Meeting amidships at which Capt. Stephen Adey, Dr. Summerville were present. A vote of thanks was accorded them by all the Passengers. Capt Adey Briefly responded. He spoke favourably of the conduct of his passengers, said he never wished to cross with a better lot of people & & and wished us continued prosperity on our Way to Utah, also Doctor Summerville briefly but favourably responded. A Vote of Thanks was given

for S H Hill president, also Votes for his councilors Raymond and Fulmer, to Stewards Dolton and Friday. Three cheers were given for each of those officers and the Meeting terminated, several sails in sight. Captain Adey has been kind to the passengers and I will say on the Part of the Crew that a more social and agreeable lot of sailors as a whole could not be met with, their conduct towards us has been all that we could expect. 3.30 P M passed Sandy Hook light Boat, We are now off the Batteries. A more magnificent sight I never Saw—at about six oc P M we cast anchor near the Mouth of Hudson River. The Medical Officer Boarded but the Captain not being ready at a moment call our examination is postponed till tomorrow at 9 oc A M. Public Prayers.

### Monday 11th

Morning misty cleared off and is now beautiful, at 9 A M Weighed anchor, went down the Hudson to Castle Gardens.<sup>17</sup> It is a place formerly a theatre appropriate[d] by the U. S. Government for the reception of Emigrants, is a very large circular building. Emigrants were laying in groups upon the boards in promiscuous heaps, Men and Women without apparently any regard for decency. These were mostly German and Irish. There is a General Information Office, An Exchange, A Railway Ticket Office, also a Rostrum From which an appointed speaker gave information to Emigrants, [and] A provision Store. A pint of Milk and small loaf 20 cents. It is lighted at night with Twelve jets of Gas. We were informed previous to Landing that there were 7 thousand Emigrants before us. We are informed we might be ready to start out at 11 P M. We found it extremely difficult to reach Peck Slip, mistook our way. Weary, Dispirited and perplexed we reached the Steam Boats to steam to New Haven, Conn.

### Tuesday 12th

Took Cars at Newhaven,<sup>18</sup> reached Hartford, connecticut at 8:30 A M. Stopped an hour and Changed Cars at Springfield, Massachusets, passed Holy Oak [Holyoke?], Northampton, Granfi [Greenfield?], into the State of Vermont at South Vernon. Broke a coupling Pin. Most of Women and children hereabout are without shoes or stockings. I suppose tis for comfort. Passed Brattleborough, Dummerston, Putney @ Westminster and Mill Falls. Night in Train.

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17. Castle Garden: leased by the state of New York as an immigrant station in 1855 and supervised by a board of commissioners; located at the lower end of Manhattan Island. The immigrant station was transferred from Castle Garden to Ellis Island on January 1, 1892.

18. On the Connecticut Valley Railroad.

## Wednesday 13th

Luggage Train on *Fire*. Bros Bates, Pain, Tracey, Miller and others lost a great portion of their luggage, some lost nearly all they had—occurred at *St Albans*,<sup>19</sup> met a body of British troops on the scout for Fenians at St Alexander, lost pollys police [valise?]. Polly very poorly, stopt at St Johns on the Richelieu River where some soldiers informed [me] a fight had occurred between them and Fenians,<sup>20</sup> crossed Victoria Tubular Bridge over the River St Lawrence to Montreal, Capital of Lower Canada, stop all night at St. Aroar, our best Bag of Clothes we have found burnt, company allowed us fifty-five dollars damages. Stayed in a Railway shed. Grain Trucks were provided for us to Travel in. Rain, Thunder and Lightning kept us up most all night.

## Thursday 14th

In the morning at eleven oclock we moved out in the Trucks for Detroit Junction 350 miles, stopped at "Point Clare," at Lancaster and Cornwall. Met a body of Troops who were expecting a Fenian attack on Cornwall, stopped at Landing [Dickinson's Landing?] and Aultsville, Williamsburg, Matilda. Traveling all night. Saw soldiers several places on the Route.

## Friday 15th

Stopped at Nappanhe, Harmonville and Belleville, fine morn. An English shilling here passes for fifteen pence Canadian. An American Dollar Green Back 66 cents.<sup>21</sup> Those of us who changed our Gold at New York Did so at a great disadvantage as we found when we tendered our Greenback for provisions, in some cases they were considered Worthless. Stopped at Brighton, Coburg, passed alongside Lake Ontario and Stopped at Port Hope, a Beautiful Town on The Lake Ontario at Newcastle, arriving at the City of Toronto at 7 P. M, 333 Miles from Montreal. Left Toronto in the Evening and traveled to Sarnia, a distance of 186 miles.

## Saturday 16th

Fine Morning, ribs Tender Through sleeping on the Hard boards of a jolting Car. Train *parted yesterday*, Bro Boulden was left behind about one Mile, stopped at Hamburgh, at St Marys. Bought Qt Milk for 10 cents. Arrived at Sarnia, a Town on Lake Huron, The Terminus

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19. About fifteen miles south of the Canadian border and east of Lake Champlain.

20. The Fenians, or Irish Revolutionary Brother-Republics, planned to seize Canada in order to coerce Britain into granting Irish freedom. They were active along the border from 1866 to 1870.

21. The greenback sold for 46c gold in New York in January, 1865, and in December for 68c.

of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, at 1/4 to 4 P M, 186 Miles from Toronto, crossed The River St Clare in a steam Boat, stayed all night in the Depot, a dirty lousy place with about 1000 Germans, a set of filthy people. Took supper at an Hotel in Port Huron, Paid 50 cents Each. A German Bros Child, who was born on the Ship Caroline, Died in the Night, Port Huron in State Michigan.

#### Sunday June 17th

Morning Fishing in the River St Clare, since leaving London We shifted luggage at following place  
 1st at New York into a steamer  
 2nd into steamer at Peck Slip  
 3rd into Cars at Newhaven  
 4th onto Cars at Montreal  
 5th into Cars at Port Huron  
 6th into Cars at Chicargo  
 7 into Cars at Quincey  
 Wet afternoon, stopped all Night at Michigan Connection or Detroit Junction. Wet and stormy Night, slept in a first class Car.

#### Monday 18th

Wet Morning, left the Train to find a place to buy Milk, 20 cents for loaf, Butter 36c lb, a Lady treated me very kindly, left Detroit Junction at 12 A M, stopped at Munro [Monroe] junction, at Dexter, State Michigan, at Chelsea @ Jackson, traveling all Night.

\* \* \*

#### London to G. S. L. City

##### Distance Table

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| London to New York                       | 3500 miles |
| New York to New Haven                    | 73         |
| New haven to Montreal                    | 400        |
| Montreal to Toronto                      | 333        |
| Toronto to Sarnia                        | 186        |
| Crossed River to Port Huron              |            |
| Port Huron to Michigan Con               | 59         |
| Conection [Detroit] Junction to Chicargo | 222        |
| Chicargo to Quincy                       | 216        |
| Quincy to St. Joseph                     | 206        |
| St. Joseph to Wyoming                    | 170        |
| Wyoming to G S L City                    | 1100       |
| Approximate Distance                     | 6465       |

## Tuesday 19th

This morning at 6 oc A M a terrible accident brought us up suddenly, 1 Carriage 4 Wheels off, 1 ["Carriage"] Top knocked off, one side and end Broken in, 1 [carriage] Thrown across the Rail, 1 Thrown completely over on its side, we were obliged to batter in the end to get the people out, 3 Carriages off metal [the tracks] not turned over. It seems miraculous how such a castastrophe could occur and no one be seriously injured as the cars were all full of passengers. A Bro and Sister White from Paddington rece<sup>d</sup> injuries, also a little boy of Sis Guivers, tis a distressing sight. Campt and cooked on the Railway, track cleared and we were started again at 1/2 past 12, a Lady gave me potatoes and Pork, all Persons who saw this disaster say it is a miracle<sup>22</sup> how we escaped with our lives, brought children back to station, got humbugged with our luggage. Wife and children sitting on a Bank in the Broiling Sun. 4 Cars completely mashed. Occurred at Buchanan 189 miles from Detroit, 25 to 2, Couplin broke. Stopped at Michigan City on the shore of Michigan Lake. Passing over a flat country swarming with gnats. Passed Illinois Central Junction about 20 to 8, arrived in Chicargo about 9 P M. Slept on the floor of a shed. Weather very hot. Chicargo is situate on the shore of Lake Michigan and is in the State of Illinois.

## Wednesday 20th

Noon still at Chicargo, help to shift Luggage from the Cars. Left Chicargo about 5 P M after waiting 20 Hours for the Cars. Train stopped at Lyons, Illinois. Bro Hill angry in consequence of some Brethren refusing to leave seats to make room for the Sisters, passed through a fine level country. Traveled all night. Weather very hot, polly very sick.

## Thursday 21st

Train stopped at Kenewa [Kewanee?], Illinois—Wataga—arrived at Quincey [Quincy] at 3.30, Stopped to get refreshment, shift Luggage—several men were loud in their Declamations against the Mormons, Brigham in Particular. Some were against such expression and wished us as a people our Rights. Went on Board Steamboat on the Mississippi at 5 past 5 P M, all well, weather very hot indeed. Quincey [Quincy] is a Town on the Mississippi River and in the state of Illinois, left West Quincy [Missouri] at 1/4 to 7, assisted to shift Luggage from the Steamboat to the Cars on Hannibal and St Joe's Rail Road. A Heavy storm, Thunder, Lightning & rain This Morning, saw Fire flies Traveling on Cars all Night.

22. "The railroad employees said, 'It is a d—— Mormon miracle.'" William Driver in Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah*, iv, 301.

## Friday 22nd

Heavy Thunder Storm while stopping at Cameron, Missouri. Stopped at Kippen. Fearful rocking Traveling, cars rocked very much, passed large tracts of good land unoccupied. Bought 2 Quarts Milk 10 cents. Family pretty well. Rain pouring in Torents 11-5 A M, reached St Joseph, Mo at 3.30 P M. Lodged in a Shed at St Josephs.

## Saturday 23rd

All Day at St Josephs, some of the people here are very bitter against the Mormons.

## Sunday 24th

Left St Joe's per "Steam Boat St Joseph" at 6 A M. Family all pretty well, weather very hot, on board all Night.

## Monday 25th

On board steamboat stoped at Burlington, Nebraska Ty, Rock point Landing, Mo, to discharge stores. Weather very hot all night on Board.

## Tuesday 26th

Arrived at Wyoming<sup>23</sup> [Nebraska Territory] at 6 oc A M, Got the Luggage unto the Camping Ground, Built the Tent, aired clothes, attended Public Prayers, Bought 1 Pound Bacon 25s, 10 Flour 5c, 2 oz Tea, 1 lb Sugar, undressed first time for 13 Days.

## Wednesday 27th

Still in camp, met Jim Kemp, attended a camp meeting, Bro T Taylor urged upon the Saints to give up their Money to buy provisions for the Poor as he was very short of Cash.

## Thursday 28th

In Camp all Day, Sister Ellen Pankhurst loaned us 50 cents, afterwards Charlotte gave her a bodice in Liquidation.

## Friday 29th

Still in Camp, the Weather since we landed has been very clear and beautiful but very hot, received 20 Dolls, 3 Dolls on Store, 32 Dolls toward liquidating expenses on over weight of Luggage and expense of Transit across the plains From Bro T Taylor, being 55 Dolls<sup>24</sup> for

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23. The towns of Wyoming and Nebraska City are situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, about forty and fifty miles respectively south of Omaha. They were points of departure for wagon trains following the Mormon Trail along the north bank of the North Platte river.

24. I interpret this statement to mean that he received \$20 in cash, \$3 credit at the commissary, and that Brother Taylor retained \$32 in part payment of Mr. Driver's travel expense.

Damage to goods by fire on the Railroad at St Albans. Paid for Tea per lb 2 Dols [and] 25s, flour 5c, Sugar 20, Bacon 25c.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday in Camp at Wyoming—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at Work for Mr. Gregg, Nebraska [City?]. Friday at Wyoming, Saturday went to visit Jim Kemp, Nebraska City, Walked back. Sunday in Camp.

Monday 9th

At Wyoming Bro Bullock promised to get me off by the first Ox Train.

Tuesday 10th

Captain Whites Mule train started from Camp.

Wednesday 11th

Captain Chipmans Ox Train left the Camp, up to 15 [wagon trains?] in Camp preparing to start across the Plains. Bro Bullock very kind.

Monday 16th

Left the Camping Ground and moved out 1/2 Mile. Train consists of 64 Teams, Captains Holliday & Patterson, Chaplin [Chaplain] E T Stocking, Clerk John Shepherd.

Tuesday 17th in Camp

Wednesday 18th

Traveled about 5 Miles, Bros. Bullock and Gillet came on and Organized the Camp.

Thursday 19th

Traveled 3 Miles.

Friday 20th

Traveled a short Distance.

Saturday 21st

Made 2 journies. Captain paid 50 Dollars Damages for Cattle getting in persons fields, spoke very severe to Teamsters.

Sunday 22nd

Traveled 6 miles, Camped, Baptised Sister Rosomonce [Rosa-mond?] Thorp 7 times, died in Night.

Monday 23rd

Sister Thorp burried 30 miles from Nebraska City. Traveled some Distance. Heavy Thunderstorm, no wood, Heat 114 Degres.



## Tuesday 24th

Traveled 8 Miles. Celebrated entrance of Pioneers into valley.<sup>25</sup>  
Ox Train passed us—Dancing afternoon in the Corral.

## Wednesday 25th

Traveled 13 miles. Sister Merthelma Klosner Died and was  
Buried. Passed Salina City. Heat 108 Degrees.

## Thursday 26th

Traveled about 16 miles, camped on "Walnut Creek" and on  
"Salt Creek." Heat 116 Degrees.

## Friday 27th

Traveled 16 miles, 2 journies. Heat 121 D. Tin smashed.<sup>26</sup>  
Camped at "Beaver Creek."

## Saturday 28th

Wednesday night camped on salt Creek and Thursday on the  
"Big Blue," went 6 miles and camped—Saturday A Heavy Thunder  
Storm, got very wet, Great scarcity of wood. Heat 112.

## Sunday 29th

Fine Morning—camped at "Lone Tree" Rancho, 107 Miles from  
Nebraska City. Heat 120 Deg.

## Monday 30th

Traveled about 10 Miles—A Man refused Water to our people,  
got from Capt Holladay 21 lb Flour, 3 Bacon, camped at Little Blue  
creek, afternoon Traveled, camped at Dark. Distance 20 Miles. Tempest  
at Night. Bad Water, no Wood.

## Tuesday 31st

Very Windy, Camped at Noon, No wood, Bad Water, one Pint of  
water produced 1/2 pint sheer Mud. 2 of Bro Bune's Oxen were acci-  
dentally shot by a Brother Oliver from St Louis, Mo. Camped on  
"Platte River."<sup>27</sup>

## Wednesday Aug 1st

Fine morning, camped at 1/2 past 10 A M. Had from Captain  
1 1/2 pint Molassas, 1/2 packet Salaratus,<sup>28</sup> 1/2 lb salt, 1/2 Soap—Saw

25. July 24, 1847.

26. This passage is legible, but the meaning is obscure.

27. They met the California Trail from Independence, Missouri, at about this point.

28. The Salaratus weed: "the common glasswort; literally, aerated salt, potassium bicarbonate or sodium bicarbonate." It was used by the pioneers in making bread.

the Praire on Fire and also 3 Tons of Hay, went about 10 miles, campd at Dark—Through the whole distance from Wyoming every day we have seen several carcasses of Dead Oxen. Captain Holladay gave the company some good advice relative to the manner they should conduct themselves towards the inhabitants of this Country, cited instances were [where] passing Emigrants had been imposed upon and abused, cautioned the folks against taking anything that do not belong to them, not even a stick of wood.

Thursday Aug 2nd

Fine Morning, Campd at Noon, met several Teams with people returning from the Valley who gave us a bad account of the state of affairs. Water Sulphurous, a camp of 600 Indian left here a few days ago. Traveled 20 Miles.

Friday 3rd

Fine morning, passed Fort Kearney, campd at Kearney, Traveled again and Campd at "Dark." Felt rather sick.

Saturday 4th

Fine morning, myself very sick, unable to walk, traveled all day, Campd at Dark.

Sunday 5th

Windy morning, myself very Sick. Bro Klosner was burried, aged 28 "A Dutchman." Bro W Bates Waggon ran over his Daughter Lizzy. Past the Graves of sister Garner aged 14, Captain Chipmans Train, Burried July 25th, made one journey, Campd on the "Platte River," saw the Praire on Fire.

Monday 6th

A Large Rattle snake came direct to our waggon and was killed, myself very sicke—made 2 journies, campd at Dark.

Tuesday 7th

Very sick all day, unable to walk. Traveled about 22 miles. Campd before sunset, very cold through the night.

Wednesday 8th

Fine Morning. Very cold, still very sick, campd at Noon, family well, come 13 miles. Bro W Bates boy William ran over by his Waggon, over both legs, started about 6 oc P M, got benighted, Train became disorganized, none seemed to know where we were going. Captain Holladay thrown from his horse, a Bro from St Louis broke the Tongue off his Waggon, Bro Jacobs Cattle Broke loose and left him one yoke to haul his waggon. Sister Grace Jacobs died, aged 42, no Wood.

## Thursday 9th

Sister Jacobs burried near The Graves of A Man, Woman, and child who were murdered by Indians, and we saw the Ruins of their House which they Burnt, myself a little recovered. Past Cottonwood Military Station,<sup>29</sup> very sandy ground, Wind very Boisterous, campd at dark.

## Friday 10th

very sick, passed a Lodge of Soux Indians, no wood, Famly Well, made 2 journys.

## Saturday 11th

Fine Morning, myself Better in Health, past 3 Graves, one of a Mr Cooper, past over a very rough road, Camped at Dark.

## Sunday 12th

Myself Better, fine morning, a large snake killed, made 2 Journies, camped near the Platte River, No Wood.

## Monday 13th

Fine Morning, feel very faint, started at 5 A M, made two long Journies, rode with Bro W Bates.

## Tuesday 14th

Fine Morning, journeyed to Old California Crossing,<sup>30</sup> Tea here is 3 Dollars per lb—afternoon crossing the South Fork of Platte River, One of Bro Bunes Waggon Turned over in the River wett'g his goods and throwing 5 of his family into the Water, our Waggon crossed the River in 25 m [minutes?]<sup>30a</sup>—camped on North side, Sold 3 pairs of Woolen Socks for 4 Dollars, we have sold also a Shawl for 8 Dollars—

## Wednesday 15th

Fine Morning, Staid all Day in camp to dry cloths etc Wetted while crossing the River, Held a Meeting in the afternoon, Capt Hollidays Instructions from Bishop Hunter etc read to the Camp, Waggon all to be Loaded with sufficient freight, Any passenger Dieing not having any relations Effects to be taken to F E Office<sup>30a</sup> in case such persons are indebted to P E F Company, instructed Teamsters to be kind to passengers And to be careful with Firearms, not to be put into Waggon capped. Captain Patterson and Chaplin stocking spoke, Capt Holliday Dismissed [the meeting].

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29. This was probably Fort McPherson.

30. On the South Platte river, near Big Spring, Nebraska.

30a. The Mormon Church established the Perpetual Emigrating Fund in the fall of 1849.

## Thursday 16th

Fine Morning, Wedding Day, camp moved out for Ash Hollow 17 Miles Distant, no Water the Whole distance, first 10 Miles continual rise in the Ground Which is Barren and Parchd, Great many sun-flowers and Prickley Pears, last 7 miles very rough and Rocky, the whole country seemed to have been Terribly convulsed at some time, Hills and Vales jagged rocks and fearful precipices made up the country for 7 miles, one Waggon Thrown over which [while] decending very steep Hill, Camped at Ashhollow, Human bones found.

## Friday 17th

Left Ashhollow at 6-40 A M, Traveled till 11 oc over a sandy Road, very hard on the Cattle, Walked all the journey, camped on the North Platt River, started 1-45 oc, camped at 7, Traveled over sand hills, Grass good, part of the way very Luxurant, no wood.

## Saturday 18th

Fine Morning, a large Train passed us going East, Train started at 7-35, camped at 12, Good feed, better Roads, very hot, started at 3 P M, killed several snakes, camped at 6 P M 30 [6:30 P. M.], Crossed sand hills afterwards good Roads and Feed for Cattle.

## Sunday 19th

Fine Morning, Camp moved at 7-45, saw the first Trees for a long distance, killed a rattle snake, started again at 2.30, Roads very sandy all these Journies, Country generally very Parched, crossed a stream, Camped near a grave, some Wild animal had made a large hole into it, Sister Elizth Oliver for [from] St Louis, Mo, died age 17, we have had 5 Deaths on the Right Wing on Camp.

## Monday 20th

Fine Morning, burried Elizth Oliver—very hot—started at 9-30, sandy Roads—started at 4 P M, got first view of chimney Rock, camped on very sandy Ground, No wood, slight shower.

## Tuesday 21st

Fine Morning, started at 7-15, crossed a stream,<sup>31</sup> passed court house Rock standing out on the plains resembling in the distance a ruined Ampheatre, started at 4 P M, Pretty good Traveling, camped about 4 miles from Chimney Rocky.

## Wednesday 22nd

Fine Morning, Train Moved at 7-30, Went to Chimney Rock, accended to the chimney, cut my Name near its base, killed a very

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31. Probably the Pumpkin (or Pumpkinseed) Creek.

large snake, went about 10 miles, heard the Report that Chipmans Train<sup>32</sup> had been attacked by Indians, 90 head of Cattle stolen and several killed. Traveld about 18 miles.

Thursday 23

Fine Morning, Train started at 7-15, Passed Scotts bluffs, a rough rugged Rocky Road, Passed Fort Michel, went P M about 8 miles, roads pretty good.

Friday 24th

Fine Morning, Crossed a running stream, saw Indians, Traveled about 20 Miles over good Road and crossed several small hills, Camped near the River.

Saturday 25th

Fine Morning, Started at 7.30, Traveled over very bad sand hills about 10 Miles, started at 3 P M, caught 10 fish today, Traveled over a very high hill and Camped 8 miles from Fort Larimae [Laramie], saw Indians. Family Well. Bro Lambs baby Lilly Died aged 9 months.

Sunday 26th

Traveled over a very high and Lengthy Sand hill, arrived at Fort Laramie Where our Arms were inspected by the Marshal who informed us That all the Indians on the Road were Hostile, That Chipmans Train had been attacked and had lost 150 head of Cattle and he could not say how many Women and Children had been massacred, cautioned us not to be off our Guard one Minute. Traveled about 12 miles. Burried Bro Lambs infant. Started at 6 oc P M, Traveled over a rough Road Through a Rain storm, my Wife very much frightened coming down a precipice in the Dark, campt at 9 oc P M, very Wet Night.

Monday 27th

Fine Morning, Traveled 2 1/2 hours and Camped. Afternoon Drive across the Black Hills [Laramie Mountains], left the Platte River the Whole Distance, 2 Oxen died, sighted Laramie Peak, Camped in a Hollow near a stream, Plenty of good Water, name of Place "Bitter [Cottonwood] Creek," 26 Men were put on Night Guard in consequence of Indians, sister Inghams child born.

Tuesday 28th

Fine Morning, Train started at 8 A. M. Traveled 10 miles over the Black Hills, Roads very Rocky, camped at 12-30, plenty of Wood and Water, started at 5 P M—Passed the Twin springs, camped at Dusk, near a Striam, plenty of Wood, Hops and Cherries, in the Night the Wolves were Howling.

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32. The plains Indians were on the warpath in the summer of 1866.

## Wednesday 29th

Train started at 8 A M, Traveled over a rough and Hilly road, camped at 1-40, 2 Oxen Died, started at 4 P M, Went over a steep Hill, Traveled till 10 oc P M, camped at "Little Labonte" [La Bonte], on the 19 Chipman lost 90 Bullocks, 5 Cows, 3 Horses, Taken by Indians, he had 8 Deaths in his Comp'y.

## Thursday 30th

Fine Morning, Train started at 9 A M, made a long drive, camped at 3 P M, started again at 1/2 past 4, Traveled in the morning over a Hilly Road, camped at 7.30 at Box Elder Creek, heavy rain in Night, afternoon Pretty good Road.

## Friday 31st

Showery Morning, Train started at 9 A M, past near 4 Graves of Persons killed by Indians also Elder John Macdonalds grave, Train started about 5 P-M, crossed 3 streams of Water, Camp't at Dusk—short of Wood.

## Saturday Sep 1st

Fine Morning, very cold—crossed Deer Creek when [where] the station had been destroyed by Indians, several thousand Dollars damage, made 2 journies, camp't on a small creek, Bro Young lost his Watch.

## Sunday 2nd

Fine Morning, Sharp frost, Traveled 3 1/2 Hours, part of the Way rather Hilly, camp't on the [Platte?], Train started at 4 P M, crossed the Platte Bridge, camped on the North Side, Tea 4 Dollars per lb.

## Monday 3rd

Fine Morning, first 6 miles from Platte Bridge very Hilly ending for some distance in a valley—skirting the Platte—Traveled 12 Miles and camp't on the Platte for the last time near "Red Bute," the place [where] Bro G Simms was Drowned, very cold and Windy.

## Tuesday 4th

Fine Morning, No Breakfast, walked about 18 miles, train started at 6.30, crossed a stream, camp't at 1 oc near Willow Springs, Pretty good Road—afternoon went about 7 miles across a very high Hill, camped at Dark at "Fish Creek," 1 Waggon broke down, Sage Brush for fuel.

## Wednesday 5th

Fine Morning, Crossed 2 streams, Traveled till 1.30 P M over a sandy Road part of the Way, camped on a small but beautiful stream, sage brush for fuel, Train started at 4 P M, started for the salaratus

beds, went a long distance across the Prairies, went out of our Way, lost my Cane—went a long distance Back—got some distance behind the train—got several lbs of salaritus, camped on the "Sweet Water River, Sage Brush—no Wood—cold Night.

#### Thursday 6th

Fine Morning, Went with my Wife across Independence rock, a large Grunate Rock rising to a great height from the plain near the Banks of Sweet Water. Forded the River near the West side of the Rock, went on over a pretty good road somewhat hilly and camped on a fine platt near the Devils Gate—Traveled in the afternoon about 10 miles over a good Road and camped near the Sweetwater, sage brush for fuel.

#### Friday 7th

Fine Morning, sharp Frost, Traveled till noon, Road Sandy, Crossed a stream, afternoon started at 2 oc P M, very Windy, sand blowing fearfully, campt before Sundown on a Good Grass Platt near Sweetwater, Plenty of Chips for Fuel.

#### Saturday 8th

Cold and Rainy morning, Traveled 8 miles and Campt, at 3 Crossing of the sweetwater, saw snow on the Mountains, Crossed the sweetwater 4 times, Started at 2 P M over a Good Road between the Rocky Mountains, campt on the Sweet Water, plenty of Chips, very cold Night.

#### Sunday 9th

Fine Morning, Train started at 7 A M, commencement of Journey very sandy, went 15 miles and campt at the Stream from the Mountain springs, started at 4 P M, went about 3 miles and camped at Mountain Springs, on camp Guard—very cold Night.

#### Monday 10th

Fine Morning, very cold, stopped at Sage Creek to Water Cattle, come 5 miles of very Hilly Road, went 7 miles farther and nooned at "Antelope Springs," afternoon Went 6 miles and campt at "Barlows Springs," Road very Rocky and Hilly nearly all the Way—losing cattle nearly every day.

#### Tuesday 11th

Fine Morning—very cold—came 7 miles and Campt on the "Sweetwater River," afternoon started at 2 P M, came 9 miles and campt on Hoe Creek, Roads most of the Way very Hilly and Rocky, sharp frosty night.

## Wednesday 12

Fine Morning, Camp moved at 7 A M, came 12 miles over a splendid Road most all the Way—came over the South Pass—did not know it untill we had passed it, camped at "Pacific Springs," snow on the Mountains—started at 4 P M, came about 11 miles and camped on "Dry Sandy Creek"<sup>33</sup> at 9 P M, bad place for fuel.

## Thursday 13th

Fine Morning, camp started at 8 A M, came along a good road most all the Way, nooned on the Little Sandy Creek, plenty good Water, little feed, afternoon camp moved at 4 P M, Camped this morning at 1.30—splendid day, crossed Little Sandy, Traveled 10 miles and camped at 8 oc P M on the "Big Sandy," Good feed for Cattle, Plenty of Water, But no Wood.

## Friday 14th Sept

Started at 8 A M, Traveled 4 1/2 Hours, noon on "Big Sandy," afternoon went over very Hilly Rd, very stormy, Thunder and lightning, Camp at Dark 3 time on the Big Sandy.

## Saturday 15th

Fine Morning, pretty good Road, came 10 miles, Forded "Green Rr [River] and campt on the West Bank, good Ground, feed and Water, caught 4 Fish.

## Sunday 16th

Dull Morning, Traveled about 13 miles over rather a rough Road, no grass. Dry camp at noon, afternoon Hills and Vales all the Way, soil sandy, gravelly, sage Brush, Camp on "Hams Fork," Traveled 26 miles without water for Cattle.

## Monday 17th

Fine Morning—crossed at Hams Fork," Good camping Ground, came 13 Miles and nooned on the "Black Fork or [of the] Muddy River," very good Road nearly the Whole Distance, Country very barren, no Grass, sand, clay and sage wild abound generally. P M Train moved out at 5 P M, supply of Bacon Gone, about 120 miles from Salt Lake City. Train started at 5 P M and went 7 miles over a good Road, Forded the Muddy, Water muddy, short of good Brush, met 3 Wagons sent to help Pilgrims with Flour.

## Tuesday 18th

Very fine Morning—Nelly not very Well, Traveled 3 1/2 over a pretty good Road, some few Hollows, Country very Barron, The Hills

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33. The immigrants now left the California or Oregon Trail and continued in a southwestward direction toward Salt Lake City.



especially. Camped 1/2 mile from Big Muddy, sagebrush for fuel, afternoon rolled out at 1-45 P M, very Windy, Dust blowing making our Traveling very disagreeable. Train started at 1-45, Traveled over some rocky Road, camped at Dusk, scarcity of Water, plenty of sage Brush. Sister Oliver from St Louis, Mo, died, went and administered to Si Wheeler, little rain in the Night. Children very restless.

#### Wednesday 19th

Fine Morning, very cold, Nelly very poorly, rolled out 15 to 6 A M, Traveled 10 miles, Forded the Muddy, some difficulty in getting Teams across—very cold, storm of Rain, Sleet, and Snow, hurt my eye with a piece of Wood, nooned near Telegraph Station, rolled out at 2 P M, in the morning passed across Hundreds of acres of splendid Lands. The Hills covered with Cedars. Buried Cis Oliver. Traveled through a lovely Vale surrounded by Lofty Mountains—came 10 miles, 6 or 7 of them across “Quaking Asp Ridge,” several cattle broken down. The Camping place in a deep Hollow near the Mail Station, a Good spring of Water and plenty of sage Brush, Teamsters rations “Flour and Coffee,” sharp Frosty Night. A Child ran over.

#### Thursday 20th

Splendid bright Morning, camp rolled out at 8-30 A M, went 2 miles up a Mountain, Came down for some miles, a steep decent through valleys surrounded by lofty Mountains. Paid Toll at a small siding, passed the Toll Bridge at Bear River and camped 1/2 mile West. John Oghlen, Teamster, ran over, Camped at 2 P M 79 miles from S L City. Family Well, in good spirits, plenty of Timber and Good feed for Cattle, Traded some Rice and Sugar for some Potatoes, the first we have had for some Weeks. Bro Wm Bates lost a Cow, asked the Captain for a Horse to go back for her, He said he could not spare one, rolled out at 4.30, went about 7 miles and camped near plenty of Grass for Cattle and Water, very short of Wood. Frosty Night, met 3 Wagons from S L to help pilgrims.

#### Friday 21st

Splendid bright Morning, Train rolled out at 8 A M. Passed along a level Road a mile or so past Threadneedle Rocks, a composition apparently of mortar and Pebbles, passed a mail station and a Ranch over a High Mountain. Descended suddenly into a Canyon, the Dust blowing fearfully, and Camp at 1 oc at Cache Cave. Good feed and Water, But no Wood, a stream runs by the Roadside some Distance, very good Water. Captain Killed a Heifer and sold the meat 12 1/2 Cents per lb. Train rolled out at 4 P M, past some lovely Vallies—but a scarcity of Wood—Dust blew fearfully this afternoon; one

Waggon Capsised crossing a Bridge, some bad places to cross. Camped some distance in "Echo Canyon," a Man from the Valley selling vegetables & Apples were 40 c Dozen, Potatoes 2 1/2 Do [dollars] Bushel, Butter 60c lb, Cabbage 40c each. Frosty towards morning.

#### Saturday 22nd

Beautiful Morning, children Bad colds. Camp rolled out at 8 oc. We have now—Beef, Butter, Potatoes, Apples, Onions, Flour, Bread and Molasses—so we cant complain, came along the Canyon, crossed several small bridges, on the sides of Mountains some very critical places, one Waggon had a very narrow escape of being hurled down the Embankment. Camp at 1 oc in the Canyon, Plenty of Water and Wood. Camp rolled out at 3 P M, met several parties out to meet friends—Passed on through Echo Canyon and Camp at 9 P M about 3 miles south of the Mouth of Echo Canyon. A Bro Gave us Potatoes, had about 5 lb of Beef given us, a splendid Night, On Camp Guard.

#### Sunday 23rd Sep

Fine Morning, Camp rolled out at 8-30 and Camped on Silver Creek in Weber Valley, passed thro Coalville settlement, quite a nice place, several good Log and Rock Houses, also a very Good Meeting House erected in 1865, the folks looked very clean and respectable, some at work getting in grain. Bishop Lather Wilde served out Potatoes to the People. A slight storm of Hail, several of the settlers came into Camp P M, Camp rolled out at 3 P M, went Through Silver Creek Settlement 7 Years Settled, along Silver C. Canyon 8 miles in Length. The Road is a Dugway on the Mountain side, some places rising 60 feet above the Bed of the Canyon, a good [mill?] stream runs through the entire Distance. Lofty Mountains on Both sides. Camp at Parleys Park about 8 30 P M, sharp Frosty Night.

#### Monday 24th

Splendid Morning, camp rolled out at 8-30 A M, 25 miles from the City. Passed W Kimballs Hotel over a Hilly Road over the Big Mountain 8 miles and camped at 4 P M in a Hollow surrounded by Mountains, a Creek runs Thro it, very Hard Journey on the Cattle. Night very cold, sharp Frost, 12 miles from the City. Bro Adams Died of Mountain Fever making 8 Deaths in our Train since leaving Wyoming, met many Teams going to the Kanyons.

#### Tuesday 25th

Beautiful bright Morning. Family all Well, left Hardy Station Mountain Dell, came Through Parleys Canyon, hedged in on either side by lofty mountains, a clear stream of Water runs Through the Centre

of Kanyon. Met Several folk we were acquainted with in England, Bro John Thompson, Foulgers, Earle etc who treated us to Beer, Fruit Pie etc, we were pleased to behold the City after a long and perilous journey of Seven thousand Miles across Ocean, Through the States, over the plains, across Rivers and lofty Mountains, we looking like Walking lumps of Dust, Our Train passed through the City to the Presidents Yard were [where] we signed an obligation to pay \$180 Dollars for Transit across The plains from Wyoming, we paid 28 pounds from London to Wyoming for Sea and Rail fare. My Wifes Cousin Eliza Wilds hired a Waggon and had our Luggage conveyed to her House in the ninth Ward, G S L City, Thankful to get a rest!!!

## RALPH ELMO McFIE: FROM LAS CRUCES TO DAVAO

*By MAUDE McFIE BLOOM*

**M**Y OLDER brother Ralph came suddenly out of the background on the day that "Babe" came to us. Babe became the great love of his youth. Innocently she was the cause of a nagging inferiority complex that made of him one of the shyest of men. But that is getting too far ahead. I was to tell the whole story of my remarkable big brother, beginning with the things I so vividly remember of home and him.

Babe was a magnificent, blooded mare. Of bright bay color, seventeen hands high, of amazing intelligence, and a nature as gentle as Mama's house cat. I remember my brother was so terrified of something happening to his pet that he would often sleep in her manger o' nights and my understanding parents never blinked.

That act of Ralph was partly because he knew that "down South" the darky hostlers were on guard day and night. Yet more, southern New Mexico in the 1880's was a wild place. The great herds from the Texan plains had discovered our fertile valleys, and the outlawry connected inseparably with the cattle industry of that time had made deep changes in the outlying districts. There were still bitter hatreds left over from the terrible Lincoln County War. The horse and cattle thieves of those stressful years still hid in the Organ and San Andrés, the White and Sacramento ranges, just east of Las Cruces. And our little town, remember, was both county seat and shipping point. In this connection, I am quite sure that if my mother had had any inkling that my father was so soon to be made judge in that enormous, dangerous southern judicial district, she would never have consented to remain "for a few years" in that borderland of Mexico and Texas.

Always we must have been both a divided and yet a

close-knit family: Mama and Ralph; Papa and me. My brother was tall and slim, two and a half years my senior, and his favorite sport (so it seemed to his younger sister) was to topple her over with one poke at a well-rounded tummy. For which I hated him, of course. He was the pest of my life. A meany. He just wasn't human with feelings like mine.

But Ralph and I believed we knew everything our parents did. They spoke freely before us. Looking back, I used to pity other children who might be sent from the room. We two never were. My parents would say: "Don't mention this, children." Ralph would nod, then glare at me. I would roll my eyes—negro servants always did that—and cross my fat bosom to show my sincerity. I meant well, always.

One afternoon Papa came home fuller of town talk than usual. He said that a friend of ours, the big cattleman Johnnie Riley, had been in the law office to get some legality of transfer papers attended to properly. While in the East, selling a trainload of his La Cueva steers at the new stockyards in Kansas City, Mr. Riley had been approached by an agent of a Kentucky race-horse farm about the possibility of sequestering a bunch of fine colts for a limited time, and he had agreed to do it. He had hired Pat Coglin and Jim Nolan, and there was a certain remote range across the Organs now ready to receive the stock.

The greatest secrecy was necessary. The closely guarded special car with the colts had arrived that day. It would be unloaded just before dark when loiterers would be at supper and no strangers apt to be prowling. But Papa was to be there. And Mr. Riley, who also was a loving father, had sent word that "Ralphie and Maudie" could be there also. We glowed. We gobbled, and then we three set out to walk the mile to the shiny new red depot. Ordinarily, Johnnie Riley would have come dashing up in his fine buckboard and pair of blacks. But not that evening.

A little knot of reliable men were gathered near the shute in the loading pen where the stock car had been

shunted. The agent and Mr. Riley exchanged papers, and two negro hostlers began leading the beautiful, spirited colts down the board gangway.

The car seemed empty—but not quite. The agent cleared his throat, spoke to a big black inside: "Is she still alive, Pete?"

"Yessuh. But she's good as daid. . . . I'll tote her, suh."

As if carrying costly china, the big black came down the shute, a bay colt pressed to his breast. Tears poured down his face, for this was the finest colt of them all, the real reason for the transfer. The week of travel had been too much even for the scion of the racing farm where the fabulously fast mare "Maud S" was making race track history.

The darky knelt to ease the dying creature to the dungy floor of the yard. Except to roll big eyes she was moveless. Her incredibly long, slender legs were like bent and folded pipestems. Her bright coat was a tight covering over the thin frame, a mere boney rack that was her body.

After a stunned silence, the men moved aside to talk it over. Riley, backed by Pat and Jim, refused to accept a dying animal. The agent cursed and foamed. Hanging to my father's hand I listened to the clash of words and wills. Since the telegraph office was closed for the night, and the New Mexicans were on edge to get out of town, the deadlock had to be settled immediately. It was decided to shoot the colt.

Even here a new snag arose. Hardened men of the range and veterans of cattle wars that they were, the New Mexico men refused to kill the little animal. The negroes, called, likewise refused in horror. The agent, mouthing curses, grasped his long revolver and strode forward to do it himself. And there was my brother with the bright head in his lap. Ralph was fondling her as I did "Blond-head," my newest wax dolly.

Thinking back, it must be the lad grew up in the moments that followed the stern orders to "get outta the

way while I finish the business." He leaped to his feet, straddled the bay colt, and defied anyone. He seemed to grow taller. Outraged fury shook voice and body. Blue eyes blazed.

It was a scene that had only one ending even with hard-headed, sharp business men. "Babe" was given to nine-year-old Ralphie McFie "*to bury.*" Papa was ordered so to alter the papers to read on the morrow. Parting instructions were given by the negro hostler as he carried Babe to the back of the Riley buckboard where Ralph's arms waited.

It was mostly exhaustion. Mama made a muslin nipple and warmed the goat's milk which it took in quantity. In no time Babe staggered to her feet.

Mr. Riley did not know the colt had lived and was growing like a jimson weed until months later when he asked Papa pointblank. He threw back his curly blond head and laughed. He was a fine, generous spirited man.

The advent of Babe was wonderful, but more so to me was the discovery that my tyrant had become heroic, that he had feelings—feelings deeper and stronger than mine because he would fight for them. One of my early indelible memories was his drawn, blazing features in the dusk, gray as the metal called "steel."

It was not that the name was a family one; it was the way my brother looked; fierce, primitive, completely self-forgetful. It was the look of all iron-willed, pioneer men who keep on fighting and thinking of the still greater fields to be claimed; the look common to gallant soldiers who face great odds.

My brother's life was to be one long, bitter fight. He was to be a builder, builder of a small empire thousands of miles from his home. Between the lines of his dry, yet detailed home letters we could visualize his set features as he met the almost twenty years of hard things before all was finally well with him in the far Philippine Islands.

What befell the other colts went by the board with me. Things leaked out. It was said that Babe was foal of "Maud

S." We never investigated but we kids liked to think it was so for boasting purposes. We both rode her with no thought of "breaking" her in. Even when the fine racing cart came from St. Louis, Ralph simply called Babe, backed her into the long shafts, buckled straps around her trim body; then they trotted out of the big corral gate, one body as it were, boy, horse, cart.

Babe was in great demand for races. Her swift, rippling walk kept other horses a-trot. She outran horses brought up from Ft. Bliss, down from Stanton, Bayard—all of which were fine Army horses and the army in those days had the best of animals.

Yet the range had wonderfully fleet little racers. The White Oaks ranches were famous for them—the Rhodes boys, Gene and Clarence, were always on hail for fiesta time at Cruces, or at Mesilla across the Rio Grande.<sup>1</sup>

In from the range came the Ake and Isaac mustangs, the Riley cowboys, and other groups who didn't touch our family life: the Fall, Cox, King, and Oliver contingents, still shying off from the Coglin, Nolan, Coe, Gilmore and Doctor Blazer sons. There were big families then—tall, stalwart sons with mild mouths but jutting chins; all wise in range and cattle lore.

With Babe his loadstone, Ralph's ambition was to "run stock," and kindly Jeff Ake encouraged him—Bunk Ake and my brother were chums. The big Ake clan used to winter (for the younger ones to get schooling) not far from our

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1. I can remember only once when my loyalty to Babe faltered—and it was only for a moment. My best friend, at that time, was Nellie Rhodes who lived in Mesilla. We had the same birthday, and once when I rode over to spend the gala day at Nellie's, her grownup brother Gene rode in from their big cattle holdings in the San Andrés range.

Gene was a dapper, nonchalant figure; always singing or humming to himself, I remember. That day he was riding a beautiful black, and its trappings were of carved leather with shining silver trimmings. My heart leaped. I must ride that horse or die.

"Na, na," teased Gene, "a fatty like you would break his back." Oh, how I hated him. It was such an insult. Only Ralph could call me that with impunity. But I remembered that I was a guest. Nellie and I put on dignity and walked down to watch the Rio Grande which was nearby.

After all, I had been disloyal to Babe! I didn't "see" Gene after that.



fine new brick house, a short mile from town, and I remember being vastly proud that Grandma Ake liked best of all the snuffbrushes that I got for her—tender little underground branches of mesquite root, whittled and chewed (!) into a tiny, fine brush with which to dip her ground tobacco.

As Ralph grew, Jeff hired him summers, paying in the fall with steers which Ralph was allowed to select—cows even, in good brooding years. And when Jeff bought the farm halfway to Dona Aña which Papa and Johnny Barncastle owned jointly, Ralph helped out winters too—Babe making it possible to keep their beefers within a safe distance from the valley ranch.<sup>2</sup>

I remember that Jeff Ake made a trip to Santa Fé to say goodbye to Ralph and his own kinfolk when they were getting off so hurriedly to the War—the Spanish American War in '98. At that time Ralph owned a tiny herd of forty head with several good horses to boot, all of which were running the Ake range. Jeff took them over, but Ralph kept his brand, I remember. It was a Flying U Bar, one that couldn't be altered.

To go back, however. Ralph was forbidden to race. One day he did—and his leg was broken when the iron hoof of the other, rearing animal, also ridden by a boy, came down on my brother's leg just above the knee. It had taken place in a pasture in the old river bed close by home. The tall Keezer boys, Roy and Henry, carried Ralph across McFie lane to mama. The story cooked up was an accident at the Keezer swing. The neighbor boys were terrified of their father.

How well I remember the terrible days that followed. It was a fearful break—and there was no doctor obtainable for four awful days.

My uncle Samuel Steel set the limb as best he could . . .

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2. This ranch was just north of the big old walled Frank Fletcher-Guadalupe Ascarate hacienda on the east side of the Old Alameda, not far from the hills. The Alameda was grassy and lined by immense old *álamos*. It was the favorite picnic grounds for crowds of any size, with room for baseball and races.

he had had some practice with his dairy herd, and doctoring was a sort of hereditary thing in the Steel family. But it wasn't right, we all knew.

I remember they strapped the swollen limb on a cotton-padded board and kept it across a green-painted, tin foot-tub all those four days and nights. The tub was kept full of hot vinegar, replenished every few minutes by our negro Mollie and her half-grown son Jack who seemed never to rest or sleep. Somebody sat there dipping the hot vinegar over the leg. I remember they had to hold my brother too. Neighbors helped, and all our big family took anxious turns.

Dr. Lane finally was found at a ranch in the hills, where one of the lovely young Davies girls was having typhoid. He could hardly believe what was told him about the four days, for it was a wonder that Ralph had not had gangrene. Of course he had to re-set the leg.

For many a month Ralph was an invalid. Two things resulted. He became set against religion from overhearing my very pious grandmother say his trial was a "retribution," although she was thinking only of its effect on my delicate mother's health.

Ralph said: "Damn religion." His legs were of different lengths and his bitterness was intense. But the "damn" went deep with my parents because such language wasn't used by our clan.

Ralph was then, as I remember, around thirteen; tall, serious, manly. My father had been made judge, and, trying to pass the time for Ralph, Papa would have Jack drive the two of them to court. There, watching the court stenographer take down evidence became absorbingly interesting.

The new interest became known when the lad would tell Papa, afterward, that those Mexican witnesses weren't being taken down exactly enough. There ought to be another stenographer; someone who knew Spanish, he insisted. Mr. H. B. Holt was a fine man but he didn't know Spanish yet.

Ralph began to make scratches which he called Spanish stenography. Characteristically he was secretive about it.

But Papa helped, and it became more or less of a nightly game, while court was in session at 'Cruces, testing Papa's wonderful memory against Ralph's stenography.

When he was strong, school began in earnest—for by then the College was a going concern, and its big tall brick McFié Hall, built by old man Bogardus, was standing like a sore thumb on a bleak, sandy hill two miles south of town.

I was in the very necessary "Preparatory" department and Ralph was in Mr. Lester's business college. We drove down every morning, with lunches, in the cart. Babe whizzed us along at breakneck speed. We were not only a menace to all other traffic on the road, but a worry to all the community. We only laughed.

Babe took us down that dreadful, sandy road in exactly seven minutes, yet I remember only one accident. To avoid a mudhole once, Ralph ran too far up the side of a mesquite bush hilled halfway up by drifting sand, and somehow the branches caught the wheel. I was spilled out so hard that I landed clear across the way, in another mesquite briar patch.

I was too plump to be bruised even, but was I furious. We staged one of our cat and dog fights then and there, to the huge enjoyment of the Ford and Newberry tribes, close friends, who were trudging along on foot. Big, pretty Belle Hall—of the Newberry clan—brushed me off and smoothed my ruffles, and my ruffled dignity, as well. And Pinkie Ford shared her lunch with me, I remember. They lived nearer College.

But this is my brother's story. Those were difficult years. Account of the Fountain killing, of my cousin Sam's murder, of the advent of the Fall aggregation, and other matters will be given at another time. My father's fortunes teetered. He went out of office, for in Territorial days the judiciary, as everything else, was appointive. President Chester A. Arthur had put Papa on the bench; when a democratic president went in, Papa was "bounced."

In passing I will say that Judge Fall did not stay on

the bench long. Although a Republican, my father was reinstated, and promoted to the first district at Santa Fé, the capital.

Papa had learned to depend on my brother and the chicken scratches which he called Spanish stenography. By now, Ralph knew much of law. He had begun to study papa's books before he knew the meaning of the hard words.

In his mind Ralph was torn between wanting to be a legal light, like Papa, or a cowman like his range friends. He felt a proper man when on horseback. He could forget his limp. His dear friend Johnnie Riley was another whose kindness helped life.

When the move to Santa Fé came, however, the die was cast. Ralph went with Papa in a court capacity, and began serious study of law.

All too soon came '98; the Spanish American War, and when Teddy Roosevelt asked our Territory for part of the experienced horsemen to make up his regiment of Rough Riders, Ralph was among the first to enlist. Because of his lameness and efficiency with his pencil, he was appointed troop clerk of his company, Troop E.

I remember tense waiting to know whether he would be accepted. And he might not, had there been more men pressing to join the company, and more time before they had to entrain. Ralph's friend Willie Schneppe and my brother stood side by side at the little station. Ralph was the happiest man in that long, irregular line of volunteers.

Tampa. Then Cuba. Col. Roosevelt was playing a waiting game with the Spaniards. The two lines were some distance apart. The nearby city was Santiago, a tall hill intervened, San Juan Hill. One night Ralph was on guard duty. He lay on a ridge, not quite on top lest the outline betray his outpost. It was a neglected plantation, rank and wild, and the tall grass scratched chigger sores up and down his long legs. His long Mauser rifle was on the wet grass beside him. Not a sound but crickets around him.

But suddenly came stealthy creeping noises and the

click of armed men's gear. Presently he knew that a small detail of Spaniards was being stationed on the brow of the hill just above where he was. They were being given final instructions for a surprise attack at dawn upon the American camp. Ralph had no way of knowing what hour it was, but the night was well spent. It was a matter of instinct for him to grip pencil, an old letter, and jot down what was being muttered to the Spaniards above him. Then he crept noiselessly downhill, and ran pellmell for camp.

Fortunately "the Major," who happened to be strolling in the pleasant night, was the one who sighted the limping, wildly excited figure coming into the big camp, using his Mauser to help him over the rough ground.

"Ralph!" Captain Llewellyn grabbed my brother. "You've left your sentry duty. They'll courtmartial you, shoot you. Get back, boy."

"Take this to—Colonel. They're attacking—at dawn," he gasped.

A thousand times "Major" told the story, giving it always a comic twist: Ralph really excited for once in his sober, serious life; the consternation in Teddy's tent at the news, and its acceptance only after Roosevelt had looked sternly to Llewellyn for confirmation; then the puzzlement at Ralph's stenography which none could decipher, and how Major suddenly began to chuckle: "By God, it's Ralphie's Spanish code. Send for him, Colonel." And, a much impressed leader did just that.

It made a good story, but we were used to Major's dramatics. We paid no attention to it, and Ralph said nothing either. But there came a memorable Rough Riders Reunion at Las Vegas, which their beloved Colonel (then president of the United States) attended.

In the course of his formal address at the banquet which ended the festivities, the President pointed to my brother, sitting with my father down the long table. "There is the boy whose quick wittedness and initiative gave me the jump on the Spaniards. Through him we were able to spring

the surprise that won San Juan Hill—and the course of the whole war, gentlemen! Stand up, McFie!”

Papa gasped. Ralph stood up, his blond face aflame with embarrassment.

“My boy, with your knowledge of Spanish, and your peculiar system of shorthand, you can be a valuable man to your country. I am sending William Howard Taft to our island possessions, the Philippines, as governor-general. I am going to tell him to take you with him.”

When the hearty clapping had died down, characteristically, Roosevelt added, in mock scolding: “You’re a son-of-a-gun, McFie. I’ve been here two days and you’ve not paid your old colonel your military respects yet!”

The clapping became furious. It was “Teddy” at his best, and a home boy coming into his own! Whoopee reigned for several minutes, Papa said. Nor was that all that the warm-hearted president did for Ralph. Not long afterward a personal letter came for Ralph to present to Taft.

His parting gift to me was the Rough Rider insignia. It is a silvered circle with crossed guns topped by a large U. S. Ralph went with patriotic enthusiasm uppermost in mind. He fully intended to return to New Mexico to practice law with my father when Papa should retire from the bench. For years, in all the full descriptive letters home, always that intent shone through.

The long voyage was thrilling, with stops in Hawaii, Japan, and China. At Manila finally, Ralph found himself brought up sharply with the irresistible challenge of mixed races, delightful old Spanish culture and architecture which was so familiar. Congenial too was the tropic climate and the easy quiet mode he liked.

The city swarmed with office seekers, many of them known New Mexicans. Too, Taft immediately organized a legal emergency body to free the vast rich estates which the Catholic Church had acquired through the centuries. The “Court of Friar Land Claims” it was named, and Ralph

found himself chief clerk, with a delightful Illinoisan, Judge Ickes, as justice.

It was a congenial, familiar job. But it was monumental, too, for it was to occupy several years during which the court traveled by every imaginable mode of conveyance, over the whole island world. They went wherever there was one of these estates to be taken over and the land redistributed, but general headquarters were at Manila.

For recreation, my enthusiastic brother would spend evenings and holidays grubbing out the veritable cesspools of tenement quarters of the city, and eliminating areas of deadly danger along the river front in the old walled city, with the Sanitary Commission boys who were his chums.

From them he learned the vital importance of careful living. He drank only bottled waters; ate only cooked food; used native remedies for simple needs. From the first his greatest pain was the loss of friends who would not be as cautious in eating and drinking. Especially the latter, for he had contempt for liquor.

As the court began its sessions with witnesses from many races, the old challenge of bungling translation of the language confronted Ralph. Out came his pencil and notebook, word for word he took the testimony. Judge Ickes, a generous spirited gentleman, was merely amused when gradually the witnesses would turn to my brother as their interpreter rather than to the regular official.

In connection with the court were native interpreters. Gradually Ralph became conversant with the six native tongues. In time other courts would borrow his services which made him very proud indeed. This language business was his bit toward the civilization of the Islands. Not for effect, however; justice to the underdog was the mainspring of his life.

It was something like the third year before Ralph's letters changed. It was during a memorable visit of the Court to Davao on the southern end of Mindanao Island. Here he found what seemed an earthly paradise. Here he

would build an hacienda and become a planter. My parents sighed, naturally, but John Junior was coming along in years and showing decided talent for law.

But 'way down in Mindanao! Why, it was the one spot generally conceded impossible of civilizing in all the archipelago. It was a thousand miles from Manila by inter-island boat travel! It was violently volcanic by nature. There were no whites on that whole enormous southern half of the next-to-biggest island. Its native tribes were the Moro head-hunter cannibals, fiercest and wildest of all known groups. The Moros and Igorotes were still wildly antagonistic and treacherous toward the whites. Aguineldo, up in the mountains of Luzón, was mild by comparison with the little black men of Mindanao!

Yet this was where our Ralph had decided to make his home. In vain my parents wrote quoting to him from his own descriptive letters: "Even the Catholic Friars have lived with boats always moored to their wharf, at the first sign of danger to sail away until it was quiet again." And "Of all the island world, this church land is the poorest, most undeveloped."

But it took a third of a year's time for letters to bring back an answer. Ralph, in partnership with young Harry Ickes, brother of the judge, had bought the vast estate and Ralph was to be its manager—Harry having had more money to invest than Ralph. Then, too, Harry thought he could be chief clerk of his brother's court. That suited Ralph too.

It must be said, however, that on that first visit to Davao, Judge Ickes did his best to deter the two younger men. Harry was put "on probation" in Ralph's position, and Ralph was to spend only part of each year on the hacienda besides being on call at anytime if needed by the Court. Simply the Judge knew he could not spare Ralph's services.

In a few months Ralph was called back to his old job in Manila. And within the year, alas, gay young Harry died violently of bubonic plague right there in Manila.



To go back, however, to that first venture of the court. To be safe the court had a chartered boat on which to live when going about the wild portions of the islands. Davao proved to be a small, typical village of a few miserable, fever-ridden degenerate Spaniards who had clung to their small holdings against the natives because of the protection of the Church and its vast property earnings. Their grip would be gone with the opening to sale of the lands on which they had worked and lived for generations.

However, since the War, there had been a steady influx of Japanese. To outward appearance, Davao was a town in Japan! The Spaniards had lost out anyway. Ralph wrote enthusiastically about the new fields around the dead little village, and the finest, longest staple hemp in the islands. He was all in a fret to get his wide acres under cultivation. The Japs were alright, he said; industrious, quiet as so many field mice, perfectly acclimated. This, however, was before he had won their enmity and his long fight began.

The Court had difficulty in forcing the natives to attend sessions. They were scattered in the mountains, or living on cane pole raft houses out in the water of lagoons and marshes. The men were puzzled. It was not until Ralph went to live there that he found the reason: they were in a great deal of awe, and in very great fear of the Japs!

The Court did not linger any longer than necessary. All food had to be bought from the Japs, even the fish, although fishing was the task of natives. After one poisoning it was discovered that all the fish had to be examined. Mysterious spiders, venomous serpents, made their appearance on their houseboat—obviously slipped on board “by the natives” as the apologetic Japs would say. And the court officials believed it. All in all, Judge Ickes moved on to the next place, glad to be alive.

Yet Ralph and Harry had gone inland and been charmed. Ralph, too, had been interested by the Moros and Igorotes. He sensed their need of a protector, although he could do nothing except make them listen to him talk. He

did a canny thing, however. He took a miserable little native boy back to Manila with him. When he came next to Davao, he had the Igorote language, and a healthy, nimble-minded body servant. The boy refused to leave Ralph's side, which for a time did not make him friends among the natives.

Ralph's first great sorrow at Davao was the death of this boy. It seemed to have happened because he fell asleep on a limb in the sun and one of the many fifteen foot python snakes got him.

Ralph heard, very much startled, the beating of native drums in the wooded slopes of the mountains. All night they beat, many of them. The tribes were assembling in the hills. At dawn, here came a long procession covered with mud for mourning, black, volcanic mud on head and breast. Ralph thought his end was near.

On the contrary, it seemed the python had given the boy a new existence—translated him bodily to the Igorote heaven. They were thanking him! Ralph had had no idea how very much on probation he had been. Next time he walked off his estate he found barriers removed from trails to their villages.

The alert mind of the boy had been an eye opener. Ralph decided he did not want too many Japs on his hacienda; he now decided to employ natives, if they would work. The Japs, departing, showed their teeth. They laughed at the idea of a native working. He would soon see, they said maliciously. He passed several bad hours when, with walking cane tipped with an iron cap to kill snakes and marsh rats, he followed one of the dark funnel-like trails to an Igorote town in the deep jungle.

Having been raised in Apache Indian country, he was aware that he must be surrounded by silent danger at every step, both in the dense wood and by traps underfoot. But nothing happened and he noted that he was received with astonishment. The headmen took him to their ceremonial house, up three ladders to a dizzy height, every step an

immediate risk to a man of his height and weight. But again he arrived atop safely.

Here he was handed a ceremonial cigar, one of the usual foot-long family size. He wondered if it might contain some narcotic or deadly herb, so, taking care to attack the more wrapped end of the huge thing, he took one drag. Then, explaining with a smile that in his land among the Indian natives it was polite to take only one draft, he passed it on to the next in the squatting circle. It had worked. The cigar, drugged, of course, was quietly put aside.

Ralph then took his life in his hands. He stumbled along, but he made them understand that he had come to stay; that he was mild, understanding, and incurious about their private matters. He needed them for friends; he needed them to help him open roads into Davao, and to keep them open all the year around. Davao was seven miles from his place, it would take many men working all the year around to keep the roads open, wouldn't it? Was he an enemy that they wouldn't help him? It wasn't against their religion?

Ralph said the most tense moment of his whole experience was sitting on that rickety, swaying cane platform with ten other men. Below was the sheer fall into marsh water waist deep, a veritable ooze of deathly pollution.

They chattered like so many monkeys, gesticulated like the million monkeys in his forest which made day and night alive with their noise. But in the end each headman chose a young man. All reserve being down, they told him he had walked like a superman over the magic number of their pitfalls; that he had smoked their drugged cigar without passing out; that there now remained no reason why he should not be their neighbor and friend.

"We need you against the little brown devils. You need us too," they said, as the strange procession at Ralph's back took the trail to his new place.

They knew that form of work and did it willingly. He gave them rice, he paid them every Saturday night, and

made them rest on his Sunday. In the dusk he saw them slip away, gripping their precious silver coins some of them fingering the money as if it were a complete curiosity to them. All Sunday, as he and his two Luzón "boys" rested and ate, they wondered if the Igorotes would return on Monday.

Monday at daylight, there stood the ten below Ralph's porch. Their money spread across their girdles in a stiff row, two holes bored in each coin and a stout hemp cord tying the silver to the cloth. My brother told them they were very good looking, and they grinned happily.

"The monkeys cannot steal our wages. Nor the Japs," they explained.

Before long, they trusted him to keep their money, a simple credit system. Barter, rather, for he soon was bringing goods from Manila, and from then on he never lacked for food which they knew how to raise or learned from him to raise. Ralph was as proud as punch over "his" Igorotes.<sup>3</sup>

The Moros were another problem, however. To them his blood would win them a place in paradise. Had not his Igorote boys been on guard day and night, his life would have been forfeit before he had even known anything about it. I can't seem to remember how he won them, but he did.

And it was the favorite topic of my parents, who made two trips to visit Ralph in Davao, to recount the annual trek of the Moros to Ralph's hacienda on New Year's day to offer an animal, pure and spotlessly white, to show him their white thoughts toward him. Some years it would be a dove; others a pony, one of the tiny variety of Filipino horses; or a rooster.

Meanwhile, Ralph had earned the anger of the Japs. However, when he went back to Manila (which occurred very soon after the peace talk was made) Ralph left word with the alcalde at Davao that if anything went wrong with his place or his Igorotes, he would bring back the Court from Manila on them. So nothing happened.

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3. In 1906 at the request of the government, he brought a band of them to the World's Fair at St. Louis. Their loyalty to him was like worship.

The inter-island boat came to Davao once in three months. When it brought the call from Judge Ickes, he left with few misgivings, for he was leaving nothing but a handful of Igorotes.

He had no idea when he might be able to return—and he arrived in Manila to find his moneyed partner dead!

Not for a whole year was he able to return to Davao. Having spent all he could raise for his share of the estate, he was now cumbered with the need to reimburse Harry's widow. From then on great pressure for money was on his shoulders, the mercy being that understanding court officials, realizing his desperate circumstances, raised his salary and gave him other concessions that helped out. They needed him, and said so.

But it was a year before he was able to get another partner. The two spent several hundred dollars in equipment: plows, tools, window glass, etc. The little boat was damaged and nearly capsized in a typhoon so heavily was it loaded with their stuff. When the captain limped into the first port of call, on the northern part of Mindanao, he threw their freight off the boat, and sailed away before they could get down to the wharf to ask what he was doing! They stood there cursing the day of that captain's birth. The blank beach where they stood was scarcely more of a place than Davao town. Robinson Crusoe had nothing on them, they felt.

However, they spent all they had in buying carabaos (water buffaloes) and rickety carts. Their journey was going to take them three weeks, but that was not troubling them. Nobody knew how far it was. Once going they were so weary and depressed they didn't care. The thing was to get there before Christmas which was when Ralph had promised to return to Manila . . . and it was September when they were "ship wrecked!"

They had ten carts, twenty pair of water buffaloes. All went well,—that is, until they were crossing the very last little stream. Here they made camp over night, and swarms

of Igorotes stood guard over them as they slept—they had the habit of sleeping on top of carts.

At dawn a loud wailing awoke the two Americans. Every one of the forty creatures lay dead. Several dogs accumulated on the trek also lay stretched out on the bank. The Japanese had indeed taken a bitter revenge. The two were flat broke again. Still worse, Ralph's new partner went raving crazy.

Disaster followed disaster. In five years, my poor brother had five partners, every one of whom died on his hands! His home letters were indeed grief stricken ones. Had he not been so well known in Manila, so completely trusted by governmental officials from splendid Governor Taft down to the Filipino alcaldes and the very policemen on their beats, "most anybody might have reason to call me a murderer." I remember Mama crying bitterly when she read that letter.

Papa kept sending money, and another man would offer to go into partnership, so wonderful were the hemp and copra from Davao. And at last, Ralph got on his feet so that he was able to resign from the court, and go to live at Davao. In the back of his mind was to develop the bay so that large steamers could and would stop there. He had been able to interest four other men to buy great haciendas in that region, and his hopes were high.

Gradually his house grew. Solid mahogany it was, with furniture of lovely carving. The one thing he required of an overseer was the ability to keep from drink, and to have a hand for carpentering; cabinet making, rather.

His "boys" learned to cook as he wanted it done; he even had a boy who made his suits of cool rajah silk. Ralph's dream now was wife and home. But she had to be from America. He wanted her to have energy, life, vim. He was so tired of Jap medicine—for he had to use it at Davao.

But by now there were rich Japs all over the Islands. When, in a time of homesickness, Ralph offered to sell his hacienda to one of them, the man laughed in his face. "Some-

day, me own your land—all for nothing. Why buy?"

Then it was he began to beg big ships to make his gulf a shipping point. He wrote to every official about fortifying it, wrote letter on letter to Washington about the ultimate need of garrisoning Davao Bay. The only result was that Gov. Leonard Wood, after his appointment, came down to look over the situation. Nothing came of it, however, except Ralph's appointment to be vice-governor of Mindanao Province.

It was when he was vested with this dignity that the Japs decided to be friendly with him. It was then he learned why they had stopped bothering him years before. It was the fact that he had stabilized the food problem in that whole region when an earthquake and volcanic eruption occurred, in the third year he was there. At that time, Ralph had introduced irrigation on his acres so that he had crops when others didn't and were on the point of starving. As such occurrences were common, nobody had ever thought anything could be done about it—but Ralph did. Too, that first time, he sent for rice enough to feed his friendly Igorote tribe through the season till new food grew.

It had impressed the Japs, anyway. Perhaps it had the Moros. They took up the idea of a big harbor. Ralph always said that without their help the Anglos could never have made it the splendid harbor it became. His dealings with the Japs were constant now. All the planters hired Japs, not that they wanted to, simply their expanding haciendas had to have laborers—and there were only Japs for hire! All their haciendas were having wonderful, steady crops. Warehouses were bulging. It was imperative that big boats should come to Davao—and a delegation came asking Ralph to go to Manila to persuade shipping companies to do it. Ralph went.

In vain he limped from company to company showing his handful of wonderful hemp, giving facts and figures, pleading for Davao to be made a port of call. None would listen. It was too damned far off. A whole thousand miles!

At this low ebb in his courage, the news of the World War came over the cable. Ralph sent a capable overseer down to Davao, and took the first steamer for home in the states.

On the tramp steamer he took influenza in the virulent form of 1918. He lay on the deck of the churning little steamer, hemorrhaging until he could not raise his head. Practically the whole boat was in a similar condition; many already had died. So many, indeed, that on arrival at Kobe, Japan, the boat docked and went no further. Japan too was in the throes of the epidemic.

Mercifully a missionary came to the boat. He took Ralph and an Englishman from Borneo home with him, nursed them to recovery, helped them procure passage back to their homes. My poor brother now had to use two canes instead of one. The flu had undermined his wonderful constitution. He was never to be robust again. The flu, not the tropics, had "got" him.

Yet two splendid things came of that terrible experience. Ralph had been impressed with the missionary's type of Christian Japanese. He was so impressed that, the next year after seeing the situation deteriorating at Davao among the planters, he made another trip to Japan, and employed a whole colony of Christian Japs. And he never regretted it.

The second thing was the interest in his project to bring big boats to Davao. His English friend came to his help with tales of the new development of oil in Borneo, and the close proximity of Borneo to Davao Bay!

Soon big steamers were poking their noses into Ralph's harbor, taking on great shipments of wonderful "Manila hemp" for our U. S. navy. Davao Province was made. Wealth poured in, to Anglo pockets—and to Jap.

My brother dreamed of a sweetheart wife. Around the wide porch on three sides of his beautiful mountain home, seven miles inland from the town and port, he had eighteen varieties of orchids abloom the year around. He brought a Jap cabinet maker who made new, beautifully



carved and adorned furniture. The double nets surrounding the cot beds were of the finest net of India. But he was sick and lonely. Not even the arrival of young John Robert, Jr., to be his right hand man, upon the conclusion of the World War, was able to satisfy his longing for a completeness of homelife.

In 1925, the two brothers came home for a six months' visit. On the boat, as they came through the Golden Gate in his last bath aboard, a lurch sent Ralph so violently against the side of the tub as to cause a violent hemorrhage which took him to a hospital on landing. Nothing could be found, in all that big hospital, to stop the flow of his lifeblood. He made his will between spells of half unconsciousness and was kept alive only by transfusions which our brother John gave. Helplessly we saw him fade away, drained of blood and strength.

But Ralph's arrival in the States had been an event well publicized in the California newspapers. His desperate illness, also, got into print. And, as God willed, an old army officer friend read about Ralph. He yanked on his coat, came breathlessly to the hospital. And he stopped that flow of lifeblood within the hour, an old, retired army doctor.

To make a long story shorter, Ralph married the pretty nurse. Months later she went halfway around the world to meet him, and they were married in Japan. In due time a lovely daughter came to Ralph. Monthly he had pictures taken of Mary Rhoda, who was named for both grandmothers.

But his health was going fast. A stroke slowed him still more. In spite of good, loving nursing, he slipped into the unknown, in far Davao. During those same months our blessed father was going too, in Santa Fé. Ralph went first. Papa was not told of the cable.

When mother and Ralph's favorite sister Toots (Amelia's nickname) went to be with Mabel and Mary Rhoda in their great loss, they heard the story.

It seems that his going was sudden in the end. Mabel

hardly had time to get help from Davao, seven miles away, much less notify planter neighbors still further distant. And, in such heat, burial has to be at once.

Mabel said that all that night, sitting with her dead, she kept hearing the thudding of native drums in the mountains and down the valleys, seemingly in every direction. It worried and frightened her. Next morning, when she arrived in Davao for the burial—which was to be at sea by Ralph's express request of long standing with friends there—she was further alarmed to find Moros and Igorotes by scores and hundreds in the town.

When the burial barge was brought to the dock which Ralph had built, it was a bower of the most exquisite orchids, orchids which those natives knew their old friend and protector loved above all other flowers. In the night watches their drums had spread the news of his passing, and their remembering hearts had done the rest. Some of those people had walked the whole night through to be there with their offering.

It was a strange funeral service, even for isolated Davao, Mindanao. There was the Japanese Protestant minister. There stood the Catholic priest with his small train of Filipino acolytes. And there, also, was the chief head-hunter Igorote skullman to see that his friend had a tribal benediction.

As the watchers from the shore saw the body slip into the harbor waters, they set up their tribal wailing for the dead. It was a wierd difficult ending for the young widow with her three-year-old child. But it was understood and significant to those who heard. Never before in the memory of the oldest of the ancient priests, had it been raised in the presence of a white man.

## NECROLOGY

P. A. F. W.

*Mark B. Thompson.*—Death came to Mark B. Thompson, a veteran of the Spanish American war, on November 10, 1941, at Fort Bayard. He was born in Newton, Kansas, on May 23, 1881. When only seventeen years of age, he volunteered for service in the Spanish American war, and attained the rank of lieutenant. Upon his return to Kansas, he read law for more than two years in the office of L. H. Thompson, a practicing attorney in the federal courts and the Kansas state courts.

In 1904, Mark Thompson took up his residence at Alamogordo and on January 4, 1906, was admitted to practice before the New Mexico courts, upon motion of the late Edward A. Mann. He came to Santa Fé and associated himself with the late Aloys B. Renahan in the practice of law in the state capital. He was appointed district attorney with headquarters at Las Cruces and as such prosecuted Wayne Brazile for the slaying of Sheriff Pat Garrett who had gained widespread fame as the peace officer who ended with a bullet the notorious career of "Billy, the Kid." Thompson became a close friend of Albert B. Fall in whose defense he appeared during the Teapot Dome trials.

In 1928, Thompson moved to Phoenix, Ariz., where ill health compelled his retirement from active practice in 1938. However, he returned to New Mexico on August 6, 1938, and resumed active practice until his last illness took him to the U. S. hospital at Fort Bayard. The funeral occurred at Las Cruces on Wednesday, November 12.

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*Arthur Earle Carr.*—Son of William and Rowena Mooney Carr, was born on a farm near Centerville, Michigan, April 14, 1884, and died at Santa Fé on November 26, 1941. In failing health for some years, he was active in busi-

ness up to the day of his death. He was seized with an attack of heart failure, while attending a theater performance and died while being taken to St. Vincent's Sanitarium.

Carr graduated from the Centerville high school in 1902, and worked his way through higher institutions of learning, attending Albion College, Michigan, 1903-1904; Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill., 1908-1909, and he obtained the degree of bachelor of laws from La Salle Extension University, Chicago, on June 22, 1916. He was superintendent of schools in successive years, at Nottowa, Mich., 1904-1905; Bayfield, Colorado, 1906; Rockwood, Colo., 1907; Chama, N. M., 1914-1918; supervisor of manual training and athletics in the high school of Durango, Colo., 1908-1914. In these six years he read law in the office of Lieutenant Governor James A. Pullium, and was admitted to the New Mexico bar on August 9, 1916, engaging in practice at Chama in that year. He was admitted before the federal courts on August 6, 1917.

Upon coming to Santa Fé in 1918, Carr organized and incorporated the Monero Fuel and Lumber Company, being its general manager and president until 1936, when the business was sold. Since then he had been engaged in the real estate business in Santa Fé. Although interested in politics and treasurer of the republican state committee from 1935 to 1936, he never held political office. He served on the local draft board and on the legal advisory board of the American Red Cross during the last war.

Active for years in fraternal circles, he had been past chancellor and district deputy of the Knights of Pythias; past exalted ruler, president of the state association, deputy grand exalted ruler for New Mexico and life member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; and a member of Chama Lodge No. 17 of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons. Interested in out-of-door sports, he belonged to the Chama Rod and Gun Club and the LaJara Gun Club. A member of the Presbyterian church, he also took part in civic affairs.

Survived by his wife, Frances E. Hubbard, whom he married in Durango, Colorado, on Christmas Day, 1906, he also leaves three children, Carol Rowena, aged 18; Richard Hubbard, aged 23, and Stanley, aged 21. Funeral services in Santa Fé on November 29, 1941, were conducted by the Rev. Kenneth Keeler of the First Presbyterian church, with ceremonies by the Elks at the grave in Fairview Cemetery.

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*William Clifford Reid.*—The third of the older members of the New Mexico Bar to die within three weeks of each other, William Clifford Reid, was one of the few remaining veterans who were admitted to practice before the turn of the century. He too, like Attorney Mark Thompson who had died less than a month before, was a veteran of the Spanish American War, having attained the rank of captain.

Reid was born at Etna Green, Indiana, on December 16, 1868, graduated from the Warsaw, Ind., high school, and later attended Purdue University. He read law and was admitted to the bar in Ohio in 1894, and came to New Mexico in the following year. Business manager of the *Las Vegas Daily Optic* for one year, he was admitted to the New Mexico bar forty-five years ago, practicing law in Las Vegas until 1898, when he organized Company F, First Territorial Infantry, which was mustered in for the Spanish American War.

In 1896-1897 he served as chief clerk of the house of representatives of the territorial legislature. In 1901 he was appointed assistant United States attorney, which position he resigned in 1904 to take up private practice at Roswell with the firm of Richardson, Reid and Hervey. In June, 1906, he was appointed attorney general of New Mexico by Governor Herbert J. Hagerman. He retired when the latter went out of office and formed a partnership with James M. Hervey under the firm name of Reid & Hervey of Roswell.

In 1915, when he was named solicitor of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, he took up his residence in Albuquerque where he was prominent in the industrial

development of the middle Rio Grande Valley and the organization of the Bluewater and Toltec irrigation project. Less than two weeks before his death, he was elected president of the New Mexico Reclamation Association which he had organized, and which on the day of his death, Monday, December 1, was to have met at his law office to plan its activities on behalf of reclamation in New Mexico.

Captain Reid had manifold interests. He was a well known attendant at legislative sessions, both during territorial days and later, and took a hand in helping to formulate legislation of importance to the progress and prosperity of the state. He was a staunch supporter of the public schools and was instrumental many a time in securing advance payment of taxes by the A. T. & S. F. Railway to bridge over deficient school budgets. He devoted years of endeavor to develop the Bluewater irrigation project into a successful enterprise and lent his talents and energy to the growth of the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy district. He was senior member at the time of his death of the law firm of Reid and Iden. Among other business activities he was a director of the Albuquerque National Bank and Trust Company. Captain Reid was popular socially and with Mrs. Reid entertained frequently and generously both in Santa Fé and in Albuquerque.

His death came suddenly, from heart failure at his home, 1010 West Tijeras Avenue, Albuquerque. The funeral took place on Wednesday, December 3, with Max Luna Camp, Spanish American War Veterans, conducting the services at the grave in Fairview Park, Albuquerque. He is survived by his widow and their son, Thomas Reid of Roswell, Chaves county agricultural agent.

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*Crestus E. Little.*—One of five members of the New Mexico Bar to have died during the three weeks from November 10 to December 1, the death of Crestus E. Little occurred at Roswell on November 19. He was a native of Tremont, Mississippi, born on April 7, 1880, son of a farmer

who had served in the Confederate Army for four years, his parents being J. B. and Florinda Little. After attending Bowling Green, Kentucky, Business College, and the Normal School at Valparaiso, Indiana, he taught school for twelve years in northern Alabama.

In 1917, he received his degree from the law school of the University of Arizona and the following year settled in Roswell, being admitted to the New Mexico Bar in that year. In 1923, he entered into partnership with C. O. Thompson, a partnership which was dissolved when Thompson moved to San Bernardino, Calif.

Little was a Democrat in politics. Chancellor commander of Damon Lodge No. 15, Knights of Pythias, at Roswell, he went through all the chairs of this order as well as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

He was married on October 4, 1905, at Falkville, Alabama, to Callie Brown, a daughter of Charles W. and Mary N. Brown, and they had four sons, Welton O., Wendell E., Woodrow J., and Waldo B., who are all now in young manhood.

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*Oliver M. Lee.*—Oliver M. Lee, cattleman of Alamogordo and former state senator, died on Dec. 15, 1941. He was 75 years of age and had been in poor health for about six months.

A pioneer Otero stockman, Lee had managed and owned large ranches for nearly fifty years. The Lee ranch southeast of Alamogordo is one of the largest in that section.

Lee came to New Mexico from Texas and immediately took a prominent place in early day developments. He was active in affairs of the New Mexico Cattle Growers' Assn. and for many years was New Mexico representative as director of the Federal Land Bank at Wichita, Kas.

A Republican, he was senator from the cattle sections of southern New Mexico for many years. He was Republican floor leader in the New Mexico senate for a long period.

Surviving are his widow, two daughters, Mrs. Kenni-

son, wife of Maj. Henry Kennison of Fort Bliss, Tex.; and Miss Alma Lee of Alamogordo; and five sons, Oliver Jr., Curtis, Vincent and Don, all of Alamogordo, and Jack, who is with the U. S. Army Air Corps at Phoenix.—*Albuquerque Morning Journal*, 12/16/41.

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*LeRoy Samuel Peters.*—Dr. LeRoy Samuel Peters, nationally known tuberculosis specialist, died at his home, 805 Ridgecrest Drive, Albuquerque, on Dec. 17, 1941.

Dr. Peters was 59 years of age. About a month ago he suffered a heart attack on his way home from Texas where he had read papers before medical meetings in Amarillo and Lubbock.

For many years Dr. Peters had been prominently associated with work for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. Born April 6, 1882, in St. Joseph's, Mich., he was graduated from the University of Minnesota and received his M.D. from Illinois in 1906. He came to New Mexico in 1907 and became medical director of the Cottage San in Silver City.

Since 1914 Dr. Peters had been a resident of Albuquerque. He was medical director of the Albuquerque San at one time and later of St. Joseph's San. For the past ten years he had been in private practice.

Dr. Peters was a member of the American Medical Association, past director of the National Tuberculosis Association, past president of the American Sanatorium Association, and a diplomat of the American Board of Internal Medicine. He was a member of the staffs of both St. Joseph's and Presbyterian Hospitals.

He belonged to Phi Delta Theta and Nu Sigma Nu, was a fellow of the American College of Physicians for which he was at one time governor of the New Mexico district. He was also a member of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery, the Southwestern Medical Association and the New Mexico Tuberculosis Association.

Prominent in civic activities, Dr. Peters was a man of broad interests. Known as an outstanding liberal and



humanitarian, his efforts were consistently on the side of social progress. In a recent article in *The New Mexico Quarterly Review*, he made a plea for adequate medical care for indigent and low-income groups in the state, calling the attention of the public to the need for diagnostic hospitals in central localities.

Dr. Peters is survived by his widow, one son, R. Fyfe Peters, who is with the CAA here, and a grandson, Stanley Fyfe Peters.—*Albuquerque Evening Tribune*, 12/17/41.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

*A Correction.*—The study on the “Coronado-Bocanegra Family Alliance” in our last issue brought a very interesting letter from Mr. G. R. G. Conway of Mexico City, an esteemed member of our Society of long standing. He calls our attention to the fact that the second Marqués del Valle was the oldest legitimate son of Hernando Cortés and not by one of Moctezuma’s daughters (vol. XVI, p. 419). This is shown beyond question by the last will of Cortés, which Mr. Conway edited in such a fine way in 1939 (vol. XV, p. 341).

At the same time, Mr. Conway sent a beautiful facsimile of a document which he found in Tlaxcala about ten years ago, a “Título de adelantado perpetuo del Reyno de la Nueva Galicia,” granted to Don Francisco Pacheco de Córdoba y Bocanegra and dated at Valladolid on March 6, 1610. This is most interesting, because of course it supplements the 1605 petition which was used in the above study (vol. XVI, p. 424) and it begins with a laudatory recital of the merits and services of Don Francisco Vázquez de Coronado (the petitioner’s maternal grandfather) who had been governor and captain general of Nueva Galicia from 1539 until his death (*sic*) and who had been chosen by the viceroy to lead the discovery and conquest of “the new land of Acusçibola and other provinces.” A notation at the end of this “Title” shows that this Coronado-Bocanegra scion had already been granted the habit in the Military Order of Santiago which was the third item in his petition and which in itself was a notable distinction.

*Corroboration.*—An interesting sidelight on the above “title” comes from an unpublished history which was found in 1929 in the Vatican Library by Dr. Charles Upson Clark while working in Rome under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. This was the *Compendio y descripción de las Indias occidentales* of the Spanish Carmelite Fray Antonio Vázquez de Espinosa (“León Pinelo”) which, at the time of

Espinosa's death in 1630, was partly in type. Unfinished, it has now been translated and edited for the Smithsonian by Dr. Clark.

While we were in Spain in the spring of 1939, Dr. Clark very kindly sent us from Paris certain excerpts of interest to our Southwest. It appears that, when Espinosa was in Mexico City in 1620 gathering data for his history, tradition had it that "New Galicia" owed its name to our Francisco Vázquez de Coronado (while serving there as governor) because his progenitors had founded their house in the kingdom of Galicia in Old Spain. Whether or not this is historically correct, Espinosa added that "his descendants, the marquises of Villamayor, are *adelantados mayores* of it [the kingdom of New Galicia]." This was in 1620, ten years after the date of Mr. Conway's document.

*Annual Meeting, November 25, 1941.*—The annual meeting of the Historical Society was held jointly with the Archaeological Society, in the Women's Board Room of the Art Museum, November 25th, 1941. The president, Paul A. F. Walter, presided. Dr. Frank Hibben gave an extremely interesting talk on his work in tracing evidence of early man in Alaska with the hope of connecting this evidence with similar evidence in the Southwest. About 100 people were present.

At an executive council meeting before the main meeting all the new applicants for membership were approved and the annual report (*see below*) prepared by the recording secretary was received. The committee also approved the report of Wayne Mauzy, acting treasurer, on the financial status of the society, and the ordering of certain supplies for the Historical Records Survey; also they nominated to the body of fellows Dr. Marion Dargan and Dr. Frank Reeve, both of whom are carrying on extensive historical research at the University of New Mexico.

After the society had approved the amendment of the constitution regarding officers, the nominating committee

consisting of Mr. Rupert F. Asplund, Mrs. Gerald Cassidy and Mrs. H. S. F. Alexander, made its report. There being no other nominations, the following were unanimously elected: president, Mr. Paul A. F. Walter; vice-president, Mr. Pearce C. Rodey of Albuquerque; corresponding secretary, Mr. Lansing B. Bloom; treasurer, Mr. Wayne L. Mauzy; recording secretary, Miss Hester Jones.

*Annual Report of the Society.*—The question of the collecting and organization of archives has been given considerable attention during the past year. The establishment of the depository of the Society at Albuquerque and the collecting of documents from county and state offices by the Historical Records Survey Project opened a new and important phase of work and responsibility. The project first supervised by Dr. George P. Hammond, then by Dr. Herbert Brayer, and now by Mr. Robert Massey, is located in the University library and is doing most important work. The photographing of the Spanish and Mexican Archives has been completed and the photostat set is now in bound form to be used for reference in Albuquerque, instead of placing further strain on the fragile original archives housed in the vault of the Old Palace. Many other records have been collected and catalogued for reference. These include records from the state capitol; from county offices, including material that had been thrown out when the Santa Fé County Court House moved to its new building; and private collections. The Blackmore papers secured in London in 1932 by Mrs. Robert Aitkin have been catalogued and augmented by Dr. Herbert Brayer.

Dr. Brayer also recommended to the Society a project for the microfilming of old newspapers, and that is now in progress.

At the August meeting of the Society, Secretary Lansing B. Bloom showed four Latin-American movies secured through Miss Irene A. Wright of the Division of Cultural Relations, Department of State, Washington.

The recording secretary has been assigned more completely the handling of public information and the museum front office has been given over to this service. The business of the Society has been assigned to the Museum business office, and the curatorial work to the archaeology curator, while bulletins, leaflets, and publicity come under the new activities of the secretary. This still further assures close relations of our Society with the Museum and the School of American Research.

Assistance was given to the sociology class of the Denver University summer school and to other special study groups. School classes were escorted through the museum, including the Fort Wingate Indian School and classes of the Santa Fé Indian School.

Exhibit loans have been made to our State University for the Coronado Museum, and to the Philbrook Art Museum, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Material was loaned to the Daughters of the American Revolution for their play, also for their float in the Defense Day parade; to the Santa Fé stores for window displays during the premier of the Santa Fé Trail; and to museum staff members for lectures.

The original state flag (which belongs to the Society), designed by Mr. Kenneth M. Chapman and Dr. Harry Mera and made by Mrs. Mera, is being copied for a decoration for the battleship, *New Mexico*, by an arrangement made by Dr. Robert O. Brown as requested by his brother in the navy, Captain Walter E. Brown, who was placed in command of the ship at Iceland recently. The *New Mexico* dates back to the earlier world war and is a 40,000 ton ship. The flag design and sun symbol will be used on the bulk-head of the captain's cabin and possibly on the ship's nine or ten small motor boats.

The Palace of the Governors was used for the broadcasting of Bob Ripley's "Believe It or Not" program which featured Lew Wallace and the writing of part of Ben Hur in this building.

Requests by mail for historical information are increasing more and more.

The state tourist bureau has taken a set of photographs of the museum exhibits. The Colorado Fine Arts Center made photographs of much of our Spanish Colonial Arts material. The Santa Fé County Home Demonstration department made colored slides of *colchas* and Spanish designs with the purpose of encouraging the use of native designs in local homes.

Dr. Reginald Fisher has supervised recent installations of the eastern rooms. A pulpit patterned after that of the Las Trampas church has been added to the southeastern room where Spanish Colonial religious art is displayed to represent a typical old time New Mexico chapel. The northeastern room is being developed according to a plan of Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, as a mission room. The Carlos Vierra paintings of early New Mexico missions have been hung here. Six models of the missions are being prepared.

Some of the more special accessions were: a portrait of Governor Manuel Armijo, given by Mrs. Stephen E. Davis of Las Vegas; two black dresses worn in Trail days, given by Mrs. Henry Dendhal. One of these, made in Paris of black velvet and lace, was worn in Santa Fé by Mrs. Abraham Staab. A gift from F. D. Millet of the Waring School in Santa Fé is a carved wooden coat of arms and notice taken from the entrance hall of the Governor's Palace at Manila by Brigadier General Francis V. Greene and given to Mr. Millet's grandfather who was a newspaper correspondent in the Philippines. There were a number of purchases of early weavings and carvings.

The local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has added to its loan of old china which belonged to Governor Thornton's wife, smaller collections of unusual pieces from F. S. Donnell, Mrs. Frank M. Needham, and Mrs. Gerald Cassidy.

The following memberships were added during 1941 :

The Philosophical Society of Texas  
The Public Library of San Francisco  
H. W. Prather, Santa Rosa, N. M.  
B. Westermarck Co., New York  
J. L. Burke, Jr., Jal, N. M.  
Department of Library and Archives, Phoenix  
Dr. Peter M. Dunne, University of San Francisco  
Mr. Henri Folmer, Chicago  
Miss Mabel Adelaide Farnum, Brighton, Mass.  
Floyd New Mexico High School  
G. E. Fullerton, Glendale, California  
John J. Gaffrey, Philadelphia  
J. L. Hand, Watrous  
Irving McNeil, Jr., El Paso  
University of Notre Dame  
Panhandle Plains Historical Society  
John M. Slater, Washington, D. C.

The estimated number of visitors for the fiscal year ending June 1941 was 70,000, there having been an increase each month over 1940.—H. J.

*Cherokee Strip celebration.*—Last summer our Society received a very urgent invitation from Ponca City, Oklahoma, to participate in their anniversary observance of the opening of the Cherokee Strip, for the reason that "New Mexico furnished many of the original settlers who made the run into the Cherokee Strip on September 16, 1893." We were informed that the principal event would be the rededicating of the "Pioneer Woman" statue which had been donated to Oklahoma by their former governor E. W. Marland and which stands in that city.

That statue, by the way, is not the same as the one which now stands in the park on North Fourth Street, Albuquerque. There were twelve studies submitted by eminent sculptors, and the remaining eleven are today along the avenue leading into the Marland estate. Replicas of one or more of them were presented to neighboring states, and some of our readers doubtless recall the furore stirred up by an artist

faction in Santa Fé at the proposal to locate it in that city!

None of our officers could accept the cordial invitation to attend the celebration, but at our request one of our esteemed members, Dr. Grant Foreman of Muskogee, Okla., did attend with Mrs. Foreman and later he wrote that the whole affair was most enjoyable. In the exercises at the statue, each visiting representative deposited a beautiful wreath, and Dr. Foreman expressed our felicitations:

New Mexico, younger in statehood than Oklahoma, is, at the same time, that ancient "Land of Cibola" into which the first pioneer women came with Coronado in 1540. With hearty greetings of the Historical Society of New Mexico, I lay here a symbol of that homage which we all feel for the brave women who are typified by this monument.





# The Historical Society of New Mexico

(INCORPORATED)

*Organized December 26, 1859*

## PAST PRESIDENTS

1859 — COL. JOHN B. GRAYSON, U. S. A.

1861 — MAJ. JAMES L. DONALDSON, U. S. A.

1863 — HON. KIRBY BENEDICT

*adjourned sine die, Sept. 23, 1863*

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*re-established Dec. 27, 1880*

1881 — HON. WILLIAM G. RITCH

1883 — HON. L. BRADFORD PRINCE

1923 — HON. FRANK W. CLANCY

1925 — COL. RALPH E. TWITCHELL

1926 — PAUL A. F. WALTER

## OFFICERS FOR 1942-1943

PAUL A. F. WALTER, *President*

PEARCE C. RODEY, *Vice-President*

LANSING B. BLOOM, *Corresponding Secretary*

WAYNE L. MAUZY, *Treasurer*

MISS HESTER JONES, *Recording Secretary*

## FELLOWS

PERCY M. BALDWIN

RALPH P. BIEBER

WILLIAM C. BINKLEY

LANSING B. BLOOM

HERBERT E. BOLTON

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA

CHARLES W. HACKETT

GEORGE P. HAMMOND

EDGAR L. HEWETT

FREDERICK W. HODGE

ALFRED V. KIDDER

J. LLOYD MECHAM

THEODOSIUS MEYER, O. F. M.

FRANCE V. SHOLES

ALFRED B. THOMAS

PAUL A. F. WALTER

# CONSTITUTION

## OF THE

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW MEXICO

(As amended Nov. 25, 1941)

Article 1. *Name.* This Society shall be called the Historical Society of New Mexico.

Article 2. *Objects and Operation.* The objects of the Society shall be, in general, the promotion of historical studies; and in particular, the discovery, collection, preservation, and publication of historical material, especially such as relates to New Mexico.

Article 3. *Membership.* The Society shall consist of Members, Fellows, Life Members and Honorary Life Members.

(a) *Members.* Persons recommended by the Executive Council and elected by the Society may become members.

(b) *Fellows.* Members who show, by published work, special aptitude for historical investigation may become Fellows. Immediately following the adoption of this Constitution, the Executive Council shall elect five Fellows, and the body thus created may thereafter elect additional Fellows on the nomination of the Executive Council. The number of Fellows shall never exceed twenty-five.

(c) *Life Members.* In addition to life members of the Historical Society of New Mexico at the date of the adoption hereof, such other benefactors of the Society as shall pay into its treasury at one time the sum of fifty dollars, or shall present to the Society an equivalent in books, manuscripts, portraits, or other acceptable material of an historic nature, may upon recommendation by the Executive Council and election by the Society, be classed as Life Members.

(d) *Honorary Life Members.* Persons who have rendered eminent service to New Mexico and others who have, by published work, contributed to the historical literature of New Mexico or the Southwest, may become Honorary Life Members upon being recommended by the Executive Council and elected by the Society.

Article 4. *Officers.* The elective officers of the Society shall be a president, a vice-president, a corresponding secretary, a treasurer, and a recording secretary; and these five officers shall constitute the *Executive Council* with full administrative powers.

Officers shall qualify on January 1st following their election, and shall hold office for the term of two years and until their successors shall have been elected and qualified.

Article 5. *Elections.* At the October meeting of each odd-numbered year, a nominating committee shall be named by the president of the Society and such committee shall make its report to the Society at the November meeting. Nominations may be made from the floor and the Society shall, in open meeting, proceed to elect its officers by ballot, those nominees receiving a majority of the votes cast for the respective offices to be declared elected.

Article 6. *Dues.* Dues shall be \$3.00 for each calendar year, and shall entitle members to receive bulletins as published and also the *Historical Review*.

Article 7. *Publications.* All publications of the Society and the selection and editing of matter for publication shall be under the direction and control of the Executive Council.

Article 8. *Meetings.* Monthly meetings of the Society shall be held at the rooms of the Society on the third Tuesday of each month at eight P. M. The Executive Council shall meet at any time upon call of the President or of three of its members.

Article 9. *Quorums.* Seven members of the Society and three members of the Executive Council, shall constitute quorums.

Article 10. *Amendments.* Amendments to this constitution shall become operative after being recommended by the Executive Council and approved by two-thirds of the members present and voting at any regular monthly meeting; provided, that notice of the proposed amendment shall have been given at a regular meeting of the Society, at least four weeks prior to the meeting when such proposed amendment is passed upon by the Society.

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Students and friends of Southwestern History are cordially invited to become members. Applications should be addressed to the corresponding secretary, Lansing B. Bloom, University of New Mexico. Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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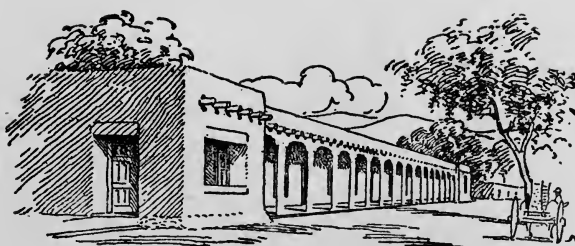
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APRIL, 1942

No. 2

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Kansas City, Mo.



PALACE OF THE GOVERNORS

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AND  
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

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# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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Subscription to the quarterly is \$3.00 a year in advance; single numbers (except Vol. I, 1-4, and II, 1) may be had at \$1.00 each.

Volumes III-XVI can be supplied at \$4.00 each; Vols. I-II are out of print in part.

Address business communications to Mr. P. A. F. Walter, State Museum, Santa Fe, N. M.; manuscripts and editorial correspondence should be addressed to Mr. Bloom at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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## JACQUES CLAMORGAN: COLONIAL PROMOTER OF THE NORTHERN BORDER OF NEW SPAIN

*By* A. P. NASATIR

**I**N DEFENSE of its vast empire in North America, Spain was forced to occupy both California and Louisiana in the latter part of the 18th century.

British aggression on the Pacific coast culminated in the Nootka Sound Controversy. This affair was part and parcel of, and intimately linked with, the Anglo-Spanish economic rivalry in the upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys. In this colony (Louisiana), rivalry between the Spaniards and the British reached its climax in intense economic warfare between rival traders of the two nations. Here on the northeastern frontier of colonial New Spain, merchants from St. Louis bore the brunt of aggression from the British posts.

Rich treasures in furs from the upper reaches of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys as well as the precious metals of New Mexico were an irresistible attraction to the enterprising British and Scotch traders from Canada. From Montreal, Detroit, Chicago, Mackinac, Prairie du Chien, and the Lake of the Woods, British merchandise was carried by resourceful British traders deep into Spanish domain. Not only were the British agents aggressive, but they carried with them desirable, superior goods. Moreover, this merchandise could be sold at a very reasonable price. British traders were also British agents who were

backed in their penetrations of Spanish territory by a trade-conscious home government. Literally hundreds of British merchants plied the rivers and streams to the west of the Mississippi. Hence the great bulk of furs extracted from the upper valleys above the Des Moines and Platte rivers found their way to the Great Lakes posts rather than to Spanish New Orleans.

In marked contrast, the profits-starved merchants of the Spanish posts were neglected, hampered and bound by the rigid stupidity of their own government. Spain never discarded paternalism in her control of the colonies. Although anxious for wealth and for domination of the Indian tribes, Spain adhered to classical mercantilism. The out-moded Spanish economic system was already crushed under a great weight of taxes, poor merchandise highly priced, involved, complicated and expensive transportation routes, a cumbersome organization and a paternalistic hierarchy. To these ills must be added the evils of nepotism, graft, inefficiency, ignorance, and shortsightedness.

In the face of such a burden, trade could survive only in an empire which was in fact a closed corporation. A rigidly enforced monopoly and strict control of the Indians were necessary features of the Spanish economic system. Down to the period of the American Revolution, Spain had been highly successful in holding the savages of her northeastern frontier to allegiance and had been able to exclude all foreigners. In fact the Spaniards took the aggressive and held a part of the Indian trade to the east of the Mississippi. When Spain, however, became involved in costly wars, she always found it necessary to withdraw support from this remote frontier. Although Louisiana was prized as a key to the wealth of New Mexico, Spain naturally forsook the defense of this exposed frontier in favor of more highly prized possessions.

Left to their own devices, the Spaniards of the Mississippi valley were unable, on account of the lack of money and merchandise, to maintain their advantage in the



struggle with the Britishers for the control of the Indians and profitable trade with them. Therefore it is not surprising to find that at the close of the American Revolution the Spanish traders had not only lost their trade east of the Mississippi river, but that as well within territory distinctly under their own jurisdiction west of the river.

Thus Spain had the difficult task of defending a long frontier line and an immense territory against an aggressive and well equipped rival. The province could expect neither troops, nor aid from the decadent court of Charles IV. Furthermore the Americans were becoming a menace to Spanish sovereignty in the tremendous surge of their westward movement, and the insidious propaganda of the French Revolution created fear throughout Spanish America. The situation of the Spaniards in the Mississippi valley was critical indeed as the last decade of the eighteenth century opened.

Under Governor Estéban Miró at New Orleans and his lieutenant at St. Louis, Manuel Pérez, half-hearted and time worn methods were applied for the relief of this desperate situation. One or two or three small forts were planned to be erected at strategic entrances used by the wily British. The idea was simply to keep the English out. But as Godoy was later very aptly to describe the situation, "you cannot lock up an open field." Intrigues with the American Westerners and counter-colonization of Americans, Germans, Flemings and even Britons failed to add any real security.

Into this dismal and desperate situation stepped the Baron de Carondelet appointed governor of Louisiana in 1791. Carondelet was a nepotistic appointee with a French accent and a female handwriting, with a fear for any slight rumor, but with a facile pen that tires the researcher who plows through the thousands of lengthy letters: in writing, Carondelet made a vain effort to arouse the Spanish government into a vigorous defense of its own empire. The genial Zenon Trudeau was appointed to the commandancy

of Upper Louisiana. Trudeau, who had many fine qualities and a fund of common sense unusual in such appointees, succeeded where others had failed miserably.

Under these two leaders, the business elements of St. Louis and New Orleans were given renewed heartening and the Spaniards assumed an aggressive role. A workable plan was needed: Spain had to act to preserve its empire. To oust the foreigners, to garner in renewed profits, to gain the friendship of the Indians, to explore the domain and carry the Spanish flag to the uttermost limits of its jurisdiction—these were the prime objectives of Lieutenant-Governor Trudeau.

Into this desperate situation stepped also an aggressive, capable, enterprising, and far-sighted promoter—Jacques Philippe Clamorgan. Clamorgan, Clarmorgan, Glenmorgan, Clenmorgan, Claimorgan, Morgan (all variations of the same name, Jacques or Santiago Clamorgan) indicate the obscurity of his birth and nationality. Furthermore, the fact that he was either born or spent his early life in Guadelupe Island and the West Indies gives some credence to the belief that he was of Portuguese stock. Quite probably he was of mixed Welsh, Portuguese, and French blood. He may have carried a trace of Negro blood as well.

Of his early life, little is known. In the present documentation he emerges into history as a merchant in the West Indies. As early as 1780 he became associated with Thompson and Company of Kingston, Jamaica, probably in the slave trade between that island and New Orleans. He was also associated with Marmillion and Company of New Orleans.

He seemed to have enjoyed a good reputation, for in the records of the court at New Orleans no doubt is indicated about collecting 2,500 dollars in debts from him even though he was out of the country at the time. He was back in Spanish Louisiana by 1783, and in the latter part of that year, or very early in 1784, he ascended to Upper Louisiana in company with his friend and associate, Francois Marmillion,

merchant of St. Louis. Clamorgan himself tells us in 1793 that he had been a resident of Illinois for more than ten years.

Because of his business acumen, past reputation, and perhaps some money, Clamorgan quickly came to be a well-known and respected merchant in the Spanish Illinois country. His interests soon spread into many parts of the upper Mississippi valley. In 1783 he was empowered to act as proxy for, and was given power of attorney for, Gabriel Cerré, of one of the best known families in St. Geneviève. Four years later he instituted court proceedings against Pierre La Coste of Michilimacinac for the sum of 15,947 livres and 14 sous. Many other financial transactions could be cited, but Clamorgan was interested in real estate as well. He purchased some property soon after settling in Upper Louisiana. This acquisition was but the beginning of his land and real estate speculation which eventually topped the million arpent figure. He early took an interest in civic affairs and made donations to, and became a warden of, the church in Ste. Geneviève.

Thus we see Jacques Clamorgan as a slave dealer, fur-trader, merchant, financier, land speculator; and although he never married, he was father of four children. He was to become known in Louisiana as a statesman, an explorer and a promoter.

Clamorgan was endowed with a tremendous imagination, together with an illusive pen and a glib tongue. His ability to put vast dreams onto paper and persuade all of their reality was envied by everyone. He was respected by all but he was not accepted socially by the aristocratic French creoles of the province. This was less a reflection upon his charming personality than upon his well-stocked harem of colored beauties. He was known to be intriguing and at times his probity was somewhat doubted. Usually he was found to be pliant and even servile, but he was accustomed to conducting great operations.

He cultivated the friendship of the important merchants

of New Orleans, Cahokia, Kashkaskia, Michilimackinac, and Montreal. He never failed to get what he wanted from the Spanish officials; if not directly, he achieved his purpose indirectly.

He was engaged in, or dreamed of engaging in, cattle-raising, salt refining, lead mining, agriculture, and he envisaged a strong and populous Spanish frontier in the Mississippi valley. He was the precursor of Lewis and Clark; he traversed Texas; and he engaged in the Santa Fé trade, long before his successors made those trails famous. This island "creole" managed his affairs in such a manner that even his enemies (and they were not few in number) could not fail to recognize his talents.

In 1793 his fellow merchants unanimously chose him as *sindic* to represent the merchants of St. Louis. Soon afterwards he became the driving force in the movement to restore commerce in the Spanish Illinois and to regain for the king of Spain sovereignty over the Spanish dominions in the Mississippi valley.

But of all his work Clamorgan is best known for his activities in connection with the Mississippi Company. This company was formed for the purpose of ousting the British from Spanish territory and trade; for capturing the trade with the Indians; for discovering a route to the Pacific and joining the Missouri with Mexico and California; to give Clamorgan a chance to get rich while at the same time it offered an opportunity of defending the Spanish against the onrush of the British and Americans, whom the Spanish lived in dread of; and to defend the Spanish empire on its long but undefended and unexplored northernmost frontier; and to protect rich Santa Fé.

It was Clamorgan who suggested the formation of the renowned "Company of the Discoverers and Explorers of the Missouri." In addition, he persuaded a number of merchants of Illinois to take part in the company. Although he was but one of nine members of the company, it was Clamorgan who became its director and managed the bold

schemes of his fertile imagination. In carrying them out he succeeded in financially ruining not only himself but his associates.

The company sent three costly expeditions up the Missouri in an effort to drive the British from Spanish territory, develop the valuable trade of the Upper Missouri Valley, and discover a route to the Pacific Ocean. The first two efforts were complete failures. The third, headed by James Mackay and John Evans, hauled down the British flag from a small fort among the Mandans. Part of this group then began the long trek to the Pacific coast. Had they continued on their planned route they might very well have been successful. This expedition, like the first two was a financial failure. No profits accrued from any of these ventures, which fact, while not forcing Clamorgan to give up hope, melted the financial hearts of his colleagues.

Although he ruined himself in the company, Clamorgan made use of intrigue for personal gain. From the jealousies and envy of the merchants, his associates, and by cleverly rewriting the articles of incorporation of the company, he acquired all but one of the original shares. He petitioned, in the name of the company, for large land grants which were conceded. Eventually these holdings came into his hands. Whenever any individual asked the government for trades which would endanger his bold schemes, Clamorgan not only successfully opposed them but usually got the concessions for the company and for himself. Those who continued to oppose the company found themselves controlled through Clamorgan's ability to advance and furnish merchandise.

He befriended and won to his side Regis Loisel, and more important for a time at least, the wealthy British merchant, Andrew Todd. Backed by the wealth, reputation and recognized ability of Todd, Clamorgan boldly plunged ahead with his schemes. A complete monopoly of the trades of the entire Upper Mississippi valley as well as those of the Upper Missouri valley would bring him wealth and

most certainly would assure the Spanish sovereignty. Believing in this vast plan, he persuaded Todd to back him completely. He then persuaded the Spanish officials to accept Todd. Although in disrepute himself, he persuaded Governor General Carondelet to grant to Todd the exclusive trade of the Upper Mississippi along with reduced import and export duties and other commercial concessions.

Clamorgan got Carondelet to grant further exclusive grants of trade to the Missouri Company as well as a subsidy of 10,000 pesos for 100 militiamen who were to guard forts which Clamorgan envisaged as established along a great arc reaching from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean. Moreover he persuaded Carondelet to make several important exceptions to the by-laws of the company.

As a result, Todd, who as a foreigner was specifically excluded, was given an equal share in the company. Carondelet ordered that all merchandise should be purchased through Todd, while Clamorgan revised the by-laws so that he could receive a  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$  commission on all transactions of the company. In addition he arranged a contract with Todd whereby he received a high commission on all goods purchased by the company. Thus despite the opposition of the other merchants of St. Louis, Clamorgan grasped into his own hands the monopoly of the Indian trade in both the Upper Missouri and Upper Mississippi valleys. To take care of these advantages and to press for more, Clamorgan re-organized his own affairs and formed "Clamorgan, Loisel and Company" which made the arrangements and asked for concessions when not permitted to, or by, the Missouri Company—Clamorgan thus acting in a dual capacity.

Clamorgan succeeded in this enterprise, in part because he appeared to be fully supported by the resources of Todd, and because the governor was most anxious to oust the British from Spanish domain and to establish a route to the Pacific coast. Needless to say, Clamorgan made the most of Mackay's and Evans' explorations.

But these dreams toppled when Todd died during the yellow fever epidemic at New Orleans in 1796. Todd's heirs and creditors besieged St. Louis and New Orleans to get all they could. They made no effort to continue Todd's enterprise nor his contracts. This was one time that Clamorgan overshot his mark. He was heavily indebted to the Briton, whose heirs and agents forced Clamorgan to the brink of bankruptcy.

Nevertheless, by sheer personality, by long flattering dreamy letters, and by visits to New Orleans, Clamorgan held on to all of the government concessions granted to the company. In fact, he gained more. He was bold enough to propose continuing efforts to defend the Spanish Empire and to discover a route to the Pacific, even in the face of financial ruin.

Clamorgan successfully opposed all of his opponents and kept them from taking advantage of his reverses. When any of his many opponents made claims against him, the results were meagre as no one would ever testify against him. He took advantage of this situation, knowing that if his creditors pressed him he would have to foreclose on his debtors and thereby ruin many of the inhabitants of St. Louis.

Hence even Trudeau supported him. This, to Clamorgan, was the cue to ask for more. He again petitioned for 10,000 pesos, 2,000 pounds of gunpowder a year, and one-half million arpents of land.

At the same time, Clamorgan owed 25,000 pesos to Todd's estate, and another 74,000 pesos to Daniel Clark of New Orleans. The latter brought suit but Clamorgan hurried to the capital and effected a settlement. An agreement was made in 1799, and Clark as well as Chouteau of St. Louis, both of whom previously opposed Clamorgan, now aided him, protected his property, and gave him financial support and credit.

With the accession of weak governors in the colony, the gains of the company were wiped out in the main.

Clamorgan's opponents began to get trades which previously had been reserved for the company. The British were greatly strengthened on the Upper Missouri and were descending as far as the Mahas. On the Mississippi, they nearly usurped the trade north of St. Louis.

Again Clamorgan descended to New Orleans, this time supported by Charles Dehault Delassus, lieutenant governor at St. Louis. Daniel Clark Jr., advanced credits and reasserted his bold schemes after a lapse of activity for some time. In order to claim a new offer of a reward, he sent Heney to discover the route to the Pacific. He was thwarted by the British on the Upper Missouri.

Stripped of everything but a measly trade privilege with the Panis republic, Clamorgan asked and obtained the exclusive trade of the Otos, Mahas, and Poncas, all speculative trades on account of the British influence and intrusions. He also received the Kansas trade which was sure and profitable. Moreover, he renewed his request for 10,000 pesos, for 100 militiamen and 2,000 pounds of gunpowder. In this he was thwarted by the intendent of Louisiana and the state of war between Spain and England, and the consequent lack of support and the usual negligence of Spain.

Soon, however, Clamorgan's competitors prevailed upon the weak-willed Governor Casa Calvo and he was again stripped of all privileges except the trade of the Panis. Again he resorted to making money by backing the efforts of others. He obtained a one-third interest in the Loisel-Heney contract and company. By this device, Clamorgan's plans for the Spanish frontier were carried on until the occupation of Louisiana by the Americans. Another thrust was made towards the Pacific and Clamorgan again descended to New Orleans to solicit the aid of the government. Conflicting exclusive grants made by favoritism of the governor and the need of arranging his business affairs also caused this descent to New Orleans.

Clamorgan returned to St. Louis carrying orders for



aid to be given to the Missouri Company and to promote its interests for resistance to British aggression. Furthermore, the company was granted the exclusive trade of the entire Missouri valley beginning with the Kansas Indians with but one exception, and that exception—to Chauvin—was probably backed by Clamorgan himself. In fact, Lieutenant-Governor Delassus was ordered explicitly to support Clamorgan as director of the company.

Clamorgan backed all experienced men in the Upper Missouri. He gave nearly 38,000 pesos in goods to Jacques D'Eglise who was to explore to the Pacific and perhaps to Santa Fé as well. Loisel and Company actually led the activities on the Upper Missouri, keeping in mind Clamorgan's schemes to establish Spanish dominion in all of that vast area; and Clamorgan, now even supported by his former enemies and competitors, used Loisel's work as a basis for acquiring more land grants from the Spanish officials.

With the advent of the American acquisition of Louisiana, Clamorgan did not stop his activities even though he no longer possessed the advantages of his intimate friendship with the government officials. Despite his earlier hatred for the Americans and despite his many enemies, he was a respected citizen. In 1804 he was appointed by Governor W. H. Harrison as one of the first judges of the common pleas and quarter sessions in St. Louis, and he rented his house to the government to be used for a jail.

However the life of a judge and a plain American citizen was not the life for this promoter *par excellence*. He continued as an active merchant but never again engaged in vast promotional schemes as he had done under the Spaniards. He could not, however, resist the lure of high profits and the speculation on which easy money devolved. Despite his advanced age he again entered into business. In 1807 Clamorgan requested and was granted an American license to trade with the Pawnee Republic, thereby giving him a ruse to enter upon his larger scheme of trade with Santa Fé. A few days later he and Manuel Lisa formed a

company and bought goods to trade on the frontiers of New Mexico. List, now interested in his larger schemes of the Missouri river trade, probably declined to continue operations with Clamorgan. Clamorgan ascended to the Platte river and entered the Pawnee villages under his trading license. He then set out for Santa Fé where he arrived with three others, a slave and four cargoes of goods. He was sent to Chihuahua but in the next year returned to Missouri, traversing Texas without difficulty and bringing back maps and other materials.

Thus this intriguing adventurer who repeatedly failed to blaze the trail later made famous by Lewis and Clark was actually the first to make a trading venture into Santa Fé and return to Missouri with his profits, however little they probably were. Old man that he was, Clamorgan did not repeat his venture. Always the promoter, he offered to the public information on the trade with Spanish New Mexico. It does not appear that he himself had any opportunity to profit from this idea.

Clamorgan fell ill and on October 30, 1814, made out his will, in which he asked first that his debts be paid and that \$150.00 be distributed to the poor. His goods were to go to his four natural children. His principal assets had dwindled to a few accounts which amounted to perhaps only six or seven hundred dollars.

At his death, Clamorgan was more than eighty years old. He had made and lost fortunes through his sheer business acumen, facile pen, and servile attitude. That he was an economic promoter *par excellence* is not to be doubted. Although never admitted to the social set of St. Louis, he looms large as an outstanding figure in the history of the northeastern frontier of New Spain. During the last decade of the Spanish regime in the Mississippi valley, this obscure, visionary island creole earned the gratitude of the decrepit, helpless Spanish government in the defense of whose frontier, Spain in no small part owed a debt of gratitude to Jacques Clamorgan. Can one be blamed for dreaming grandiose schemes?

## THE REV. HIRAM WALTER READ BAPTIST MISSIONARY TO NEW MEXICO

**B**ORN IN Jewett City, New London County, Connecticut, June 17, 1819. Hiram Walter Read,<sup>1</sup> was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist Church, Oswego, New York, on March 11, 1838. He received his education at Oswego Academy and Madison (now Colgate) University, Hamilton, New York. He was ordained to the ministry and began his pastoral work at Whitewater, Wisconsin, in 1844. He was pastor and chaplain to the Wisconsin senate. During this period, he attained a reputation as a successful evangelist.

In 1849 he went to New Mexico as chaplain at Fort Marcy, and for over two years he was preaching to the

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1. Perhaps the reader will join the editor in being nonplussed to find the name of this first Protestant missionary in New Mexico given as "Hiram Walter" Read. Every mention of him previously seen has given the name as "Henry W." or merely "H.W." Read (Reed). Probably Bancroft and all subsequent writers have followed W. H. Davis who, in *El Gringo* (N. Y., 1857), p. 270, calls him "Henry W." And yet, curiously enough, even Heitman, *Historical Register* (Washington, 1903), I, p. 819, shows "Henry W. Read" as chaplain at Fort Marcy, N. Mex., 16 July 1849 to 15 Mar. 1852.

The name as here given comes from genealogical as well as church records. The biographical sketch supplied with the transcripts by the Rev. Mr. Weaver (see below) was accompanied by the following list of sources consulted:

- Cathcart, W., *The Baptist Encyclopaedia* (Phila., 1881), 962-3.
- Vedder, H. C., *A Short History of the Baptists* (Phila., 1907), 238-9.
- Burrows, J. L., *American Baptist Register for 1852*, 222.
- Reed, J. W., *History of the Reed Family in Europe and America* (Boston, 1861), 533.
- Bishop, H. F., *Historical Sketch of Lisbon, Connecticut* (Brooklyn, 1903), 59-60.
- Gray, A. B., *Survey of a Railroad Route on the 32d Parallel* (Cincinnati, 1856).
- Farish, T. E., *History of Arizona*, vol. III, 196-7.
- Bancroft, H. H., *History of Arizona and New Mexico* (1888), 521-2.
- Twitchell, R. E., *Leading Facts of New Mexican History*, II, 350.
- Coan, Chas. F., *A History of New Mexico* (Chicago, 1925), I, 364.
- Journals, 1st Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Arizona, 1864*: pp. 13-14.
- 58, 68, 102.
- Heitman, F. B., *Historical Register and Dictionary of the U. S. Army*, 819.
- Adjutant General of the Army, Prisoner of War Records.
- General Accounting Office, Old files.
- Post Office Department, Appointment Records.
- The American Baptist Home Mission Society (New York), *Home Mission Record*, 1849-52.
- The *Texas Baptist Herald* (Austin), January 15, 1885.
- The *El Paso Times*, February 8, 1895, obituary.

United States troops, to the Indians and to the Mexicans. He explored the settled parts of New Mexico and laid the foundation for Baptist mission work in all this region. It is chiefly this exploratory work which is shown by the sources here published. Later (1852-54), he was back in New Mexico again, organizing churches, locating other missionaries, and establishing schools for the Baptist denomination.

Later, he returned east where he labored for the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the American and Foreign Bible Society. For a time he lived in Virginia, near Washington, D. C. Here he founded the Columbia Baptist Church, Falls Church, Virginia, and helped in many revival services. During the Civil War, he served the United States government at Washington, in the field and in hospitals. He was taken prisoner by the Confederates at Savage Station, Virginia, on June 30, 1862, but on September 21 he was exchanged for the Reverend W. F. Broadbush of Fredericksburg, Virginia, one of the famous Baptist ministers of that day.

He assisted in the establishment of the Territorial government of Arizona (1863) and served as the first postmaster at Prescott from January 22, 1864, to May 18, 1865. He is said to have made a visit to California in 1864.

Later in 1865 he settled in Hannibal, Missouri, where he became a noted evangelist. His labors extended to eastern cities and to many of the larger towns of the country. During his ministry he baptized nearly a thousand persons and led thousands more to Christ who were baptized by others.

Few facts are known about his family. His parents were Caleb and Mary (Leffingwell) Read. Also he was twice married, but just when occurred the death of his first wife Alzina (who was with him in New Mexico) cannot be stated.

From January 1, 1880 to February 10, 1882, he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Virginia City, Nevada. At the latter date he departed to accept a missionary assignment at El Paso, Texas. He died in that frontier town on February

6, 1895, at the advanced age of seventy-five years, and his remains were buried in Concordia Cemetery.

The above meager and fragmentary sketch follows pretty closely information supplied by the Rev. Rufus W. Weaver, executive secretary of the District of Columbia Baptist Convention, and secured by the Hon. Carl Hayden, U. S. senator from Arizona. From the latter it came to our desk recently in an exchange of material, together with the group of transcripts which follow. It is at once evident that these latter also are only a fragmentary record and of a very limited period, but they will be found of considerable interest because of the composite picture which they give of New Mexico just after the American Occupation, especially at Santa Fe, Taos, and El Paso.—L. B. B.

## HOME MISSION RECORD

New York, December, 1849

### *Our Duty to New Mexico*

In our last paper we gave notice that Rev. H. W. Read has arrived at Santa Fe, in New Mexico, and has made arrangements to remain there permanently. In this number we present our readers extracts from his letter, in which he announces that fact. We believe it impossible for Christians to read them without thankfulness to God for his preservation, and a clear discernment of the Divine providence which conducted him to that city, and hedged up his way against proceeding further.

His letter is too long to be transferred entire to our columns. It presents a story of trials, hardships, and annoyances, requiring great patience and firmness; which, however, Mr. Read and his estimable wife seem to have exercised in health and sickness, and without which, at least once, they would have been left without protection in the dreary wilderness, exposed to the cruelties of hostile Indians, and destitute of adequate means of advancing or returning. But God, in whom they trusted, and whose cause it was their object to promote, raised up for them faithful and efficient friends, and conducted them safely through the dangers and afflictions of the way.

And now they are in New Mexico. The extracts alluded to show what prospects of usefulness have already dawned upon them, and what additional means and appliances are necessary—we may say, demanded, by an equally clear providence, at our hands, as God's servants—for laying the religious foundations of a State which must inevitably rise to importance, and for promoting the best interests of the thousands who now live in gross darkness and sin.

The Executive Board have sanctioned the arrangement of Mr. Read. With a population of 100,000 souls in the territory, uninstructed in Gospel truth by a single evangelical preacher, with near a thousand Americans imploring him to remain, and many Mexicans favorably disposed to study the religion he preaches, it was his and our duty to acquiesce in the overruling guidance of the Divine hand. Is it not also our privilege to rejoice in the event, as a token of Divine pleasure in the instrumentality of the Society in accomplishing his own good purpose.

Other missionaries are needed there. What is one among so many thousands? Even the Mexicans, and the very Indians, will be glad to receive them. The Pueblo Indians—"the most intelligent of the tribes"—deserve the attention of kind and faithful teachers, and doubtless would listen to those who might be sent. But the Americans, our brothers, our sons who are there, or shortly will be there—what Christian will willingly assume the responsibility of neglecting their spiritual interests?

Our missionary must not be allowed to labor alone. The circumstances under which his temporal necessities are provided for, though desirable in some respects, are unfavorable to his extending his labors as far as usual for missionaries.<sup>2</sup> There is work enough already for another in Santa Fe, and for still another in adjacent villages. Besides which he, more than most missionaries, needs counsel and support amidst the peculiar duties and trials of his station. Our Divine Master sent forth his disciples two and two, and missionary Societies should follow his example. It is hoped that at least two or three good men will be found, who will be ready to proceed at the earliest practicable moment.

But, does not this event suggest to the Baptist denomination a train of thoughts of solemn importance? Here is a field of great extent and interest, offered for their culti-

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2. The editor of the *Home Mission Record* is alluding of course to Mr. Read's chaplaincy at Fort Marcy in Santa Fé.

vation. The God whom they worship and to whose service they profess to devote themselves, in answer to their prayers to be used for the promotion of his glory, deigns to present them that field, and says to them in these providences: "Go, work in my vineyard." Now shall we go? It is an honor conferred upon us. Will we receive it and act worthy of it? Are our prayers and men and money ready for the offerings which the altar of his love and condescension now invites? Too long has it been our custom to delay till others, more zealous, more faithful, outstrip us in obedience, and bear away the crown of rejoicing.

Here is a good beginning, and God has approved it by relieving us of the usual pecuniary burden of such undertakings. It encourages a continuance of our efforts. IT CAN- NOT BE FOLLOWED UP EFFICIENTLY WITHOUT IN- CREASED SUPPORT FROM OUR FRIENDS. Let them think of the great extension of our territory—the tens of thousands of benighted heathen and paganized Christians, now our fellow-citizens; and the many more thousands of comparatively unenlightened minds pouring in upon us from every quarter: and then let them decide of what value to them, as individuals or a Christian denomination, are their silver and gold, compared with the benefits to themselves, to their country, and to the souls of men, which the religious instruction by a few ministers of the gospel would be able to impart, by their liberal contributions, for the field which is now open and inviting their labors of love; and then let them quickly encourage the Board, to make all needful preliminary arrangements for its immediate occupancy.

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### HOME MISSION RECORD

Americans Leaving New Mexico—Indians Requesting Teachers

From Rev. H. W. Read, Santa Fe, April 1, 1850

A great number of our American citizens or sojourners for the time, have left recently, and among them many who usually attend public worship with us. After they left, there were so few who attended evening meetings it was thought best to discontinue them.

Full half of the officers formerly stationed here, with the troops under their command, have been ordered elsewhere. so that our congregation on the Sabbath will not average more than 25 persons. There are now but six or eight

American families in this city, and some of these will leave in a few days. Indeed, nearly all the Americans now here intend to leave the country as soon as practicable.

I am anxious to visit other parts of this country, and particularly some of the friendly tribes of Indians, to ascertain their wishes relative to measures for their improvement and to satisfy myself as to the practicability of establishing schools among them. A few days since I made known my wish to the Governor, who readily consented to give me "leave of absence" and offered to issue his order for me to make a tour of observation. By this very satisfactory arrangement, I shall be furnished with a military escort.

I am particularly anxious to visit the Zunians, about two hundred miles south-west of this. They all live in one very compact town, numbering, according to various reports, from three to five thousand. They are not a wandering tribe, but stay mostly at home and cultivate their land which is said to be very productive. Capt. Ker, the commandant of a military post, some 125 miles below this, visited them recently, and has since been here. He, as well as others who have visited them, represent them to be a very superior tribe, and their Governor is said to be a very remarkable man. He informed Capt. Ker that he was very anxious to have teachers come among his people, establish schools for their children, instruct them in mechanic arts and, in a word, to have them become Americanized. The Mochins [Moquis] are a similar class of people, living about 100 miles beyond the Zunians, but of them little is known. My intention is to look out those places where missionaries are most needed, and where their location is most practicable. I cannot now tell when I shall start on this tour, possibly not for two months, but it may be much sooner.

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### NEW MEXICO

Educational Interests in Santa Fe. The Mexicans  
Desire A "Collegio." Teachers Wanted. Females Can be  
Very Useful

From Rev. H. W. Read, Santa Fe, Aug. 1, 1850

If you have received my last two letters, you have observed that they did not speak very encouragingly relative to the prospects of missionary labor at present in



this country. But I have endeavored to keep you advised of the state of things and prospects here, as they have appeared to me. At present I feel *somewhat encouraged*, principally on account of the greatly increased interest among the people on the subject of education. I am strongly solicited to establish an Academy or Boarding School, and to advertise accordingly. It is believed that such an institution would be sustained, that it would secure the attendance of those who, otherwise, will go to the States to obtain an English education. And now I can assure you that many of the better class of Mexicans and Spaniards exhibit a commendable pride at the idea of having such a school (or as they call it, Collegio) in their midst, and at the metropolis of their country. Some of our American population are urging me to adopt the measure, and I am not aware of any who oppose it. I have conversed with but few, comparatively, on this subject, owing to the wonderful political excitement amongst us;<sup>3</sup> but I am fully satisfied that such a step is feasible and practicable, and ought to be taken at once. I would not hesitate a moment longer to comply with the wishes and solicitations of the people, were I situated so that I could carry them out. In the first place, Mrs. Read's health is too feeble to justify her in attempting to take even the oversight of such a household, or to render me the needed assistance in the school. Secondly, there are no boarding houses here where students could be accommodated; and if there were, such an arrangement would not suit their parents, who wish their sons and daughters to *live with my family*, justly expecting that in such a case, they would sooner become acquainted with not only our language, but our customs generally. Had I any reasonable expectation of being reinforced during the present summer and fall, I would not hesitate to commence the desired Academy at once. I am not certain, however, but I shall

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3. In the summer of 1850, Santa Fé was in the throes of an attempt to effect statehood. It was a difficult time. The military commander, Col. John Munroe, had (as requested) called a constitutional convention; but when the citizenry proceeded to organize and operate as a State, Munroe admonished them that they must wait for approval from Washington. This they refused to do. "Governor" Manuel Alvarez and others challenged his authority in civil matters; the congressmen-elect left for Washington; the state legislature began its sittings. One of their enactments that summer was the creating of Socorro County, yet the statehood effort as a whole was a failure. Under the Compromise Bills worked out that fall in congress, New Mexico was made a Territory—and also her boundaries were fixed. The latter was effected by paying Texas a good round sum for a quit-claim for her pseudo-title to all of New Mexico which lay east of the Rio Grande.

go forward, and trust Providence to send others to our aid. The aid most needed at present in the school is, a pious well-educated young lady. Who will come? Is there not at least one sister, who is willing to come even to Santa Fe to labor in this missionary field? I trust there are many. Who will furnish the means? Who is the brother? Or which is the Sunday-school or the Church who will be instrumental in blessing benighted souls in New Mexico? The principal work to be done now is to educate the young; but with their education, much moral and spiritual instruction may and should be imparted. It is an encouraging fact that the Mexican children are quick to learn. Indeed, they acquire as readily as American children do, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which the former labor. I have at present in my school, 12 Mexican scholars, varying from 4 to 16 years of age. Some of them commenced about ten months since with the alphabet at that time. They could not speak a word in the English language. During this period they have read and spelled Webster's spelling book through twice, learned and recited the "Analysis of Sounds," "Directions for Pronouncing words," "Accent, Emphasis, and Cadence," "The Abbreviations," "Punctuation," also a good part of the "Multiplication Table," and they have learned to count and to talk in our language. Some are reading in History, and are writing beautifully, and will commence the study of Geography soon. I repeat what I have stated to you on former occasions, that schools ought to be established throughout New Mexico, at once. Who are the men and women, the philanthropists, the Christians who will engage in this work?

#### A Successful School Among the Mexicans

August 31st

My school presents the most encouraging of all my labors in this place. It now numbers twenty scholars, mostly Mexicans, who are making remarkable progress in their studies. Four of them have commenced Olney's Geography; six are writing beautifully; and all are doing well. As I mentioned to you in my last, I am solicited to open a boarding school, or rather a boarding house, for the accommodation of those abroad; but the feeble health of Mrs. Read prevents it just yet.

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NEW MEXICO  
General Remarks

1850

New Mexico and Chihuahua, which I consider here principally, because they fell under my immediate observation, are neither the richest, nor the poorest States of Mexico; but both of them have resources that never have been fully developed.

*Agriculture*, as we have seen, is the least promising branch of industry. The want of more water-courses, and the necessity of irrigation, are the principal causes; but nevertheless, they raise every year more than sufficient for their own consumption; the failure of crops, with starvation of the people, is less common here than in many other countries, because the regular system of irrigation itself prevents it. Besides, there are large tracts in the country fit for agriculture, but allowing no isolated settlements on account of the Indians. Another reason, too, why farming settlements make slow progress, is, the large haciendas. That independent class of small farmers who occupy the greatest part of the land in the United States is here but poorly represented and the large estates cultivate generally less ground than many smaller but independent farmers.

As a *grazing* country, both States are unsurpassed by any in the Union. Millions of stock can be raised every year in the prairies of the high table-land and in the mountains. Cattle, horses, mules, and sheep increase very fast; and if more attention were paid to the improvement of the stock, the wool of the sheep alone could be made the exchange of the greatest part of the present importation. But to accomplish that, the wild Indians, who chiefly in the last ten years have crippled all industry in stock raising, have first to be subdued.

*Mining*, another main resource of the country, needs to some degree, also, protection from the Indians, because valuable mines have sometimes been given up from their incursions; and other districts, rich in minerals, cannot be even explored, for the same reason.

The silver mines of the State of Chihuahua, though worked for centuries, seem to be inexhaustible. The discovery of new mines is but a common occurrence; and attracted by them, the mining population moves generally from one place to another without exhausting the old ones.

To make the mining more effectual, onerous duties and partial restrictions ought to be abolished, and sufficient capital to work them more thoroughly and extensively would soon flow into the State. New Mexico seems to be as rich in gold ore as Chihuahua is in silver; but yet, less capital and greater insecurity have prevented their being worked to a large extent.

To develop all those resources which nature has bestowed upon these two States, another condition of things is wanted than at present prevails there: a just, stable and strong government is, before all, needed, that can put down the hostile Indians, give security of person and property to all, allow free competition in all branches of industry, and will not tax the people higher than the absolute wants of the government require. Under such a government, the population as well as the produce of the country, would increase at a rapid rate; new outlets would be opened to commerce, and the people would not only become richer and more comfortable, but more enlightened, too, and more liberal.

Is there at present any prospect of such a favorable change?

The Mexicans, since their declaration of independence, have been involved in an incessant series of local and general revolutions throughout the country, which prove that republican institutions have not taken root amongst them, and that, although they have thrown off the foreign yoke, they have not learned yet to govern themselves. It could hardly be expected, too, that a people composed of two different races, who have mixed but not assimilated themselves, should, after an oppression of three centuries, at once be fit for a republic. Fanaticism alone may overthrow an old government, but it wants cool and clear heads to establish a new one adapted to the people, and a certain intellect of the whole people to maintain permanently a republic. But this wide-spread intellect does not exist yet in the mass of the Mexican populace, or they would not have been duped, as they have been for twenty years past, by the long succession of egotistical leaders, whose only aim and ambition was power and plunder; and during all these disgraceful internal revolutions, neither the general nor the local government has done anything to spread more intellect among the great mass of the people; they had neither time nor money for it, and it did partly not suit

their ambitious plans to govern a more enlightened people.

Where shall the enlightening of the masses and the stability of government now come from? I cannot help thinking that if Mexico, debilitated by the present war, should afterwards be left to itself, the renewal of its internal strifes will hurry it to its entire dissolution; and what the United States may refuse at present to take as the spoils of the war, will be offered to them in later years as a boon.

The fate of Mexico is sealed. Unable to govern itself, it will be governed by some other power; and if it should not fall into worse hands than those of the United States, it may congratulate itself, because they would respect at least its nationality, and guaranty to it what it never had before, a republican government.—

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## HOME MISSION RECORD

### New Mexico

#### WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR NEW MEXICO

From Rev. H. W. Read, Santa Fé, Nov. 30, 1851 [1850]<sup>4</sup>

The time *has come now* when I *must* be reinforced, or our denominational interests<sup>5</sup> will be thrown into the background. My duties as chaplain are sufficient for one man, yet all the missionary labor that has been done heretofore in this country, has been required of me. As my acquaintance extends, my labor constantly increases, and has become so onerous that I am utterly unable to do all that is imperatively demanded at my hands. You are aware that the Mexicans do not possess the Bible, and indeed very few of them ever heard of such a book. But all Christians and all enlightened people know that they ought to be made acquainted with its contents. I have just commenced a system of reading which I believe will, with the Divine blessing,

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4. There are several indications in this short excerpt which show that it must belong to the year 1850 instead of 1851. Perhaps there was an error in copying it for publication in the *Home Mission Record*.

5. This denominational apprehension was doubtless occasioned by the arrival earlier this year of a Methodist missionary, the Rev. E. G. Nicholson and his family. Until he returned east sometime in 1852 because of his wife's health. Mr. Nicholson seems to have found his congregation (as had Mr. Read) among the Anglos, civilian and military. Later (Nov. 10, 1853) Mr. Nicholson returned to New Mexico with two assistants who were to help in expanding the Methodist work to the Spanish-speaking population. (Harwood, Thos., *History of New Mexico Spanish and English Missions of the M. E. Church*, 1850-1910, pp. 17-49.)

result in good. My plan is this: I take my Spanish Bible and go to a house, tell the family what a choice book I have, and ask them if they would like to have me read a little of it to them. Their consent being readily obtained I proceed to read two or three chapters, and then go to another house, and so on as long as time will permit. This is the only way by which the great mass of this people can become acquainted with the Scriptures, as it is now well known here, that not more than one in two hundred can either write, read, or tell their own age. To me this kind of labor seems to be of the first importance, and there is enough of it to be done in this city alone, to occupy all the time of half a dozen devoted missionaries. Judge Houghton first suggested this kind of labor to me, and strongly recommended it. I have conversed with other intelligent gentlemen on the subject and they also approve of it.

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### HOME MISSION RECORD

New Mexico

Earnest Desire of the People For the Scriptures.

From Rev. H. W. Read, Santa Fe, Feb. 14, 1851.

My last Spanish Testament is gone. Some months ago I had given away all but two copies, (one for Mrs. Read and one for my own reading,) but being urged to furnish copy for a Mexican living 40 miles distant, I sent my copy to him. A few days since an intelligent American physician called to get a Testament for a poor Mexican living some 45 miles distant. The poor man sent me word that he had no money to pay for one, but that he would come all the way to Santa Fe to work for me. Who could resist such an appeal? Mrs. Read sent her Testament (the last we had) to him. The doctor assured me that so great was this man's anxiety to read the Bible, that he had often traveled a considerable distance to where there was a single though much worn copy of the Testament, and would read it for many hours together.

We are greatly encouraged by seeing an increasing desire among the people for the Scriptures. Do not fail to send me a *liberal* supply of the Scriptures in the Spanish language by the first possible opportunity. Also a very large quantity of tracts in Spanish, English, German, and some in French. I should also be glad of other religious books in Spanish.

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## HOME MISSION RECORD

May, 1851

## Missionary Tour in New Mexico

Journal of Rev. H. W. Read, (continued from our last)<sup>6</sup>

[Taos], Wednesday, [January] 8th. This morning the military officers and several other gentlemen called. During the day I visited the priest<sup>7</sup> and several other prominent persons, to all of whom I made known the object of my visit, and all seemed highly gratified, and promised to aid in establishing an Academy that will be both creditable and beneficial.

Thursday, 9th. Today rode through the valley south of the town, and truly it is beautiful and productive beyond any other part of New Mexico that I have yet seen. Called on two Americans, who have lived in this country for many years; they are wealthy, and will patronize the school liberally. Visited a new flouring mill, also a saw mill, objects of great interest, and sources of great wealth in this country.

Friday, 10th. This morning, in company with Judge Houghton,<sup>8</sup> Esq. Cary, and Dr. McGruder, started to visit Arroyo Hondo, 12 miles north of Taos. On our way called to see the celebrated Indian Pueblo of Taos. Rode up to the house of the Governor, alighted, secured our horses, and ascended a ladder to the second story, where we were warmly greeted by his Excellency. He formerly belonged to the tribe of Kiowas, and when a child was taken prisoner by the Pueblos, with whom he has lived ever since. For many years he was their chief, but since he has become old, his people have very wisely changed his commission, and made him their governor. He has a fine intelligent countenance, and is popular with his people. By my request he took us to visit one of the *Estufas*, of which there are seven in the place. These are rooms under ground, used for Council

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6. Evidently there was a first installment of this tour (from Santa Fé to Taos), published in the April issue of the *Home Mission Record*, which we do not have. That the tour was made in January 1851 we deduce from the dates here given and those of the third tour.

7. The priest alluded to here and twice below was the Rev. Antonio José Martínez. He was at that time in good standing with the Roman Catholic Church, continuing to serve as curate at Taos until May 1856.

8. From 1846 to 1851 Joab Houghton was chief justice of the territorial supreme court, and therefore judge of the First (or northern) District. After the Civil War, he was to serve again but in the Third District (1865-69).

chambers. The entrance is by a small trap door a perpendicular ladder. The chamber is about seven feet deep, circular, and some twenty feet in diameter. Here, for the first time, I saw the fire of Montezuma, which, as tradition says, he required his people to keep constantly burning until he returns again. It is a slow, smouldering fire, covered with ashes, kept in a small pit three feet square, curbed with flat stones. I asked the Governor how long it had been burning in this place; to which he replied, that he did not know, but long, long before he was born. I observed a quantity of pine wood, dry as tinder, which is kept on hand, so that in case the fire should chance to get low it can be readily revived. The greatest calamity that could befall the Pueblo would be to have the sacred fire extinguished. The men watch and tend it alternately, relieving each other daily. I am informed that whenever this fire, at any Pueblo, by any means becomes extinguished, the place is at once and forever deserted.<sup>9</sup>

This village contains four hundred or five hundred souls, nearly all of whom live in two enormously large houses. They are seven stories high, running back like terraces. Some of these people, on a former occasion,<sup>10</sup> solicited me to establish a school among them. At this time I said nothing to them on the subject, neither did I make myself known to them. In the revolution of 1846, a severe battle was fought here. The warriors collected in a large adobe church, whence they could not be expelled, until our troops succeeded in getting a shell among them, the effect of which was as anticipated. One tower and one wall of the church still remain as a memorial of the dreadful massacre of the lamented Governor Bent, and fourteen of his associates. These Indians cultivate considerable land, and appear to be well supplied with the necessaries of life. Proceeded to Arroyo Hondo, passing over some good uncultivated lands, and through a small new village, the name of which I do not know. Arroyo Hondo, which signifies Low River, is aptly named. It is a small rapid stream,

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9. This old yarn of Montezuma's fire makes a pretty tale and it was faithfully retold to every newcomer in New Mexico. Josiah Gregg wove it into his *Commerce of the Prairies* (1844) and countless others have followed suit. It is safe to say that the Pueblo Indian never heard of Montezuma except from the white man, and he is perfectly willing that the latter believe the tale—if said white man will leave said Indian unmolested in his secret and sacred rites.

10. This is the only reference in these fragmentary records to what was perhaps Mr. Read's first tour in New Mexico.



running through a narrow valley, several hundred feet below the table land and other streams in the vicinity. Two miles below the outlet of the stream from the mountains, resides a Mr. Quinn, an intelligent and enterprising American. Our destination was to this place. He has a huge pile of Adobes, comprising an extensive distillery, a flouring mill, blacksmith-shop, dwelling-houses, store, &c. He thinks he can secure a dozen scholars for the Academy, from his neighborhood. Returned to Taos in the evening.

*Saturday, 11th.* Today visited several families, all of whom are anxious to have a school established here. The priest, who by the way, is one of the most influential men in New Mexico, called on me to enquire more particularly about the school I propose to establish. He was very solicitous to know if it was the intention to teach the Protestant religion in the school. I informed him that the object in establishing an institution of learning here was to educate the children and youth of both sexes; that the course of instruction would be similar to that pursued in similar institutions in the United States. He said he was satisfied, and again promised to render me and the school all the assistance in his power. He said he would invite me to preach in his church, but their ecclesiastical regulations forbade it, besides, the house was very large, has no seats, and no means of warming it. I thanked him for his kindness, informed him that the Court-House had been offered me, when I should preach at 3 o'clock, and invited him and his people to attend.

*Sunday, 12th.* This morning attended mass. Many hundreds of Mexicans present, probably not one of whom understood a word that was said, as what little was read was not above a whisper and in Latin. It is not customary for the priests of this country to preach to the people, and as only about one in three hundred can read, their opportunities for instruction are very limited. At the time appointed for preaching, the house was literally crammed. The priest accepted a seat in the desk with me. The exercises were commenced by singing the missionary hymn. I preached from 2nd Cor., V:20, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ," &c. It was an interesting occasion, and such an one as ever preached here by a protestant minister, and in the congregation were several of my own National brethren, who probably have not heard a sermon for the last

twenty or thirty years. The Lord gave me much freedom in presenting his claims, and my prayer is, that this first sown seed here will produce some fruit to the glory of his name. O! for the time to come, when the Gospel shall be preached throughout New Mexico.

Roll swiftly round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

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### HOME MISSION RECORD

June, 1851

#### *Missionary Tour in New Mexico*

Journal of Rev. H. W. Read, (continued from our last.)  
Foundation For An Academy Laid

*Monday morning, [January] 13th* — I have just furnished Mr. Josephs (a wealthy merchant) with a plan of a School room, and quarters for a teacher's family, which he is to build by the first of July next, and the use of which he is to give for the instruction of his two little boys! I have also just given to Messrs. Wooton & Williams a plan for furnishing the school room, the lumber for which is gratuitously given by Esq. Cary. The object of my visit to this place is satisfactorily completed. The foundation for a good Academy, I trust, is permanently laid. Judge Houghton and others have rendered me valuable assistance.

9 o'clock A. M. I am now ready to commence my homeward journey. Capt. Gordon sends some soldiers to escort me through the mountains.<sup>11</sup>

#### The Taos Valley

*La Jolla,*<sup>12</sup> *Monday evening.* — On leaving Taos this morning passed through a portion of the valley I had not before visited. It is apparently very productive and highly cultivated. The Taos valley within a circuit of a few miles, contains about 6000 inhabitants; and all things considered, this is one of the most promising missionary stations in all this country. There is perhaps, more intelligence, more wealth, less vice and less poverty in this section than in any other of the same extent in New Mexico. A missionary

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11. This was probably Capt. Wm. H. Gordon, 3rd U. S. Infantry.

12. This "La Joya" was between Embudo and Los Luceros coming south. Another plaza of this name down the Rio Grande toward Socorro is mentioned later.

can live here at comparatively little expense, as the necessities of life are here raised in abundance, and consequently obtained at a low rate.

### A Mexican's Idea of the Time Requisite for An Education

Had a safe passage through the mountains, and arrived here at 4 P. M. Put up at the house of a Mr. Val Dais.<sup>13</sup> Here is a large family all uneducated. Two boys have just gone to Santa Fe to attend my school for 3 months, their parents supposing that a sufficient time for them to acquire a good education. I assured the old gentleman that it would require nearly that time to straighten their tongues, or in other words to teach them to pronounce words in our language.

### Education Unnecessary For Girls.

My host kindly invited me to attend a Fandango to which his family were going, and seemed somewhat surprised that I should decline. But I told him I preferred to spend the evening in telling him the importance and benefits of educating his children. He admitted that it was well to educate the boys, but education was unnecessary for the girls; pointing to his wife as an illustration, saying that "she knows nothing." Before the subject was dismissed he promised to send two of his daughters to school next summer.

I am satisfied that it is only necessary to present the subject of education properly to this people to have them see the importance of it. Here also a school ought to be established.

### Fortunate Escape From a Mad Dog.

*Tuesday morning. Jan. 14th.* — Resumed my journey at 9 o'clock, reached Canada at 11, fed and rested my horse for an hour, and again started for home.<sup>14</sup> Had not gone more than a mile when a large rabid dog made a furious attack upon me and my horse, but we succeeded in out-running him until I could bring a holster pistol to bear upon him, which put an end to his career. Reached home at 3

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13. Correct phonetically, but the Spanish name is Valdez.

14. His stop was at Santa Cruz de la Cañada, the second oldest Spanish plaza of New Mexico, better known today as "Santa Cruz."

P. M. thankful to my heavenly Father for his kind watch and care over me and my precious wife during my absence.

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## HOME MISSION RECORD

### Rev. Mr. Read's Third Tour

(Extracts from a Journal of a missionary tour through portions of New Mexico, Old Mexico and Texas, by Rev. H. W. Read, Chaplain U. S. Army, and missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, dated May 1, 1851.)

#### *The Forward March*

Under orders from Col. Munro,<sup>15</sup> left Santa Fe on Tuesday P. M., March 4th [1851], in company with Maj. Hagner,<sup>16</sup> his clerk, servant, and an escort of six men. I was mounted on my horse, gun in hand, a brace of pistols in the holsters on my saddle, wore a broad-brimmed white wool hat, short beaver-overcoat, buckskin pantaloons, and thick boots. For the first few miles the snow and mud made traveling difficult. Our course Southerly. Reached Delgado's Rancho at 5 P. M., where we obtained lodgings. Distance 16 miles.

#### *Narrow Escapes*

This evening came near being shot by the careless discharge of a gun in the hands of a soldier. Thankful for the gracious preservation of my life. The well known "Delgado's Rancho" is an old delapidated pile of adobes, at present occupied only by peones or Mexican slaves.

Wednesday morning half-past 7 o'clock, as we were preparing to start Maj. Hagner was accidentally shot, providentially, however, not much injured; the ball grazed his hand, passed through his coat, vest, and shirt on his right side, hence through the carriage, leaving no farther traces of its course. The wounded hand being dressed we proceeded on our way, thinking and talking of the protection of providence, also resolving to be more cautious in future.

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15. At this time, John Munroe was major 2nd U. S. Artillery, but he had been brevetted "Colonel" in the Mexican War. When Chaplain Read arrived in July 1849, Col. John M. Washington was serving as both civil and military governor, but in October 1849 he was succeeded by Colonel Munroe. The latter served in the civil capacity until James S. Calhoun took over on March 3, 1851; and Munroe continued as military commander until relieved by Col. E. V. Sumner in July.

16. John Randall Hagner was major, Paymaster Dept., 1850-56.

\* \* \* Reached Algodonis (cotton wood) at 3 P. M., in a tremendous storm of wind and dust.<sup>17</sup> Distance 25 miles. Put up at a Mexican house, there being no American family in the place. Population 300, mostly very poor.

Thursday 6, rose early, very cold. The valley on which we shall travel most of the way on this tour, at this place is some three miles wide, easily irrigated; but the indolence of the people is always likely to prevent them from obtaining the comforts of life. A few beans, a little corn, a good deal of tobacco, and large quantities of red peppers comprise their principal stock of provisions. And this is true of all the poorer class of Mexicans. Resumed our journey at eight and a half o'clock. For a few miles but little land cultivated.

### *Better Management*

Six miles from Algodonis, came to Bernalillo, the prettiest place I have yet seen in New Mexico. It contains some 300 souls, and is famous for its superior grapes and peaches. The houses are good, the garden walls high and capped with cactus to prevent the depredations of thieves with which this country abounds. — Passed through the small Pueblo of San Dia. These people are very industrious, and gain a good livelihood by agriculture. Arrived at Albuquerque at 2 P. M. Put up with Capt. Ker, who showed me so much kindness when crossing the "Plains" nearly two years since.<sup>18</sup> Took tea, and spent the evening at Mr. West's. Enjoyed a precious season of social worship.

Friday 7th, detained here today; Maj. Hagner paid the troops. This is one of the most important places in New Mexico. It contains about 1500 inhabitants, is a military post, and several American families reside here, and on the whole it bids fair to become a place of great importance. The inconvenience of hauling wood 18 miles is not considered very great. The principal productions of the country together with grapes and peaches, do extremely well here.

### *Trouble Apprehended*

Saturday 8th, resumed our journey at 8 A. M. Forded the river, and started toward Cibolletta. But before leaving

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17. Delgado's Ranch and Algodones were regular stopping-places for travelers going south. In 1855, W. W. H. Davis made the same stops when en route from Santa Fé to Fort Defiance (*El Gringo*, 389).

18. Croghan Ker at this time was captain 2nd U. S. Dragoons. He resigned his commission Nov. 10, 1851.

the river filled our water casks and canteens, as we shall probably find no water for the next two days. — As this is a more dangerous part of the journey our escort is doubled. We have a baggage wagon and a carriage or ambulance. Capt. Dodge, son of Gen. Dodge, of Wisconsin, whom we met at this place accompanied us.<sup>18a</sup> For fifteen miles the road runs through a sand desert, rendering the traveling slow and difficult. The general face of the country is undulating, producing grass but is destitute of water. Eighteen miles from A. crossed the Rio Puerco, (Muddy River), which is now dry. Six miles farther on reached the "timber," which is only a clump of cedar bushes and a few small trees. Here we encamped.

We were now in the range of the Nabajoes. Kept a strong guard and a large fire all night. I slept on the ground, or rather tried to sleep, but could not on account of the cold, and the incessant howling of the wolves.

Sunday 9th, regretted the necessity of traveling today, but could not avoid it, as I am traveling in company with others whose affairs I cannot control. \* \* \* \* \*

### *Unpleasant Neighbors*

Late in the evening came to some small settlements, the people of which cultivate small quantities of land bordering a small muddy stream, the name of which I did not learn. Two or three springs of good water in the vicinity. Here the people are liable at any moment to be robbed of their property or their families by the warlike Nabajoes, and for their security they have many little stone forts, where a watch is kept most of the summer season when their stock is grazing, and I observed two or three very small villages located in the tops of the rocks, the houses not only having rocks for their foundations, but built of and among rocks. At sundown reached Cibolletta where we were kindly received and hospitably entertained by the officers stationed here.

Monday 10th, visited the few Americans and a few Mexicans of this place, and learned that this town contains some 300 souls, besides the troops, of which there are two

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18a. Henry Linn Dodge was not a captain in the U. S. Army but of a Volunteer Company which participated in the Navajo campaign under Colonel Washington, in the field from Santa Fe August 16 to September 23, 1849. His father, Henry Dodge of Wisconsin, and a brother, Augustus Caesar Dodge of Iowa, were both serving in the U. S. Senate. (Annie H. Abel, ed., *Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun*, pp. 38, 334).

companies. The post is commanded by Col. Chandler. The other officers consist of one Captain, one Physician and two Lieutenants. Three of the officers have families with them.

This place is located far up among the mountains of the Nabajo country, and is not worth what it costs the Government to protect it for one month.

### *A Truly Pitiable Condition*

The people are ignorant and indolent in the extreme. The commanding officer assured me that whenever one of his mules died numbers of these people would collect and strip off all the flesh for food.

Tuesday 11th, detained today, and as there is but little interest here, especially to one who has no time to waste, the hours dragged heavily. A famous half-tamed Nabajo Chief named Sandoval, who resides in this vicinity, came into town today to sell some captives of his own nation which he has recently took prisoners.—He sold one young man of 18 years of age for thirty (30) dollars. \* \* \*<sup>19</sup>

Friday, 14th, passed on and put up at Tome. Distance 16 miles. Tome is a small dilapidated village, most of the houses fast going to decay. Formerly vast herds of cattle were raised here, as there is much good grazing land and plenty of water, but the Indians have robbed the inhabitants until they are miserably poor.

### *Trying To Do Good*

Went out to distribute tracts, saw about fifty women on their knees on the street, responding "Amen," as an old man recited some prayer. I observed that at short distances small crosses were placed in the ground; around these the women knelt while the prayer was repeated, then all rose and proceeded to the next. In this way they traversed the whole town. Gave a man a tract, which he soon sent back, being afraid to keep it. Spent the evening in reading the Testament to a group of people.

Saturday 15th, started at 8 o'clock. For several miles there is but little land under cultivation. Most of the people in this vicinity appear to be very poor.

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19. The section here omitted (for March 12-13) would show that the party turned back from Cebolleta, for we next find them at the little old plaza of Tomé which is in the Rio Grande valley, about twenty-three miles below Albuquerque.

*Encouragement to Labor*

Passed some small villages and reached La Jolla, (La Hoyah,—The Hole) at sundown.<sup>20</sup> Put up with a Mexican, there being no American in town. Immediately commenced distributing tracts to such as could read, and scores of persons followed me from house to house, and persons were running from every part of the town either to get a tract or to hear me read. One man showed his gratitude for a tract. I had given one to his son who could read, by offering me a dollar for “Esta buen librito”—That good little book. Spent the latter part of the evening with the family of an intelligent aged Mexican. Read to them the third chapter of John’s Gospel. When I had finished it, the old man desired to read. He then read the fourth and part of the fifth chapters, often pausing to praise the book, and to express his delight at having the privilege of holding for the first time in his life, the Bible in his hands, and reading a portion of it. He entreated me to leave it with him, but I was obliged to refuse him, telling him at the same time, that it was all I had, but that I had friends in the States who would send me a great many in a few months, when I would send him one. This exhibits the desire of many Mexicans to obtain and become acquainted with the Scriptures. I hope that Christians in the States will send me enough to supply this Territory.

Sunday 16th, obliged to travel a few miles today. Had expected to reach Socorro last evening. Passed through Limita [Lemitar], a thriving town of some 300 souls. Gen. Armijo, formerly Governor of New Mexico resides here. This place is situated in a most beautiful portion of the valley. Arrived at Socorro at 2 P. M. Distance 20 miles.

Monday 17th, called on several of the most influential persons in town, and all seemed interested in the success of my present mission.

*Mormons in New Mexico*

Visited several Mormons who are on their way to the “sure land of promised rest and safety,”—The Colorado. They seem to be a simple-hearted ingenuous people.—Their prophet, in whom they have formerly reposed implicit con-

20. From Tomé, they were following down the *camino real* on the east side of the Rio Grande. This “La Joya” was about two-thirds of the way to Socorro—but that place was on the west side, and they seem to have crossed over at Lemitar. Mr. Read’s translation is at fault, for La Joya means “the jewel.”



fidence, and his father have purchased a large farm, and located near Socorro.<sup>21</sup>

*A Mexican Military Friend*

Tuesday 18th, in company with Dr. Hammond, visited Parida, a small town 4 miles distant, and thence proceeded to Limita and called on Gen. Armijo.<sup>22</sup> The Gen. is about 50 years of age, large size, sociable and communicative, and is altogether the most enlightened Mexican that I have met.

He has possessed himself of most of the ancient histories which are translated into the Spanish language, and these he has read and even studied. He appears to be very anxious to secure the good will of the Americans, especially as he is not liked by the Mexicans. By invitation we dined with the General. All the furniture of the table was massive silver.

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HOME MISSION RECORD

September, 1851

Rev. Mr. Read's Third Tour, No. 2

*A Rich Valley*

*Wednesday 19th*, left Socorro at 10 A. M. The whole valley in this vicinity is very fertile, producing most of the grain and fruits of the country. Grapes and peaches are raised in great abundance. Indeed this is one of the very best portions of New Mexico. Fifteen miles below is Bigs' Rancho, where government stock is pastured. At this point the valley is ten or twelve miles wide. Wild geese and ducks are very abundant. Ten miles further on again struck the river, where we encamped. Here is a beautiful meadow bottom with much large timber. It is called Val Verde, (Greenvale).

*Thursday 20th*. left camp at 8 o'clock, crossed the river and after a ride of ten or twelve miles reached a grove of timber, and where all persons traveling this way halt to feed, rest and obtain a supply of wood and water before entering the Jornada. This camping ground is called Fra

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21. Could these have been stragglers from the Mormon Battalion of 1846? Davis, previously cited, stayed overnight in Socorro with an ex-Mormon (*op. cit.*, 365.) The reference to their prophet and "his father" is unintelligible.

22. This was Don Manuel Armijo, last governor under the Mexican regime. Of him also Davis has quite a little to say. Parida was east of the river and a little upstream. From there he crossed again to the west side and upstream to Lemitar.

Cristobal. Arrived at this place at noon; halted until 4 P. M. Our watercasks filled and wood taken in, we resumed our journey at four.

*The Jornada* (pronounced Hornada)

For the first five miles the road leads up a gradual ascent, afterwards the land is slightly undulating. The road is remarkably good. Indeed, I could scarcely realize that this was the dreaded "Journey of the Dead" as the name of this prairie signifies. Had a large escort, half of whom rode in advance, the remainder after the waggons. Traveled until we reached the Alaman, (so called after some Germans who were murdered here some years since) and encamped, having made 40 miles since four P. M. It was now half past twelve o'clock. The Jornada (Hornada) is usually traveled in the night, as there is less danger from the Indians and because water is seldom found here. The night was very cold. Indeed, I am informed that during the hottest weather the nights on this desert are quite cool.

Friday 21st, a delightful morning; the sun shining as cheerfully upon this terrible desert-waste as though it was habitable and inhabited. During the whole of this day, the road has been as good as the best McAdamized roads in the States. Saw no live animals except a wolf in full chase after a rabbit, and a few birds. During the afternoon passed the Point of Rocks, the most dangerous part of the road, inasmuch as the rocks afford a shelter for Indians close by the roadside, and also an opportunity to retreat over the hills where it would be next to impossible to follow them. Every great thoroughfare in this country has its noted point of rocks, and travelers should be on their guard in approaching them, as Indians may be secreted so as to betray no evidence of their vicinity. At this place we met a solitary foot passenger going to Socorro; said he was not afraid, that he was anxious to go and could not wait for company. He had a blanket, a loaf of bread, a canteen of water, a flask of whiskey, brace of pistols and a heavy walking club.

Three miles farther on are the Ponds of Perillo, (Ponds of Peril,) so called from their dangerous proximity to the point of rocks.<sup>23</sup> No water in them. Twenty-two miles far-

23. This placename should be spelled "Perrillo" and means "little dog." The name derives from an historical incident of 1598 when Don Juan de Oñate and the first colonists were coming north. At this point on the Jornada when they were in desperate need of water, a small dog returned to camp with muddied paws. They backtrailed him and found the waterholes.

ther on, brought us once more to the river, and to the end of the Jornada. This camping ground is called Roblero. Arrived here at four P. M., having been just twenty-four hours on the desert. Distance ninety miles. The journey of the dead, as the name given to this desert signified, is a misnomer. From many accounts which I had heard of it, I expected to see graves and human bones scattered along the whole distance, but on the contrary, there are but three graves, nor did I see a single human bone. Neither are there half as many carcasses of animals on the whole route as I have frequently noticed in a distance of two miles in the vicinity of Santa Fé. And this is not so barren a desert as has been represented. Nearly the whole distance there is a luxuriant growth of grass, which indicates a naturally good soil, and would produce abundantly could it be watered. Several varieties of Cactus, a species of Maguey, the Soap plant, and some other shrubbery are very abundant and grow to a great size.<sup>24</sup> Halted for half an hour, and then started for Doña Ana, 8 miles distant where we arrived at eight o'clock P. M. Capt. Buford kindly invited me to accept a room at his quarters.<sup>25</sup> Glad to sleep in a house again.

This is comparatively a new town, containing some 200 souls. It is a military post, commanded by Maj. Shepherd.<sup>26</sup> There is much fine land in the vicinity, and considerable timber.

### *Public Worship, the First Sermon*

Sunday 23d, arrangements having been made for public worship, at ten A. M., the officers, the two companies of soldiers, all the Americans, and several Mexicans assembled, when I tried to preach to them the Gospel. Also read the 4th chapter of John both in English and in Spanish. Capt B

24. It may be of interest to note that a large stretch of the country here described has for some years past been a reserve of the U. S. National Forest.

25. Abraham Buford was lieutenant, 1st U. S. Dragoons, but had been brevetted "Captain" for distinguished service in the Mexican War. In the Civil War he was on the Confederate side as a brigadier general.

26. Oliver Lathrop Shepherd was captain, 3rd U. S. Infantry, but was brevetted "Major" for service in the Mexican War. In the Civil War he was to distinguish himself on the Union side. Six months later (September 1851), this post was abandoned, the troops being moved south to the Bracito grant and used in the building of Fort Fillmore. (Maude McFie [Bloom], "*A History of Mesilla Valley*," unpublished thesis, 1903, State College.)

Also among these colonists was one Pedro Robledo of 60 years and four sons. The father died on the way and was buried at the last camping place (coming north) before the trail entered the Jornada. Records of both these incidents may be found in *Colección de documentos inéditos. . de Indias*, xvi, 247-8.

informed me that this was the first sermon ever preached in Doña Ana. I trust it will not be the last.

*A Good Land to Be Possessed*

Half past 1 P. M., left D. A. The valley for ten miles is broad and fertile. Wood, water and grass abundant. Drove fifteen miles and encamped on a beautiful bottom where we found a new unoccupied house, of which we took peaceable possession for the night. Much timber here.

Tuesday 25th, started at 7 o'clock. Passed hundreds and hundreds of acres of choice land which might be cultivated but for the Apache Indians who roam over this region.<sup>27</sup> At half past 10, passed the famous battle ground where Col. Doniphan had a skirmish with some Mexican lancers.<sup>28</sup> No land under cultivation for forty miles. Passed Fronteras, or White's Rancho, 9 miles from El Paso. Here the valley terminates. The road follows a serpentine course over and among the hills for seven miles. The river is compressed into a narrow passage between high bluffs; and thus the river literally passes through the mountains—hence the name El Paso—or The Pass. Just after emerging from the hills, passed an American-fashioned stone house—the first I have seen in this country. Near by, Mr. Hart is erecting a stone flouring and saw mill.<sup>29</sup> There is probably no mill for sawing lumber between this place and Santa Fe, a distance of nearly 300 miles.

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### HOME MISSION RECORD

*New Mexico Stretching Forth the Hand to God*

From Mrs. Alzina A. J. Read, Santa Fé, March 28th [1851]

We feel, dear brother, that we cannot give up this country, and we feel an increasing confidence that God's own hand has pointed us, as a denomination, to this portion of his vineyard, in a manner too signal to be disregarded. And that this is so, we think none can doubt who remember the past history of the country;—the little interest that was felt for it among Christians of all denominations, who were sending missionaries to all other parts of the inhabited

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27. This is an impression of the famous Mesilla Valley as it was in 1851.

28. The battle of Brazito occurred on Christmas Day, 1846.

29. These were the residence and mill of Judge Simeon Hart, but what Mr. Read means by "American-fashioned" is not clear. Davis called it "a large Spanish-built house." (*op. cit.*, 376).

world, and yet not one among them all for benighted New Mexico. Simultaneously with California it became a part of our beloved United States, and while the attention of many was directed towards California, and ministers of all denominations were inquiring their duty relative to that field, who, O! who thus felt for New Mexico Whose heart, fired with love to God and immortal souls, exclaimed, "Here am I, send me" to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the 100,000 benighted, superstitious, and worse than Pagans, in that wretched land? And even we who are here, our friends know, would perchance never have turned our attention hither, but for the strange and unexpected providences which diverted us from our anticipated field, and here detained us in a manner which seemed to say, "Thus far and no further shalt thou go." And yet our rebellious hearts felt almost to say, "Not so, Lord." California was our destined home, and there we desired to labor. We have sometimes felt that for *this* our trials here were all deserved: and if so we bless our Father for them, for those very trials have endeared the country to us, and we rejoice that though all unworthy, we have been permitted, as we humbly trust, to do some little for the cause of the Savior here. We feel ourselves identified with the interests of the country, but we desire assistance, and *need* some pious, devoted brethren and sisters to come to our aid. The people know nothing of the denominational difference existing in the States, but I am told they have learned that there is a difference between the three ministers here,<sup>30</sup> and they think Mr. Read is the most correct because he is a Baptist—supposing him to be more particularly a follower of John the Baptist; and they seem to expect that all other clergymen and teachers will be the same.

When we first commenced labor here we were told by Col. Washington, and many others who were, from long residence in the country able to judge of our prospects of success with this people, that our work must be emphatically "a work of faith," that we must not expect to see immediate results if ever, but must be content to labor to prepare the way for others. But after our school had been only nine months in operation, some of these same people visited it with Col. Washington, when they remarked that when we

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30. The two ministers besides her husband to whom Mrs. Read thus alludes were the Rev. E. G. Nicholson, Methodist, who came in 1850 and (probably) the Rev. William G. Kephardt who was commissioned as a Presbyterian missionary for New Mexico that same year but just when he arrived seems not to be known.

commenced, they did not think that "three years of unremitting toil" would have effected what they there saw, and yet what they then witnessed was very little compared to what is now apparent. I mention this to show you that we are not entirely without hope of accomplishing *something* even here. The people are said to be a jealous people; I do not know but they are, they assuredly have had enough to make them jealous of Americans, but their confidence once obtained, they are trusting to a fault; and a wise, judicious teacher will soon acquire an almost unlimited influence over them, so that they will readily, nay eagerly, listen to his instruction and preaching. Now wherever Mr. Read preaches they flock to hear him in crowds, and priests often attend also when they expect to be able to understand. At first they were suspicious of our tracts and books, but now they seek for them often with great anxiety, and many, very many are almost daily importuning us to send to you for Bibles. I say *you*, because they understand there is such a society laboring for their benefit. Since my husband has been absent, or for the last five or six weeks, we have received more calls by such than during our entire residence in the country. Saturday is the day for those who live at great distances to come to town, to remain during the Sabbath and our fine spring weather permits many to come, and they sometimes fill my house, asking for Bibles, books and tracts, and desiring to converse about our religion; and although many doubtless are influenced by curiosity, some recently have evinced a deep interest. Last Saturday morning they commenced very early to call, and before 10 a. m. I distributed more than three dozen Spanish tracts, many of them for the most distant parts of New Mexico. Seated on the floor, a motley group, covered by their variegated "*serapes*," their heads shaded by their broad brimmed "*sombreros*," some of them neat and clean, but many of them filthy in the extreme, jabbering their barbarous Spanish (their language is so corrupted as to be hardly understood by good Castilian scholars.) I could but feel, while looking at them, that they were as verily heathen as earth contains. And yet they all have immortal souls, and I doubt not that some of the priceless jewels that cluster around the Savior's glory, will be called from among this now *degraded* people. O how this thought encourages me to lose sight of, or look beyond, their present wretchedness, and keeping the vision of faith fixed only on their future redemption and glory, labor only to

promote them. Some came to see if our Bibles, which we told them some time ago, we hoped to obtain, had arrived, and when I told them no, they wished me to read some for them which they could remember, and tell their friends at home.

Yesterday one of the most influential men of the country, formerly a governor of this place, and long an officer of rank in the Mexican army, came with another of the same class<sup>31</sup> to obtain books, and sitting down, he read a tract aloud, often exclaiming *good*. He wished to engage five Bibles to send into the lower country. We are greatly embarrassed for want of Bibles. When people come a great distance for them, we are pained to be obliged to refuse them, especially at the thought that they will perhaps never come again, or be willing to receive them. It is so short time since they have been willing to take them, that we would like to supply every one "Not *knowing* which will prosper, this or that," but praying and hoping that God will bless some. We do hope that some Bibles will be sent us at the earliest possible date.

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## HOME MISSION RECORD

October, 1851

Rev. Mr. Read's Third Tour, No. 3

### *El Passo*

One mile and a half brought us to El Passo. This is a military post commanded by Major Van Horne.<sup>32</sup>

*Wednesday, 26th.*—All this day occupied in making observations and inquiries relative to the establishment of an Academy and Boarding School at this place. El Passo, on the American side of the river is called Franklin. Formerly it was only a single rancho which is now occupied by the troops. Two or three other small buildings have since been erected, so that it is but a very small place. But the proprietor informed me that he is now making arrangements to build extensively this season.<sup>33</sup> He is to lay out a regular

31. Perhaps some reader can suggest the identity of these two gentlemen.

32. Jefferson Van Horne was captain, 3rd U. S. Infantry, but brevetted "Major" for service in the Mexican War. He died Sept. 28, 1857.

33. According to Owen White (*Out of the Desert: The Historical Romance of El Paso*, 43), Franklin Coontz was appointed postmaster in 1852 for the stage-station which had been located at his ranch. He was given the privilege of naming the office—and he modestly gave it his own name "Franklin." But here is evidence that the name was in use a year earlier, and "the proprietor" was planning to lay out a regular town!

Mr. Read's account needs some clarifying. Emerging from the gorge, he found

town and offer good inducements for settlers to locate there. It will doubtless be a place of much importance ere long. By the recent adjustment of the boundary between Texas and New Mexico, this place is in Texas. It is a military post, and probably will long remain so. There are two companies stationed here. Mrs. Lieut. Wilkins is the only American lady here.<sup>34</sup> The climate is delightful. Fruit, such as grapes, pears, peaches, quinces, apples, apricots, and some figs are abundant. In company with Dr. Stone, visited El Paso, on the Mexican side of the river. This is a beautiful place. The town extends several miles, and appears like one continuous, highly cultivated garden. This is the port of entry from New Mexico and northern Texas. I called on the priest Ramond Ortiz, who figured largely during Doniphan's campaign in this country.<sup>35</sup> He is, as he has been represented an intelligent, shrewd man, and exerts a greater influence than any other man in the State of Chihuahua. In the afternoon recrossed the river and in company with Major Van Horne, called on Mr. McGoffin, to whom I had a letter of introduction,

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34. John Darragh Wilkins was 2nd lieut., 3rd U. S. Infantry, brevetted "1st Lieut." for gallant service in Mexico.

35. Padre Ramón Ortiz and Manuel Armendáriz were the two commissioners sent by the Mexican government in 1849, after the loss of New Mexico to the United States, to encourage and aid Mexican citizens to migrate to Old Mexico. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 472-3.

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himself at Hart's mill. About a mile from there (and where the Mills Building stands today) was Coontz' Rancho; and a long half-mile farther was Magoffinville (though Read does not use this name), the residence and buildings of James W. Magoffin. Then another mile east (down the valley) was a large ranch belonging to Hugh Stephenson.

In 1848, a detachment of the 1st U. S. Dragoons under Maj. Benjamin Beall arrived at the Coontz ranch and camped there for some months. Maj. D. B. Sanger (*The Story of Fort Bliss*, 8) states that after the War Department created (Sept. 14, 1848) the military post of "El Paso," four companies and regimental headquarters of the 3rd U. S. Infantry arrived under Maj. Van Horne and got temporary quarters at Magoffinville. But J. R. Bartlett, in his *Personal Narrative of Explorations, 1850-3*, says that the military post was at the Coontz ranch for about three years under Maj. Van Horne; and in his account the Rev. Mr. Read seems to corroborate this as of March 1851.

Perhaps Mr. Read thought that the name "Franklin" included both the Magoffin and the Coontz places, but Owen White (*op. cit.*, 42) remarks: "A man undertaking to make the trip from Coontz' Rancho to Magoffinville did so at the imminent risk of losing his scalp in the middle of what is now San Antonio street."

We might add that the name "Franklin" continued in use until 1859 and survives even today in "Franklin Mountain." The more appropriate "El Paso" gradually (from 1858) supplanted "Franklin" and in 1873 became the corporate name.



also on Mr. Stevenson.<sup>36</sup> These men are perhaps 50 years of age, have lived in this country about 25 years, have large families and are wealthy.—They will do much towards aiding our plans.

### *San Elesario*

*Thursday, 27th*—Today went to San Elesario, in Texas, a distance of 25 miles. This is the most southern station of the 9th military department. It is commanded by Capt. Johns.<sup>37</sup> It is situated on an island, about 40 lineal [miles] long, and averaging 5 or 6 wide.<sup>38</sup> Went down on the Mexican side some 12 miles. Nearly all the way the land is highly cultivated, and produces abundantly. After crossing the river to the island, found the soil about the same as in Mexico. Passed through the towns of Isleta and Socorro. The first contains about 200 inhabitants, the other twice as many. At Socorro, 4 men were recently convicted of murder and hung—all on one tree.

The town of Presidio de San Elesario (Fort of St. Elia-sor) contains some 500 souls. It is a beautiful place. This too, appears like a large garden. The same fruits are found here as at El Paso. Property here is very cheap.

### *The Banner of the Cross Unfurled*

*Lord's Day, March 30th*—Having returned to El Paso

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36. Hugh Stephenson was of German descent and his wife was Mexican. He had been in the country so long that the natives did not regard him as an "American." His name and that of a son Horace were associated for many years with an old Spanish mine in the Organ Mts. east of Las Cruces, best known in mining history as the "Stephenson," or (after the Civil War) as the "Stephenson-Bennett."

We are told (Maude McFie, *op. cit.*) that Stephenson acquired a two-thirds interest in the Bracito Grant, he taking the part lying to the north. It would be interesting to know what it cost him, for in 1851 he leased a square mile of it to the federal government for twenty years for the astonishing sum of \$200,000.00! (*ibid.*) This was for the establishing of Fort Fillmore, mentioned in a previous note.

After the Civil War, the federal authorities tried, through the New Mexico courts, to confiscate the properties of a number of ex-Confederates. Suit was instituted in 1865 against Stephenson for his Bracito property and mines in the Organ Mts. But, like Simeon Hart, he was a resident of El Paso and such confiscations were later (1868) reversed by the U. S. Supreme Court. (*v. Tittmann*, in *N. M. Hist. Rev.*, IV, 140-3.)

37. William Brooke Johns, capt. 3rd U. S. Infantry, distinguished himself in the Mexican War. His name was dropped at the outbreak of the Civil War.

38. The missing word seems to be "miles." Old San Elceario (modern Elizario) was located on the south side of the river, but through the centuries—and even decades—the changing stream-bed has changed the local geography for many a town.

J. R. Bartlett gave the length of the island as twenty miles; and said that on it also were the towns of Isleta and Socorro.

a day or two since, Major Van Horne made arrangements for public service on the military plaza, (there being no house large enough,) and I gladly embraced the opportunity of unfurling the banner of the cross for the first time in this place. The assembly was large, and consisted of all the officers, soldiers, (two companies,) American and Mexican citizens from both sides of the river. It was an interesting, and I trust a profitable season.

### *The Homeward Journey*

The object of my visit to this part of the country is now accomplished, and I feel anxious to return to my home as soon as practicable, to relieve my faithful and feeble wife of the onerous duties which devolve upon her in my absence.

*Wednesday, April 2nd*—Left El Paso 31st, at 9 A. M., and reached Doña Ana at 3 P. M., which place we again left at 9 A. M. Went to the river, 8 miles, and halted for the day previous to entering upon the Jornada. At 4 P. M., again entered the desert, passed the point of rocks in safety, though long after dark. Traveled until 1 o'clock, and encamped, having made about 50 miles.

*Thursday, 3d*—Started at 7. Saw a large flock of antelopes, and during the day, saw several droves, but all very wild. Reached Fra Cristobal at 4 P. M., and encamped. Thus have we twice passed the Jornada in safety.

*Saturday, 5th*—Arrived at Socorro at 11, A. M.

### *Labors of Another Sabbath*

*Lord's Day, 6th*—Had an opportunity to preach to a large audience. Many Mexicans present. All paid good attention.

*Monday, 7th*—Left Socorro at half-past 10 A. M. Traveled about 25 miles and encamped in a grove opposite La Jolla. This is considered one of the most dangerous places on the road.

*Wednesday, 9th*—Reached Albuquerque at noon—Leaving my traveling companions here, at half-past six, in the evening, I resumed my journey alone. Rode to Algodonis, 25 miles, and after an hour's search, found some corn for my horse, a piece of bread for myself, and staid until daylight.

*Thursday, 10th*—Today I ascended an almost impass-

sable mountain, even for goats,<sup>39</sup> and finally, after a ride of 40 miles reached home at 5 P. M. grateful, I trust, to find my dear wife in usual health. I have been absent 38 days, traveled 960 miles, and I trust have laid the foundation for much good to the people of New Mexico.

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## HOME MISSION RECORD

November, 1851

Rev. H. W. Read

A letter has reached us from Rev. H. W. Read, our missionary to New Mexico, dated Council Grove, I. T., Oct. 19th. He is returning with Mrs. Read, the state of whose health requires a few months residence in some Eastern State. She suffered much during the journey from Santa Fe, and Mr. Read also was quite ill for several days. It was Mr. Read's intention, at the time of writing, to spend a day or two at the Shawnee Mission station, then proceed directly to St. Louis and from thence, as soon as consistent, to this city. He will, probably, remain in New York a few weeks, and spend the winter in visiting the churches in the Atlantic States.

On the 14th October, Mr. Read had the happiness of meeting our missionaries, Rev. J. M. Shaw,<sup>40</sup> and wife, near Fort Mackey, on the Arkansas river, traveling in company with an ox train. They had been a month on the road, and expected it would require about another month to reach Santa Fe. They were in good health. A young lady, who left the State of New York, to accompany them as a teacher, was compelled on account of sickness, to abandon the journey, and intended to remain during the winter, at the Shawnee Mission Station.

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39. He was heading back to Santa Fé by the most direct route. Evidently there was an old trail up that stiff climb where, years later, a roadway was dug out—known to history as Old La Bajada.

40. Probably the Rev. Mr. Shaw went directly to Socorro, although Davis did not mention him there in 1855. He was living in Socorro in 1873,—and stated that at the outbreak of the Civil War all Baptist missionaries had been withdrawn from New Mexico. Also in 1880 he sold to the Presbyterians in Socorro the church edifice which was built on his land. Possibly he was the "John M. Shaw" who served as an Indian agent at the Southern Apache Agency in 1874-76.

## HOME MISSION RECORD

December, 1851

Rev. H. W. Read

We are much gratified in being able to announce the arrival in the city, of Rev. H. W. Read, our missionary to New Mexico. He is accompanied by Mrs. Read, whose health we are happy to say, is much improved by the journey. They will remain a few weeks in this city, and then extend their visits as far as possible among the churches of the Eastern States, till Spring, when, after a tour at the West, they will probably return to their field, accompanied, we hope, by several missionaries and teachers.

Mrs. Read has consented to address assemblies of ladies, when consistent with her health, on the moral and social character and condition of the females of New Mexico. From the statements already communicated by Mr. and Mrs. Read, we presume that a visit from them will be appreciated by the churches generally.

Efficient operations in favor of that interesting field are demanded of us immediately. As a denomination, we are solemnly responsible for the moral and religious character that may be given to the New Mexicans. Such a character they will doubtless speedily receive from some source, and in the exercise of which, as our fellow citizens, (for such now they are,) there are interests at stake which should excite our utmost Christian charity and zeal, and prompt us to exertions that may, with God's blessing, prove a real blessing to them and to our country.

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HOME MISSION RECORD

January, 1852

Mr. and Mrs. Read's Visit

Everybody knows that we have expressed deep interest in the moral and religious interests of New Mexico ever since it became territory of the United States. We saw it lying in wickedness, and gross darkness covering the people. We saw them groping, stumbling, falling, dying amidst that darkness, and longed for their deliverance. We caught the glimmer of the single ray of light shot by Divine providence among them from the Sun of righteousness, and we allowed

ourselves to hope. As other rays have fallen we have thanked God and taken courage. The visit of Brother and Sister Read has strengthened us, and diffused hope and courage in reference to that people among our churches in this city. The statements made by Bro. Read to the churches, and those of Sister Read to the females who have thronged to hear her, concerning the social, moral and religious condition of our fellow-citizens of New Mexico, have awakened an interest for them which we think must be productive of their future benefit.

We are glad of the coming of these friends among us, and are glad that they will have an opportunity to extend their visit to other cities. We need not bespeak the attention of churches on whom they may call; that will naturally follow where they speak. But as it will be impossible for them to visit all, we shall sincerely congratulate all who may enjoy an opportunity to listen to them.

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Rev. H. W. Read, returned missionary from New Mexico, will proceed in a few days to Philadelphia, for the purpose of addressing the churches of that city, upon the subject of missions in his adopted Territory. He will be accompanied by his wife, who will also address assemblies of ladies, on the same subject, undoubtedly, much to their edification and profit.

Rev. J. S. Ladd, our Collecting Agent, will also accompany them, and remain a few weeks, for the purpose of making the annual collections, for our Society, usual in that city, at this time of the year.

# THE CONFEDERATE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA, AS COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL SOURCES,

*By F. S. DONNELL*

THE TERRITORY of New Mexico was formed under an act of congress passed September 9th, 1850, and included in its boundaries part of the lands transferred by Mexico to the United States after the Mexican War and part of the territory ceded by Texas in 1850. Its northern boundary was described as running west from the 103rd degree of longitude and the 38th degree of latitude to the summit of the Sierra Madre, thence south with the crest of said mountains to the 37th parallel, thence west to the boundary line of California. Its southern boundary followed the boundary line of the Republic of Mexico east to the Rio Grande, thence along the 32nd parallel to the 103rd degree of longitude.

This territory was enlarged on August 4th, 1854, by the addition of the Gadsden purchase; and it was reduced by the formation of Colorado Territory in 1861, which took away all lands north of the 37th parallel, and of Arizona Territory in 1863 which took all west of the 109th degree of longitude, leaving the boundaries as they exist today.

The territory covered such a large area and means of communication were so difficult that many differences arose between the old settlers in the northern part and some of the new comers in the south and southwest. Those in the south claimed that they did not have a fair representation in the government at Santa Fé; that Taos, Rio Arriba and Santa Fé counties so manipulated the elections that it was not even worth while to send a representative to the legislature at Santa Fé to represent Doña Ana and Arizona.

On August 29th, 1856, a convention was held at Tucson and a resolution was passed to send a memorial to congress urging the organization of a separate territory of Arizona,

and Nathan P. Cook was sent to Washington as a delegate to work for the passage of such a bill. The committee on territories reported against it because of the limited population included in the proposed area.

President Buchanan in his message to congress in December 1857 recommended a territorial government for Arizona, "incorporating with it such portions of New Mexico as they may deem expedient." He also advocated the building of a railroad from the western boundary of Texas, on the Rio Grande, to a point on the Gulf of California, a distance of 470 miles.

In his second annual message, December 6, 1858, he said: "The population of that territory (Arizona) numbering as is alleged, more than 10,000 souls, are practically without a government, without laws, and without any regular administration of justice. Murder and other crimes are committed with impunity. This state of things calls loudly for redress, and I therefore repeat my recommendation for the establishment of a Territorial government over Arizona." In the same message, commenting on the situation in the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora, he said "the local governments of these states are perfectly helpless and are kept in a state of constant alarm by the Indians. A state of anarchy and violence prevails throughout that distant frontier. For this reason the settlement of Arizona is arrested. . . . I can imagine no possible remedy for these evils and no mode of restoring law and order on that remote and unsettled frontier but for the Government of the United States to assume a temporary protectorate over the northern portions of Chihuahua and Sonora and to establish military posts within the same; and this I earnestly recommend to Congress. This protection may be withdrawn as soon as local governments shall be established in these Mexican States capable of performing their duties to the United States, restraining the lawless, and preserving peace along the border." In this message he again called

attention to the need and great value of a railroad to reach California.

In his third annual message (December 19, 1859) he once more recommended the establishment of a territorial government for Arizona and to establish one or more military posts across the Mexican line in Sonora and Chihuahua.

In April 1860, another convention, composed of thirty-one delegates was held at Tucson to organize the territory of Arizona. This was to include all of New Mexico south of latitude 33°40' and was divided into four counties, Doña Ana, Mesilla, Ewell and Castle Dome.

James A. Lucas was president of this convention and Granville H. Oury (who was a member of the New Mexico legislature in 1857, and in January 1862 was sent as a delegate from the Territory of Arizona to the Confederate congress at Richmond) was secretary.

On March 16, 1861, a convention was held at Mesilla at which James A. Lucas was the presiding officer, and resolutions were passed repudiating the United States and attaching themselves to the Confederate States. The sixth resolution passed by this convention read as follows: "Resolved, That we will not recognize the present Black Republican administration, and that we will resist any officers appointed to this territory by said administration with whatever means in our power."<sup>1</sup>

All of this friction between the northern and southern parts of New Mexico greatly encouraged the Confederate government at Richmond to believe that if an army were sent to the Rio Grande they would have no trouble in capturing the country and opening the way for an outlet on the Gulf of California through the Mexican State of Sonora; and when this was accomplished they would be in a good position to join with the many southern sympathizers in California in an effort to capture California for the south.

In July 1861 Jefferson Davis authorized General H. H.

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1. Official Records Civil War, Ser. 1, IV, p. 39.



Sibley, who had resigned his position in the Union Army and joined the Confederate forces, to proceed at once to Texas and organize a force to capture New Mexico, and in case he succeeded in doing this he was instructed to organize a military government of the Territory, the details of which were to be submitted to Davis at the earliest possible moment.

General Sibley organized his force and established headquarters at Fort Bliss, Texas, gathering supplies and ammunition here for his attack upon New Mexico. While waiting here for more troops to arrive he very much feared that the Union forces would try to capture the fort and felt that he could not hold it with the men he had, hence he tried to block such a move by getting as many of his former friends as possible among the Union officers to desert and join with him. Colonel W. W. Loring had been in command of the Department of New Mexico until he was succeeded by General Canby when he sent in his resignation. Before it was accepted and while still in the service, General Sibley wrote him the following letter from El Paso:<sup>2</sup>

El Paso, Texas, June 12, 1861

Col. W. W. Loring  
My Dear Loring:

We are at last under the glorious banner of the Confederate States of America. It was indeed a glorious sensation of protection, hope, and pride. Though its folds were modest and unpretending, the emblem was still there. Van Dorn is in command at San Antonio. He has ordered four companies of Texas troops to garrison this post. They cannot be expected to reach here, however, before the 1st proximo. Meantime, Colonel Magoffin, Judge Hart, and Crosby are much exercised and concerned on account of the present public stores here in their present unguarded condition.

There are full supplies of subsistence and ammunition here for two or more companies for twelve months. The loss of these supplies by capture or destruction would occasion serious embarrassment to the cause. Meanwhile you may, by delaying your own departure a week or two,

2. *Official Records*, Ser. 1, Vol IV, p. 55.

add much to the security of this property.—Should you be relieved from your command too soon to prevent an attempt on the part of your successor to re-capture, by a coup-de-main, the property here, send a notice by extraordinary express to Judge Hart. Your seat in the stage may at the same time be engaged.

Movements are in contemplation from this direction which I am not at liberty to disclose. You will arrive here in time for everything and to hear everything. My love to those who love me.

Faithfully yours,

H. H. SIBLEY.

On the night of July 23, 1861, Colonel John R. Baylor with 258 men marched up the valley from El Paso to make a surprise attack on Fort Fillmore, near Las Cruces, which was held by a force of about 700 men under command of Major Isaac Lynde. On the morning of the 25th there was some fighting at Mesilla, with a few killed and wounded on each side. On the 26th Major Lynde gave orders to abandon the fort and planned to join the Union forces at Fort Stanton. Colonel Baylor overtook Major Lynde's command near San Augustine Springs and without risking a battle or even consulting with his officers he surrendered his entire force to Colonel Baylor. For this action Major Lynde was tried by court martial and on November 25, 1861, by order of President Lincoln he was dismissed from the army.<sup>3</sup>

The surrender of Major Lynde's force left the entire southern part of the territory in complete control of the Confederates and on August 1, 1861, Colonel Baylor issued a proclamation taking possession of the country in the name and behalf of the Confederate States of America and appointing himself the first governor. For other offices he selected James A. Lucas, secretary; M. H. McWillis (who afterwards was elected as delegate from the Territory of Arizona to the Confederate Congress, taking his seat March 11, 1862) as attorney general; E. Augorsteen, treasurer;

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3. *Official Records*, Ser. 1, Vol. IV, p. 15.

George M. Frazier, marshall; Frank Higgins, probate judge, of the First Judicial District; L. W. Greek, justice of peace for Doña Ana county; M. A. Verimindi, justice of peace, 4th precinct, Mesilla; Henry L. Dexter, justice of peace, La Mesa; M. M. Steinthal, justice of peace, Pinos Altos; and C. Lanches, justice of peace, San Tomás.

At least one of these officials took office at once, as the court records of Doña Ana County show that on August 8, 1861 Frank Higgins presided at probate judge, the first entry in the record book being:

### The Confederate States of America

The Territory of Arizona  
County of Doña Ana

August 8, 1861

This day met the Honl. the Probate Court of the above named county, Present Frank Higgins Esqr. Probate Judge, Charles A. Hoppin, clerk of the District Court & ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court and John A. Roberts Sheriff. The Judge and Sheriff holding their Commissions from Lt. Col. John R. Baylor, Commanding the Military Forces of the Confederate States in said Territory and Acting Governor of the same.

Two regular terms of this court were held in September and December of 1861, and several special terms. Frank Higgins served as judge until January 1862, when he was succeeded by John Peter Deus, who resigned in June 1862.<sup>4</sup>

In a report made by Colonel Baylor on August 8, 1861, to General Earl Van Dorn commanding the Department of Texas, he stated:

I have established a provisional government for the Territory of Arizona, and made the appointments to fill offices necessary to enforce the laws. I have proclaimed myself governor, have authorized the raising of four companies to hold the Territory and afford protection to the citizens.

The vast mineral resources of Arizona, in addition to its affording an outlet to the Pacific, make its acquisition a

4. Two very interesting accounts of the proceedings of this court have been published in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, one by Edward D. Tittman, in Vol. III, Page 347, and the other by Charles S. Walker, Jr., in Vol. IV, page 253.

matter of some importance to our government, and now that I have taken possession of the Territory, I trust a force sufficient to occupy and hold it will be sent by the government, under some competent man.

I have acted in all matters relating to the acquisition of Arizona entirely upon my own responsibility, and can only refer the matter, through you for the approval of the Government.<sup>5</sup>

Evidently Col. Baylor and his military government did not get the support of the native population which he expected. General Canby, in command of the Union forces at Santa Fé, in a letter written to Headquarters at St. Louis, said:

The people of the Territory, with few exceptions, I believe are loyal but they are apathetic in disposition, and will adopt any measures that may be necessary for the defense of their Territory with great tardiness, looking with greater concern to their private, and often petty interests, and delaying or defeating the objects of the Government by their personal or political quarrels.<sup>6</sup>

On October 25, 1861, Colonel Baylor wrote to General Sibley asking for reinforcements, saying that Colonel Canby was marching down the valley with a force of 2,500 men and that he would have to abandon the country. He stated that "The Mexican population are decidedly Northern in sentiment, and avail themselves of the first opportunity to rob us or join the enemy. Nothing but a strong force will keep them quiet."<sup>7</sup>

He stated that he was being kept posted on the movements of the northern troops by Messrs. Phillips and Battle of Santa Fé and that they are "gentlemen well known as men of veracity."<sup>8</sup>

Colonel Baylor was very anxious to secure the assistance of the many Southern men living in California and on

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5. *Official Reports*, Ser. 1, Vol. IV, p. 23.

6. *Official Records*, Ser. 1, Vol. IV, p. 65.

7. *Official Records*, Ser. 1, Vol. IV, p. 132.

8. *Official Records*, Ser. 1, Vol. IV, p. 133.

November 2, 1861, he wrote to Major S. B. Davis:

California is on the eve of a revolution. There are many Southern men there who would cheerfully join us if they could get to us, and they could come well armed and mounted. Another thing I take the liberty of suggesting is, that a force be placed in western Arizona, to watch the landing of United States troops at Guaymas, that they may not pass through Sonora to invade us. I am reliably informed that the Government of Mexico has sent orders to the governor of Sonora to allow the passage of United States troops through that State, and agents are in Sonora buying corn and supplies for the United States troops.<sup>9</sup>

On receipt of Colonel Baylor's letter of October 25th, General Sibley left San Antonio on November 18th for El Paso with the reinforcements asked for, and under General Orders No. 10 dated at Fort Bliss, December 14, 1861, he assumed command of all the forces in the Territory of New Mexico and Arizona. On December 20th he issued the following proclamation:<sup>10</sup>

#### PROCLAMATION OF BRIG. GEN. H. H. SIBLEY TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW MEXICO

An army under my command enters New Mexico to take possession of it in the name and for the benefit of the Confederate States. By geographical position, by similarity of institutions, by commercial interests, and by future destinies New Mexico pertains to the Confederacy.

Upon the peaceful people of New Mexico the Confederate States wage no war. To them we come as friends, to re-establish a governmental connection agreeable and advantageous both to them and to us; to liberate them from the yoke of a military despotism erected by usurpers upon the ruins of the former free institutions of the United States; to relieve them from the iniquitous taxes and exactions imposed upon them by that usurpation; to insure and to revere their religion, and to restore their civil and political liberties.

The existing war is one most wickedly waged by the

9. *Official Records*, Ser. 1, Vol. IV, p. 149.

10. *Official Records*, Ser. 1, Vol. IV, p. 89.

United States upon the Confederate States for the subjugation and oppression of the latter by force of arms. It has already failed. Victory has crowned the arms of the Confederate States wherever an encounter worthy of being called a battle has been joined. Witness the capture in the Mesilla Valley of the whole force of the enemy by scarcely half their number.

The army under my command is ample to seize and to maintain possession of New Mexico against any force which the enemy now has or is able to place within its limits. It is my purpose to accomplish this object without injury to the peaceful people of the country. Follow, then, quietly your peaceful avocations and from my forces you have nothing to fear. Your persons, your families and your property shall be secure and safe. Such forage and supplies as my army shall require will be purchased in open market and paid for at fair price. If destroyed or removed to prevent me from availing myself of them, those who co-operate with our enemies will be treated accordingly, and must prepare to share their fate.

When the authority of the Confederate States shall be established in New Mexico, a government of your best men, to be conducted upon principles with which you are familiar and to which you are attached, will be inaugurated. Your religious, civil, and political rights and liberties will be re-established and maintained sacred and intact. In the meantime, by virtue of the powers vested in me by the President and Government of the Confederate States I abrogate and abolish the law of the United States levying taxes upon the people of New Mexico.

To my old comrades in arms, still in the ranks of the usurpers of their Government and liberties, I appeal in the name of former friendship; drop at once the arms which degrade you into the tools of tyrants, renounce their service, and array yourselves under the colors of justice and freedom. I am empowered to receive you into the services of the Confederate States; the officers upon their commissions, the men upon their enlistments. By every principle of law and morality you are exonerated from service in the ranks of our enemies. You never engaged in the service of one portion of the old Union to fight against another portion, who, so far from being your enemies, have ever been your best friends. In the sight of God and man, you are justified

in renouncing a service iniquitous in itself and in which you never engaged.

Done at headquarters of the Army of New Mexico by me this 20th day of December A. D. 1861.

H. H. SIBLEY

Brigadier General Army C. S.

On the same day General Sibley issued an order that Col. John R. Baylor was to continue as civil and military Governor of the Territory of Arizona.

In a report to Jefferson Davis under date of December 14, 1861, J. P. Benjamin, secretary of war, stated that:

The population of Arizona is almost unanimously desirous of the annexation of that Territory to the Confederate States. The United States troops there, routed and put to flight by the expedition under the command of Col. John R. Baylor, had at one time abandoned the country. Under these circumstances Colonel Baylor, after satisfying himself of the wishes of the inhabitants, proceeded upon his own responsibility to assume the military government of the Territory of Arizona.

All the proceedings of Col. Baylor appear to have been marked by prudence, energy and sagacity, and to be deserving of high praise. The result of his action has been the securing to the Confederacy of a portion of the territory formerly common to all the States but now forming a natural appendage to our Confederate States, opening a pathway to the Pacific and guaranteeing Western Texas from the dangers incident to allowing the Indian tribes in that extensive territory to remain under foreign influence. Since his success in expelling the Federal troops and taking peaceful possession of the Territory an effort has been made by the United States to disturb the tranquility of the inhabitants by sending a force of about 2,500 men, under Colonel Canby, who at the last advices was marching toward the headquarters of Colonel Baylor at Doña Ana.

In organizing a more permanent Territorial government for Arizona, with its present expanded boundaries, I beg to suggest that the population is of so mixed a character, and the number of inhabitants educated in representative institutions is so limited, that it would scarcely be practicable to maintain social order and insure the execution

of the laws by an elective government. Some system analogous in its nature to that adopted for the government of the Orleans Territory by the act of March 26, 1804, seems to be much better adapted at least for the present, to this Territory; and its extent of surface is so great that Congress may, perhaps, deem it proper further to imitate the example set in the act above recited by dividing it into two governments.<sup>11</sup>

On January 17, 1862, a letter to Colonel Canby from El Paso said:

General Sibley and staff arrived in El Paso about a month ago. The troops are badly provisioned and armed, they have no money, and their paper is only taken by the merchants, not by the Mexicans. The Mexican population are much opposed to them, also at Mesilla and Doña Ana. Irisana and Ambugo goods at Mesilla have been confiscated, and that is the order of the day. S. Hart has done more to aid and assist them than the balance of the capitalists have, and has gone so far as to give a list of the principal capitalists in New Mexico, to confiscate their property, and that is their aim.<sup>12</sup>

On February 21, 1862, a correspondent of R. L. Robertson, United States consul at Mazatlan, Mexico, wrote regarding the conditions around El Paso:

The Texans are badly armed and short of provisions. Flour and beef is all they have; coffee and bacon they have none. They have acted about El Paso in such a manner as to enrage the whole community against them. All Mexicans are down on them. The officers have no control over them, and they do just as they please, and you know what men off a long trip please to do. Blankets, onions, wine and everything they can lay their hands on they carry off.<sup>13</sup>

On January 18, 1862, the Confederate Congress passed an act to organize the Territory of Arizona, the northern boundary being the 34th parallel, which runs a few miles south of the town of Socorro; Texas on the east, the Colorado River on the west, and the boundary of Mexico on

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11. *Official Records*, Ser. IV, Vol. 1, p. 791.

12. *Official Records*, Ser. IV, Vol. 1, p. 89.

13. *Official Records*, Vol. 50, Part 1, p. 1012.



the south. The governor was to be appointed by the president of the Confederacy for a term of six years, with a salary of \$1,500 as governor, and \$500 as commissioner of Indian affairs. The legislature was to consist of a council of thirteen members and a house of representatives of thirteen for the first year, which might be increased from time to time as the population increased, but the whole number was not to exceed thirty-nine.

All legislative proceedings were to be conducted in the English language. The congress of the Confederate States reserved the right at any time to change, modify or annul any law passed by the legislature, also to pass for the people of the Territory any law which it might deem expedient or necessary and proper. The act also provided for slavery.

No member of the legislature could hold, or be appointed to, any office which was created or the salary of which had been increased while he was a member, either during the term for which he was elected or for one year after its expiration. The members of the legislature were to receive \$4.00 per day and \$4.00 for every 20 miles of travel in going to and returning from sessions, the mileage being estimated according to the nearest usually traveled route.

To defray the contingent expenses of the Territory an appropriation of \$1,000 was authorized. The seat of government was designated to be at La Mesilla. One delegate to the Confederate congress at Richmond was provided for, with a salary of \$8.00 a day and mileage at the rate of ten cents per mile.

On February 14, 1862, a proclamation was issued by President Jefferson Davis declaring this act to be in full force and effect.<sup>14</sup>

On March 13, 1862, President Davis sent the following names to the senate to be confirmed as officers of the new Territory of Arizona; John R. Baylor, of Arizona, gover-

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14. *Official Records*, Ser. IV, Vol. 1, pp. 853, 859, 930.

nor; Robert Josselyn, of Mississippi, secretary; Alexander M. Jackson, of New Mexico, chief justice; Columbus Upson, of Texas, associate justice; Russel Howard, of Arizona, attorney; and Samuel J. Jones of Arizona, marshal.<sup>15</sup>

The first delegate in congress to represent the Territory was Granville H. Oury, who was recognized as such January 18, 1862, the day on which the act admitting the territory was passed; and on March 11, 1862, he was succeeded by Marcus H. McWillie, the attorney general of the Territory under the military government of Colonel Baylor. He served until the end of the Confederate government in 1865.<sup>16</sup>

The organization of the Territory of Arizona was only a part of a much larger plan of the Confederates which contemplated adding the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora to the Confederacy, thus obtaining control, not only of a rich mineral country, but of a seaport on the Gulf of California. In February 1862, General Sibley sent a force of 100 cavalry commanded by Captain Hunter to capture Tucson, which he did on February 28th. With these troops he sent Colonel James Reily on a mission to Governor Pesqueira of Sonora to try and arrange with him for the free entry of troops and supplies at Guaymas. In this, however, he was not successful, as Governor Pesqueira was in sympathy with the North, and refused to enter into any deal with the Confederates. Had he done so there might have been an entirely different outcome to the control of the southwest and California.

Tucson did not long remain in Confederate hands, for on May 20th, 1862, when the first of the California Volunteers under command of Colonel J. R. West reached there, they found that Captain Hunter and his troops had abandoned the town and were in full retreat to the Rio Grande.<sup>17</sup>

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15. *Official Records*, Vol. 50, Part 1, p. 925.

16. *Official Records*, Ser. IV, Vol. 3, pp. 1187, 1189, 1191.

17. *Official Records*, Vol. 50, Part 1, pp. 944, 1031, 1088.

This victory was followed up by the famous march of the California Volunteers, 1,400 strong under General James H. Carleton (later appointed to command the Department of New Mexico, with headquarters at Santa Fe) to drive the Confederates out of New Mexico.

The advanced column under Colonel Frye reached the Rio Grande at Fort Thorn (north of the present town of Hatch) on July 4th, 1862, and for the first time since the surrender of Fort Fillmore by Major Lynde the Stars and Stripes floated again on the lower Rio Grande.

As soon as the arrival of these troops was known, the Confederates made a hasty flight, abandoning Mesilla, Las Cruces, Franklin and all points in New Mexico, and the dream of a new Southern state and an outlet to the Pacific for the Confederacy was shattered.

A very clear idea of the general conditions in the new Territory of Arizona is given in a letter from Colonel William Steele, commanding the Confederate forces at El Paso, to General S. Cooper, adjutant general at Richmond, written July 12, 1862, in which he said:<sup>18</sup>

General: Having recently abandoned the Territory of Arizona, and being on the point of starting with my whole command for San Antonio, I deem it advisable to give you a brief statement of the various causes that have compelled me to this step. Of the strength of the force with which I was expected to hold the Territory—about 400 men—you will be able to form a just estimate from the within field report. After General Sibley had withdrawn from the country the greater portion of his command, the Mexican population, justly thinking our tenure very frail and uncertain, showed great unwillingness to sell property of any sort for Confederate paper, which would of course be valueless to them should I be compelled to retire, which was at any time probable; and as I was without specie with which to make purchases, I was obliged to seize upon such supplies as were required for the subsistence of the troops and such means of transportation as would enable me to move my command whenever the necessity might arise for so doing.

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18. *Official Records*, Vol. 50, Part 2, p. 21.

This occasioned so much ill feeling on the part of the Mexicans that in many instances armed resistance was offered to foraging parties acting under my orders, and in the various skirmishes which took place one captain and several men of my regiment were killed by them. Besides this, the troops with me were so disgusted with the campaign and so anxious to return to Texas that in one or two instances they were on the point of open mutiny, and threatened to take the matter in their own hands unless they were speedily marched back to San Antonio.

In the meantime the forces from California, about 1,500 strong, were steadily approaching, and on the 6th day of July their advance was at Fort Thorn, on the Rio Grande. Troops from Fort Craig had been seen the day previous moving toward the same point. Knowing this, and that the enemy, after leaving competent garrisons behind, would be able to bring 3,000 troops against me, independent of a recent re-enforcement which they received—of 500 men—from Pike's Peak, and 250 more with six rifle cannon, who escorted the paymaster from Kansas, the necessity of moving my force became imperative. I was then at Fort Fillmore, with but little ammunition, and notwithstanding the efforts I had made, with very inadequate means of transportation. I, however, abandoned the Territory on the 8th of July and marched for Fort Bliss, at which point I now am. As soon as this move had been determined on, the sale was ordered of all public property at Fort Bliss which was too bulky for or not worth transportation. This sale was held for specie and breadstuffs. The specie was turned over to the general hospital which I was compelled to leave at Franklin. There was besides a considerable quantity of stores that could not be sold and which were too weighty for transportation, such as horse and mule shoes, cannon, ammunition, tents &c.

To conclude, I am now about to start for San Antonio with very limited means of transportation, and insufficient supply of breadstuff and beef, depending on the contingency of meeting provisions forwarded from San Antonio, and with troops in many instances almost naked. The General hospital at Franklin under the charge of Doctor Southworth, has been provided with \$830.00 in specie and credit to a larger amount with parties in Mexico. This I submit to

you as a true representation of the condition of affairs in this country.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
Wm. Steele  
Colonel, Commanding

On August 14, 1862, General Carleton, who by that time had reached the Rio Grande and taken command, issued General Orders No. 15 in which he stated:<sup>19</sup>

The people may now rest assured that the era of anarchy and misrule—when there was no protection to life or property, when the wealthy were robbed and oppressed, when all were insulted and maltreated, and when there was no respect for age or sex, has passed away; that now under the sacred banner of our country all may claim and shall receive their just rights. Therefore let the burden of anxiety be lifted from their hearts, and once more pursue their avocations with cheerfulness, and with the full confidence that the protection which now shelters them from injustice will always be stronger in proportion as they shall be powerless to protect themselves.

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19. *Official Records*, Vol. 50, Part 1, p. 44.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Three New Mexico Chronicles: The Exposición of Don Pedro Bautista Pino, 1812; the Ojeada of Lic. Antonio Barreiro, 1832; and the additions of Don José Agustín de Escudero, 1849.* Translation and notes, by H. Bailey Carroll and J. Villasana Haggard. (The Quivira Society, Vol. XI, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1942. Pp. xxxi + 342, illustrations, glossary. Facsimile of the original edition of Don Pedro Baptista Pino's *Exposición*; facsimile of the original edition of Lic. Antonio Barreiro's *Ojeada sobre Nuevo-Mexico*. Index. \$10.00).

Another notable volume marks the high standards of the Quivira Society under the editorship of George P. Hammond. This, the eleventh volume, (volume ten is yet to appear), is a translation of three 19th century chronicles of New Mexico. The original book was discovered first by the translators, H. Bailey Carroll and J. Villasana Haggard, in a private collection. Upon investigation they found additional copies in the Latin-American library of the University of Texas and in the Bancroft Library of the University of California. The Pino report and the Barreiro *Ojeada* have long been recognized by historians as, perhaps, the most valuable sources upon the history of New Mexico in this period. So, it is most gratifying to have this material made easily available.

Don Pedro Bautista Pino presented the first of the three chronicles as a report to the Cortes in Spain when he represented New Mexico there in 1810. It was published in Cádiz in 1812. The *Ojeada* by Barreiro was published in Puebla, Mexico, in 1832. The latter was republished with the final notes by Escudero, bringing the material up to the date of publication in Mexico, 1849.

In the Editor's Introduction, Mr. Hammond gives brief sketches of the three co-authors and calls attention to the clever acrostic in Pino's report (*vide* facsimile, Ap-

pendix, 252-253) by which Juan López Cancelada identified himself and pretty well established the responsibility for the literary form of the Pino report.

Aside from the introductory chapter on discovery, settlement, and early history of the colony (in which there are some curious and interesting 19th century errors fully explained in the notes), the chronicles deal with conditions in 19th century New Mexico. The geographical situation, land ownership and economic problems, political affairs, church, administration of justice, questions of public taxes, the military, census, education, natural resources, trade, and Indians show the completeness of the review.

Something of the skill of the translation may be judged by consulting the facsimiles of the original report and the *Ojeada* which are reproduced in half-tones in the Appendix, although the 1849 edition is the one from which the translators worked. One of the most valuable parts of the book is the editor's notes. There are some fifty pages which identify and explain items in careful and painstaking detail, adding a wealth of documentation. The glossary completes the identification and a full index closes the volume.

With such careful editing one finds continued accuracy; only minor queries occur such as the extensive note on *varas* being placed after the second appearance of the word (p. 26) when it first occurred on p. 23.

This volume is distinguished not only by its excellent scholarship but also by its beautiful title page, fine illustrations and binding. It is a book which brings delight to the bibliophile and collector, as well as joy to the historian.

Dorothy Woodward.

University of New Mexico

*Diary and Letters of Josiah Gregg.* Edited by Maurice G. Fulton, with an introduction by Paul Horgan. (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1941. xvii—413 pp., maps and illustrations, two appendices, index. \$3.50.)

It being easier to point out mistakes than it is to avoid

making them, this review will refrain from mentioning obvious typographical errors, occasional lapses in syntax and inconsistencies in historical references, due no doubt, to hasty proof reading, but which in no way detract from the value or interest of the contribution to historical and biographical knowledge. The dedication of this well printed volume indicates the source of the material: "To Claude Hardwicke, grand-nephew of Josiah Gregg, who safeguarded his ancestor's papers in the hope of their adequate publication, and to his widow, Antoinette Hardwicke, who with loyal persistency has helped to achieve that aim."

The book is the first of two volumes. It covers the portions of the diaries and letters of Josiah Gregg between his final retirement from the Santa Fé trade in 1840, and the severance in 1847 of his connection with General Wool's campaign in the Mexican War. The second volume is to present Gregg "as an observer of the Battle of Buena Vista, a practicing physician in Saltillo, a visitor to the city of Mexico, the leader of a scientific expedition westward to Mazatlan." From this port Gregg migrated to California and the Northwest for further adventure and exploration.

Fulton believes that the publication of this material will give a new perspective of Gregg and a truer realization "of how gifted he was in observing, wherever he went, the country and its people and how naturally and unartificially he expressed his impressions."

As an introduction, Paul Horgan contributes a biographical sketch. Horgan, who has made himself a name as a novelist and student of New Mexico history, takes the sparse biographical data and spins them into a vivid presentation of a living figure against a colorful background of pioneer days and adventure. It is a masterpiece of writing, worth-while American literature. Unfortunately, it is not to be completed until the second volume is published. In other words, it is left hanging in mid-air at a most interesting turning point in Gregg's career. As to Horgan's method, it is best explained in his own words: "It is a small enough



bone by which to reconstruct a social skeleton; but by its reference to idle habit and family propriety, it somehow makes a ghost of a life."

It is not until page 43, that Part I of the Book is reached. It is Gregg's diary of his "Last Return from Santa Fe" and covers details of the trip to Van Buren, Ark., over a partly new route. With a caravan of forty-seven men, twenty-eight wagons, 200 mules, and two to three hundred sheep, the journey began at Santa Fé on February 25, 1840. Arrival at Van Buren was on April 22, almost two months later. A fight with Pawnees on Trujillo creek was one of the thrilling incidents recorded, but most of the diary is given to geographical description which would identify the route and landmarks to the present day.

Part II describes a "Trip into Texas," June 1841 to June 1842, to find new business opportunities. It is cotton country between the Arkansas and Red rivers which he describes with close attention to flora, fauna and physical features. Incidentally he dwells on social conditions. Writing of the country around Clarksville: "As to society, it is rather bad yet. There are a few planters of some wealth, but the proportion is very small, and although most of these, being of backwoods raising, they live in the plainest and coarsest style. And unfortunately for the country too, there are a great many persons scattered in different parts of ill fame, and correspondent conduct. The people of this vicinity have been endeavoring lately to strike terror to the miscreants of the country, by the exercise of Lynch's law—whipping some, and hanging some three or four others." Gregg went as far as Nacogdoches and Shreveport in Louisiana, abandoning, however, a proposed trip to New Orleans and returning home to accept a contract to resurvey the town of Van Buren for which he "was to receive \$900 Arkansas money, and assistants and all things furnished." He formed a commercial partnership with his brother John and George C. Pickett, but directed his main

effort to writing a book about his experiences of a nine years' residence in New Mexico.

This adventuring in authorship resulted in the publication of the classic *Commerce of the Prairies* through which Gregg became best known. Part III and the diary from January 1843 to December 1844 are devoted to the incidents and transactions with publishers. Outstanding was his friendship with John Bigelow who was of great assistance in bringing out the first edition of 2000 copies; in fact so much so that authorship was erroneously ascribed to him by some contemporaries.

From authorship, Gregg turned to medical studies, a period covered by his diary from February 1845 to May 1846. It was, no doubt, because of protracted illness that Gregg decided to go to Louisville to attend medical lectures. Included in this Part IV are a number of letters to Bigelow and other correspondence with fac-simile reproduction of a page from the diary and a broadside prepared by Gregg to advertise *Commerce of the Prairies*.

Parts V and VI are somewhat startling accounts of the Arkansas Volunteers in their invasion of Mexico during the War with Mexico. It was a bizarre military expedition in which Gregg was extremely critical of commanding officers and the conduct of the war. Of San Antonio he writes: "I did not expect to see so poor and wretched looking a place. \* \* \* The streets are dirty, crooked, and narrow—no sort of pavement nor even sidewalks; I believe none of the streets have even names." Gregg, in describing "grama" grass of northern Mexico in which New Mexico was included at that time, points out "that animals winter upon it without other feed," and predicts that therefore the country will be fine for pasturing. He tells of cattle being so abundant "that they are said to have been sold as low as 50 cents to a dollar per head."

"Visits to Monterrey and Saltillo" during the winter of 1846-1847 form a colorful last chapter of the volume. Appendices include "Memorabilia in Letters" in which there

are found biographical data, and the text of an oration delivered by Gregg at Jonesborough, Missouri, on the 4th of July, 1829, when he was only twenty years old. The Index, while not comprehensive, is useful to the student. All in all, the book is not only a necessity for every historical library but is so entertaining that it should be also of interest to the general reader, young or old.—P.A.F.W.

*Guádal P'a: The Journal of Lieut. J. W. Abert, from Bent's Fort to St. Louis in 1845.* Edited by H. Bailey Carroll. (Canyon, Texas; The PanHandle-Plains Historical Society, 1941. 121 pp., portrait, map, index. \$3.50.)

In his opening pages (3-7) the editor introduces the reader to the biographical record of Lieutenant Abert and to the little known record of his exploration of the Canadian River,—the Kiowa name for which he makes use of for his title.

In the late summer of 1845, when Capt. J. C. Frémont was at Bent's Fort on his third western exploration. Lieutenant Abert was detached from the main expedition and given orders to cross by Raton Pass and get on the headwaters of the Canadian—which stream he was to explore eastward to its junction with the Arkansas River between Fort Gibson and Fort Smith. Mr. Carroll tells us that the original manuscript is now in the National Archive, but he seems to have worked from the text as first published in the Senate Documents.

Not all will agree with the editor that this journal is more important than Abert's later *Report of his examination of New Mexico 1846-7*; or that there is any significance in his use of mules. He had four wagons, and naturally he would use mules—but he had saddle horses along also. Abert does give interesting notes and comments regarding the Kiowa Indians; and very interesting also is the "back-stage" view we are afforded of the existing feud relations between Comanches and Texans.

In the printing of this book throughout, there was an unfortunate carelessness at the Press in the spreading of the ink. The editing and proof reading have been especially good.—L. B. B.

*To Form a More Perfect Union.*—The Lives of Charles and Mary Clarke from their letters 1847-71. By Herbert O. Brayer. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1941. 233 pp., Illustrated.)

Dedicated to Dr. George P. Hammond of the University of New Mexico, this recently published volume presents, in letters of Charles Francis Clarke and his widow, an intimate picture of life on the western frontier from 1847-1871. Divided into period chapters by the author, each is prefaced by a vivid summary of the events and other high lights of the years covered. The result is a most entertaining as well as informative American history, lucidly written and of literary merit.

Charles Francis Clarke, when twenty years old, ran away from his home at Henstead in Suffolk county, England. It is through his English eyes that the American scene is first presented. In his letters home, the transformation into a patriotic American can be discerned. These letters were made available to the author by Miss Florence Clarke of Toadlena, N. M. The first one was sent from Milwaukee, Wis., October 3, 1847. "I am very sorry at having left England" writes Clarke. "Why I left I know not." He was soon to get over the spell of homesickness. "The railroads here are very slow and very rough never going above 15 miles an hour," he remarks in this first missive. As to prices he says "You may buy a good cow here for 10 dollars, a pair of oxen for 40, a pair of excellent horses for 100, a wagon for 50—wheat now is worth 75 cents a bushel; and a laborer will earn 1 dollar a day or his board and lodging and 10 dollars a month." Whiskey was quoted at 30 cents a gallon. "My board and lodging at an Hotel cost me 2 dollars a week. A single man can live

very comfortably for 2 to 300 dollars a year. The legal interest allowed in this Territory is 12 per cent, but I have let several sums out on good landed security at 20 per cent and you can frequently obtain 50, money being very scarce."

Clarke enlisted in the United States Army in 1848 and was ordered to proceed to Mexico City as a paymaster. He sailed down the Mississippi to New Orleans and thence to Vera Cruz. Near Puebla the American troops were attacked several times by guerrilla bands which were easily repulsed.

Clarke apparently had become a lawyer and on his return to Milwaukee after being discharged from the Army, negotiated a law partnership. However, "Law here is a very poor business. It seems to be the principal aim of the legislature in framing the laws of the State to injure the lawyer as much as possible. It requires a good business to be worth 400 to 500 dollars a year while a laborer gets from one to two dollars a day." Clarke therefore accepted a clerkship with the American Fur Company at \$25 a month and board. In 1849 he re-enlisted in the U. S. Army. His pay was \$8 a month with rations and clothing, which he wrote to his father "is quite sufficient." September 29th, 1852, finds him at Fort Massachusetts in New Mexico, a picture of which is one of the illustrations of the book. Three weeks were spent at Fort Union from where the route was via Taos. In "several places the mountains were so rugged and steep that we had to take out the mules and let the carriage down with ropes," he reports and then remarks: "The appearance of the inhabitants of New Mexico is not at all prepossessing to a stranger. They are a mixture between the Spaniards and Indians and possess all the vices and but few of the virtues of both races. The houses are built of sun-dried brick and are anything but neat looking. Agriculture is at a very low ebb and the climate is so dry that in order to secure a certain crop the land has to be irrigated. The only thing in favour of the country is its remarkably healthy climate." On April 25, 1853, he writes his father

from Fort Massachusetts: "It is seriously recommended by the military governor and several other distinguished individuals to abandon New Mexico altogether to the Indians, withdrawing both the Civil and Military authorities, it being retained only at an immense cost to the government and actually bringing in nothing at all in return. In fact they do not export a single article to the United States or anywhere else. Wagons coming to this country with manufactured goods going back empty for want of freight." At Cantonment Burgwin, 80 miles further south, conditions were more agreeable, according to Clarke: "The land is very rich and climate fine. . . . Labour, such as it is, is very cheap. You can hire a Mexican for 25 cents per diem, and buy an able-bodied peon for about thirty dollars." Here Clarke came in contact with Ceran St. Vrain who is now very wealthy, owning and carrying on three large grist mills, several stores and many leagues of land."

As is apparent from these quotations, Brayer has edited a most fascinating series of letters and with his scholarly comments and introductions to each chapter has made an important contribution to the historical knowledge of the beginnings of the conquest of the West.—P. A. F. W.

*Uncle Sam's Stepchildren: The reformation of United States Indian Policy, 1865-1887.* By Loring Benson Priest. (Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, 1942. 310 pages with index. \$3.75).

Dr. Priest has developed this intensive study of the Indian problem topically under four headings: four unsuccessful efforts at reform, the rise of interest in Indian reform, destruction of the old Indian system, and formulation of the new Indian policy. The four unsuccessful efforts at reform were: the policy of concentration of Indians on a few large reservations; the attempt of the war department to wrest control of the Indians from the interior department; the church nomination of Indian agents, which did not improve conditions in the service; and the crea-

tion of the Board of Indian Commissioners, which soon fell under the domination of the interior department. At the same time the old policies were being modified: the treaty system was abandoned officially in 1871, and annuities were slowly diverted from knick-knacks and subsistence supplies to the purchase of farm equipment and educational facilities. The final change was the Dawes Act of 1887, intended to break up the communal system of land holding and make possible the assimilation of the Indian.

The reviewer has been hoping that continued study of the Indian problem would reveal a more favorable picture of just treatment of the red man by the white man, but this study presents the usual story of selfish motives and confusion in dealing with the natives. The trader, the cattleman, the squaw man, the partisan politician, the railroad corporation, and even the churchman was too often motivated by self-interest. The Indian might incidentally be benefited, but progress toward that goal was slow and painful compared with the returns to the white men who administered to or had close contact with these wards of the nation.

Outside of a few minor errors, the author has made a worthy contribution to the literature on the subject, and after a method far superior to much of the writing that exists. If the story is painful to read, it is at least based on authentic sources of information and not pure imagination or sentimentalism. There is no formal bibliography, but the footnotes at the end of the book reveal an extensive use of printed source material and some use of manuscripts.

A final chapter summarizing and interpreting the period covered by the study would have been useful to the reader because of the many threads in the story. Instead, the author has written a brief account of the failure of the Dawes Act which really lies outside the scope of this work. He terms this failure "the disastrous history of America's first systematic effort to provide for Indian welfare," a heady statement in view of his intention "to discuss con-

troversial issues impartially" because "of current disagreements."

Such a chapter would have been difficult since the subject can almost be called "confusion worse confounded." This is revealed in some conflicting generalizations: concentration was defeated by local opposition on page 7, but by Western settlers and Eastern philanthropists on page 17. "The average layman was not interested in the Indian problem," (p. 30); "While most Americans were extremely critical . . . , " (p. 36). "While Catholics could expect little sympathy from government officials . . . " (p. 35), "most government officials were disposed to treat the Catholics fairly . . . " (p. 35).

The discussion of Navajo police on page 139 might be modified a bit. A force of 100 men was actually organized in 1872 and served for a year at a wage of \$7.00 per month. They were disbanded on the recommendation of Agent Hall, Army's successor.

Frank D. Reeve

*Economic Nationalism in Latin America.* By Richard F. Behrendt. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico, 1941. Pp. 24.)

The first of a proposed series of short papers, under the general title of *Inter-Americana*, it presents a rather incisive analysis of factors which have been, and to some extent still are, barriers to complete understanding between the United States and the so-called Latin-American republics. No one could be better qualified to discuss this situation, perhaps, than Dr. Behrendt, assistant professor of Inter-American affairs at the University of New Mexico. Of European birth and training, he was professor of economics and sociology, dean of the faculty of social sciences and economic adviser to the government of the Republic of Panama for five years; assistant director of the Pan American Good Neighbor Forum, co-editor of *Pan American Forum* and *Foro Panamericano*, and lecturer in economics and Latin American affairs in Chicago.

At the onset, the writer makes it clear that "it is



inaccurate, and sometimes unfair, to refer to Latin America as if it were a unit. Immense differences in economic, social and cultural conditions can be found among the various countries and even certain regions within the same country." The discussion, therefore, confines itself to a certain extent to problems common to all nations of Latin America.

It is made evident that growing nationalism has widened the gap into a gulf, separating the nations of the Americas, not only politically, but also economically. Despite the infiltration of European capital and industry, the people of the Americas demand and advocate "the restriction and even final elimination of the economic activities of foreigners. Obstacles in the way of economic independence are formidable. There is political unrest, for instance. Says the writer: "Most educated people depend on the government for making a living through public offices. \* \* \* They exercise a tremendous strain on the public treasuries." Then there "is the discrepancy between the broad masses of the population, among whom a very low standard of living and scarcity of formal education prevails, and a relatively small group of large land owners and military and political key personages." The trend toward socialism is apparent, in fact, decisive, for to attain the nationalistic aims, it is the government which must take the place of the foreign investors as "there does not exist yet a sufficiently broad and potent class of capitalists."

In conclusion, Professor Behrendt urges intelligent co-operation between the United States and its neighbors to the south. "Otherwise, 'el capitalismo yanqui' will find the sociological tide in most Latin American countries turning against it more strongly every day." For the present, it is sought to buy good will rather than to earn it and "there is great danger in approaching an understanding of Latin America by means of night club attractions, tourist propaganda and Hollywood productions."

The study is an important contribution by the School of Inter-American Affairs of the University of New Mexico, which is being ably organized by Dr. Joaquín Ortega,

recently called from the University of Wisconsin, to strengthen the important influence which the University of New Mexico has already attained in the field of Latin American relations.—P.A.F.W.

*Handbook for Translators of Spanish Historical Documents.* By J. Villasana Haggard. Assisted by Malcolm Dallas McLean. Archives Collection, University of Texas. (Oklahoma City, 1941. Pp. 198.)

This volume serves the useful purpose of bringing together various aids, hitherto dealt with only in widely scattered works, for the benefit of persons interested in reading and translating documents in the Spanish language. It must be remembered, however, that Spanish historical documents relating to the colonies deal with such a wide area and so many varied problems that it is impossible to lay down a single set of rules which will prove satisfactory in all cases. Thorough knowledge of the languages involved is only the first step. The translator must have a sound general acquaintance with the background of the material with which he is working, or the active collaboration of someone who does. Very often it is essential to consult specialists in other fields. A handbook such as this can spare us a certain amount of the initial drudgery, but the long slow work of solving the problems which each document presents cannot be avoided.

In general Mr. Haggard's theory of translation is sound, if a bit too arbitrary. Undoubtedly there are some who will disagree with his rules for transcription. In many cases it is advisable to transcribe documents exactly as they stand, but in preparing documents for publication there is much to be said for modernizing spelling and punctuation for the benefit of those who may be interested in different phases of the material presented and yet have insufficient knowledge of the peculiarities of earlier Spanish phraseology and spelling to read them with ease, or even to interpret them accurately, when they are left in their original form. If the editor is not competent to modernize, it is open to doubt whether he is competent to transcribe.

Unfortunately the *Handbook* contains serious errors in both palaeography and translation. The original of the first sample translation is so obscure that it would be impossible to make a definite translation without the aid of related documents to clarify the situation. Undoubtedly Mr. Haggard had access to such. Other translations are at fault because of misunderstanding of Spanish legal procedure and points of civil and canon law. In certain cases the transcriptions are incorrect, e. g., *Fr. A. archopo. Mex. Congt.* for *Fr. A. archieps. (archiepiscopus) Mexicanus; Hos.º App.º* (translated as "Apostolic Hospitaller") for *Not.º App.º* (Apostolic Notary); and in Appendix B, Specimens number 17 and 18, attributed to Muñoz y Rivero, contain outstanding errors in transcription.

The lists of stock Spanish words, phrases, and expressions with their English equivalents are of interest but must be used with caution since many of these expressions have other meanings of equal importance and frequency. These lists contain a large number of Southwestern terms and should be particularly helpful to those interested in that field. Certainly it would be almost impossible to compile a comprehensive list of expressions of this kind, for they are indefinite and vary exceedingly according to place, period, and subject under discussion. Such specialized terms as those describing caste are to be found in works like Nicolás León's *Las castas de México Colonial o Nueva España* (México, 1924). The interpretation of legal terms requires extreme care and the works of specialists must be consulted.

The sections dealing with weights and measures and monetary values have definite value. It is to be regretted, however, that a table of Spanish monetary values in terms of one another was not included.

An excellent, though not exhaustive, bibliography is appended.

Eleanor B. Adams

Division of Historical Research  
Carnegie Institution of Washington

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

*Martín Amador and Mesilla Valley history.*—Last fall during the annual observance of the Fiesta de la Frontera, one of the local papers carried a feature article regarding Don Martín Amador and a “combination plow” which he invented fifty years ago.

It seems that on January 19, 1892, he was issued a patent for what was, in effect, a forerunner of the modern cultivator. As described in newspaper clippings of that time, it was “a miracle of simple ingenuity and works like a charm. The need for an implement with which to cut to pieces the matted roots of alfalfa has long been felt, and the problem has been successfully solved by the genius of our fellow townsman, Don Martín Amador. The implement consists of a pair of low truck wheels, to the axle of which is attached a frame-work of four parallel, horizontal bars to which the plows are made fast. Underneath the tongue a chain works its whole length, and passes over a roller at its front end.

“To this same frame-work may be attached the knives for cutting the perpendicular walls, the 18-inch plows for cleaning the dirt out of an acequia, the plows for throwing up acequia and cotton borders; a gang of 7- or 8-inch plows for loosening up, and a scraper for throwing up borders.”

In reply to an inquiry from New York, he was said to have asked \$100,000 for a half-interest. Some weeks later he was reported to have refused a cash offer of \$70,000 and to be planning himself to start a small factory at Las Cruces. This did not materialize and the patent seems to have lapsed many years ago. Though it brought Don Martín no financial return, it did bring him honors and distinction—even from a scientific body in far-away Paris.

Martín Amador was born on November 11, 1839, in the city of Paso del Norte (the Juárez of today). He came to Brazito at the age of nine, settling at Fort Fillmore,—per-

haps from its beginning in September 1851. He remained at the post for about eight years, and during this time he learned to read and write English.

The first silver mining in the Organ Mountains is said to date from about 1819 and was done by Don Antonio García of Paso del Norte. The ore taken out was brought on burros to a crude smelting furnace near the site of the later Fort Fillmore. Whether these properties were acquired by Hugh Stephenson is not known, but W. W. H. Davis (*El Gringo*, 374) stopped in 1853 for a look at the Stephenson furnace near Fort Fillmore; also in or about 1856 Martín Amador entered Stephenson's employ—report says as “manager.”

When the Civil War broke out, he returned to his native Mexico. At that time he was twenty-one years of age, and a family tradition has it that he was much disturbed because the young lady whom he wanted to marry was also being courted by another young caballero—who later was to be governor of the State of Chihuahua. But young Amador was successful in winning the hand of Doña Refugio Ruiz, and in 1863 (after the Confederates had been driven out of the valley) he returned with her and settled in Las Cruces. Four children of this marriage are still living: Mrs. Clotilde Terrazas, widow of the late Antonio Terrazas, Mrs. Emilia García, widow of the late Jesús García, and Frank Amador,—all of Las Cruces; and Juan Amador of El Paso.

In fact, the name “Amador” has long been associated with the Mesilla Valley. Don Martín himself was active in civic affairs, serving a term as probate judge and another time being appointed a deputy U. S. marshal. Old-timers associate the name with his business in drygoods and groceries; and in the horse-and-buggy days the Amador Livery stables were well patronized. And everyone in Cruces knows the old Amador Hotel, which must now be about seventy years old and is still serving the public. Perhaps it is of interest to recall that, when the railroad came

through in the early '80's and the county-seat was brought back from La Mesilla across the old river-bed, several terms of the district court were held in the Amador Hotel—until the new court-house was ready in 1884. If anyone wants to recover some atmosphere of the long ago, may he find it possible to visit occasionally some place which enshrines the past like this old hostelry in Las Cruces.—L. B. B.

*Robert E. Lee Archives.*—The board of trustees of Washington and Lee University has recently established the Robert E. Lee Archives as a division of the new Cyrus Hall McCormick Library. It is proposed to make the school which Washington endowed and to which Lee gave the last five years of his life a national repository of source material concerning the entire life of Robert E. Lee. Washington and Lee already owns four thousand manuscript items concerning Lee's life, and its collection of Lee books, pamphlets, and pictures is large. The most improved methods of cataloging manuscripts have been adopted.

To aid in this work a national advisory committee of prominent scholars and public men is being formed. Dr. W. G. Bean is chairman of the local committee, and Dr. Allen W. Moger of the history faculty has been made Lee archivist. He will attempt to locate and secure other original manuscripts, photostats, and copies of original Lee items. It is particularly hoped that the numerous admirers of General Lee who possess individual letters to or from him will realize that the Robert E. Lee Archives at Lexington, Virginia, is the appropriate place where they will be preserved for posterity.



# The Historical Society of New Mexico

(INCORPORATED)

*Organized December 26, 1859*

## PAST PRESIDENTS

1859 — COL. JOHN B. GRAYSON, U. S. A.

1861 — MAJ. JAMES L. DONALDSON, U. S. A.

1863 — HON. KIRBY BENEDICT

*adjourned sine die, Sept. 23, 1863*

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*re-established Dec. 27, 1880*

1881 — HON. WILLIAM G. RITCH

1883 — HON. L. BRADFORD PRINCE

1923 — HON. FRANK W. CLANCY

1925 — COL. RALPH E. TWITCHELL

1926 — PAUL A. F. WALTER

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FRANCE V. SCHOLES

ALFRED B. THOMAS

PAUL A. F. WALTER



# CONSTITUTION

## OF THE

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW MEXICO

(As amended Nov. 25, 1941)

**Article 1. *Name.*** This Society shall be called the Historical Society of New Mexico.

**Article 2. *Objects and Operation.*** The objects of the Society shall be, in general, the promotion of historical studies; and in particular, the discovery, collection, preservation, and publication of historical material, especially such as relates to New Mexico.

**Article 3. *Membership.*** The Society shall consist of Members, Fellows, Life Members and Honorary Life Members.

(a) *Members.* Persons recommended by the Executive Council and elected by the Society may become members.

(b) *Fellows.* Members who show, by published work, special aptitude for historical investigation may become Fellows. Immediately following the adoption of this Constitution, the Executive Council shall elect five Fellows, and the body thus created may thereafter elect additional Fellows on the nomination of the Executive Council. The number of Fellows shall never exceed twenty-five.

(c) *Life Members.* In addition to life members of the Historical Society of New Mexico at the date of the adoption hereof, such other benefactors of the Society as shall pay into its treasury at one time the sum of fifty dollars, or shall present to the Society an equivalent in books, manuscripts, portraits, or other acceptable material of an historic nature, may upon recommendation by the Executive Council and election by the Society, be classed as Life Members.

(d) *Honorary Life Members.* Persons who have rendered eminent service to New Mexico and others who have, by published work, contributed to the historical literature of New Mexico or the Southwest, may become Honorary Life Members upon being recommended by the Executive Council and elected by the Society.

**Article 4. *Officers.*** The elective officers of the Society shall be a president, a vice-president, a corresponding secretary, a treasurer, and a recording secretary; and these five officers shall constitute the *Executive Council* with full administrative powers.

Officers shall qualify on January 1st following their election, and shall hold office for the term of two years and until their successors shall have been elected and qualified.

Article 5. *Elections.* At the October meeting of each odd-numbered year, a nominating committee shall be named by the president of the Society and such committee shall make its report to the Society at the November meeting. Nominations may be made from the floor and the Society shall, in open meeting, proceed to elect its officers by ballot, those nominees receiving a majority of the votes cast for the respective offices to be declared elected.

Article 6. *Dues.* Dues shall be \$3.00 for each calendar year, and shall entitle members to receive bulletins as published and also the *Historical Review*.

Article 7. *Publications.* All publications of the Society and the selection and editing of matter for publication shall be under the direction and control of the Executive Council.

Article 8. *Meetings.* Monthly meetings of the Society shall be held at the rooms of the Society on the third Tuesday of each month at eight P. M. The Executive Council shall meet at any time upon call of the President or of three of its members.

Article 9. *Quorums.* Seven members of the Society and three members of the Executive Council, shall constitute quorums.

Article 10. *Amendments.* Amendments to this constitution shall become operative after being recommended by the Executive Council and approved by two-thirds of the members present and voting at any regular monthly meeting; provided, that notice of the proposed amendment shall have been given at a regular meeting of the Society, at least four weeks prior to the meeting when such proposed amendment is passed upon by the Society.

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Students and friends of Southwestern History are cordially invited to become members. Applications should be addressed to the corresponding secretary, Lansing B. Bloom, University of New Mexico. Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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DUKE PAUL WILHELM VON WÜRTTEMBERG

(A photograph taken with a camera of his own construction, early summer of 1844, in the wilds of southeastern Arkansas—L. C. B.)

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## A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF PRINCE PAUL WILHELM OF WÜRTTEMBERG (1797-1860)

*By* LOUIS C. BUTSCHER

THE WRITER is at the very outset aware of the serious handicap that the personage he is undertaking to portray in this sketch is even by name known to not more than half a dozen people, and to these only so remotely that the name spells little more than the object of a controversy that has nothing whatsoever to do with the distinguished service he has rendered to the natural sciences.

Paradoxical though this utter oblivion of the memory of the man may seem, it is quite easy of explanation. Unlike any other man known in history, he worked not for world-fame,—though he would have had glory enough had he had the slightest inclination for publicity—but solely for the joy this work gave him. Of all his vast gifts, gifts which he used worthily and well beyond almost human understanding, although utterly forgotten now, he was for the last twenty-five years of his life almost a household word in Europe and in the two Americas.

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Duke Paul Wilhelm (1797-1860) was the nephew of King Friedrich I of Württemberg. The latter, recognizing his abilities at a very tender age, asked his brother, the father of the boy, to give him over into his keeping. So he was placed in the "Karl Akademie" founded by the boy's illustrious grandfather, Duke Karl Eugen (1728-93), first

purely as a military school for boys, but later imparting to it the character of a university, for which in 1792 a charter was actually granted by Emperor Joseph II.

Although the king's purpose was that of bringing up the boy in the traditions of the ancient house by giving him training for a military career, he was not slow in recognizing his other talents, and he therefore called to his court the greatest teachers in Europe, masters in the natural and physical sciences, in classical literature, in the ancient and modern languages, in philosophy, diplomacy, law, and ethics.

Chief among these was Lebreton, a pupil of Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Jussieu, and Hay. This man Lebreton, of world fame, saw at once that Prince Paul was an extraordinary child, and he devoted all his personality to the winning of his love, not for himself only, but for botany and zoology foremost of all.

Paul not only read all the authors of Greece and Rome, but he acquired an intimate acquaintance of Italian, French, Spanish and English literature, and he was able to discuss their philosophies and their authors in the respective idioms.

At seventeen he was raised to the rank of colonel "à la suite," with nominal charge of the king's mounted guard. At thirty-three he received the rank of major general from Frederick II of Prussia, his kinsman (son of Frederick the Great). That same year (1830) he was invested with the then rare degrees of Doctor of Philosophy, Medicine, and Anatomy.

But eight years previous to that latter date he had decided that the military career was not for him, nor the life at the royal court. He wrote to the American government at Washington for permission to travel through the domains of the republic, his avowed purpose, he stated, being his passionate desire for more knowledge in the realms of nature.

Washington immediately replied favorably. Though President Monroe was reluctant in permitting him to travel incognito, as he had requested to do, he merely suggested that he should like to reserve judgment in the matter, in



the event that it might become actually a necessity of state to modify the agreement and to conserve the true spirit of the nation's hospitality. Moreover, unknown to the young prince, the Secretary of State issued requests to the federal, military, and civil authorities of the West to provide him with every means in their power to safeguard his movements and to accord him military guards whenever it should be deemed necessary.

The first trip, 1822-24, was on a three-master out of Hamburg to New Orleans. The voyage lasted from early October till the twentieth of December. The expedition was made with only one attendant, a hardy hunter and master of wood-craft.

After visiting the even then world-renowned Creole City, New Orleans, for two weeks, he sailed for Havana, and for a month he worked with tireless energy to study the geological, physical, social, and political characteristics of Cuba (even then known as the "Pearl of the Antilles"), and more especially of Havana and its environs.

Returning to New Orleans, on which trip he narrowly escaped from falling into the hands of an Argentinian privateer, he set out for his expedition up the Mississippi. He wrote during his leisure hours about the social and political life of New Orleans, about the trade that he compared as on a par with that of Calcutta, then the biggest trade-center of the far East; about the vari-colored picture of life on the streets, in the marts, in the clubs, the hostelries, and in the cultured home circles of the French Créoles. Their spirit of hospitality he ranked as equal to that of the Spaniards. Their tastes were of the old-world France, and therefore the last word in refinement.

New Orleans, in fact, is destined to become the city where he always seeks rest and refuge, after arduous and extended labors. He loves it as his second home. And the people of the city always accord him the most cordial welcome when he comes, as to a guest whose name has become a dear household word.

His observations about the little cities of St. Louis, Louisville, Booneville, New Franklin, and many others are worthy of being recorded in school histories. His survey of Missouri, Louisiana, the country along either bank of the Ohio, of the Mississippi as far up as St. Louis, and of the Missouri as far up as the present site of Yankton, are of vast interest. No native, and far less any foreign traveler, has ever treated the varied aspects of this territory with such clear insight, such thoroughness, and such utter frankness, and, generally, admiration. He sees far into the future of America, our own America; into its vast opportunities, its problems, its looming difficulties. He sees, at the same time, how the Anglo-Saxon of the western hemisphere is perfectly capable of solving the questions that may arise to confront them. He praises them constantly for their marvelous resourcefulness, their indomitable courage, their extraordinary intelligence and adaptability to any conditions and circumstances, and more than all for the astounding solidarity and uniformity of adherence to the principles on which their government is founded.

The founders of the republic he regarded in a light of a greatness which he was loath to accord to the historically great figures of his own continent. For a scion of a dynasty which antedated the Carolingian (the succession of which was unbroken in direct male lineage since 1060, six years previous to the Norman Conquest) to state that for the first time in human history a people had set out on a successful basis of self-government, the glory of whose destiny was too vast to predict, was a pronouncement which no European had ever before had the magnanimity to express. To all others it had appeared to be a precarious experiment.

Prince Paul's second expedition to the New World was in 1829, two years after his marriage to a princess of the House of Turn and Taxi; and a year after the birth of their only child, Maximilian. This lasted nearly three years and embraced a thorough study and research of the organic life of the northern and central tiers of states of Mexico; of the

Rocky Mountain flora and fauna; of Texas, Colorado, and of western Kansas and Nebraska, and up the Missouri river to its sources. In the summer of 1831, three years in advance of Schoolcraft, he reached the supposed headwaters of the Mississippi, at Lake Itaska, under guidance of some Canadian voyageurs.

The next seven years he devoted to the arranging and classifying of the vast wealth of specimens, botanical, zoological, and geological, which he had collected—veritable mountains of them stored at the port of Bremen; and in the building of a magnificent museum near his ancestral palatial castle in Mergentheim, Württemberg.

Hardly had he completed this work when an invitation came to him from the then Khedive of Egypt, Mehmed Ali, to join an exploration-expedition to the upper reaches of the Nile, for the purpose of geological and ethnological research. He joined this organization as its virtual head and mapped out a territory comprising over half a million of square miles, peopled by twenty-five millions of hitherto unknown barbarous races whom he described with the exact portraiture of a trained ethnologist.

The journals concerning this trip are the only manuscripts out of a mass of nearly four thousand pages of writings which are ordered and arranged for immediate translation and publication. For this vast exploit the English were pleased to rank him with such great explorers as Livingstone, Mungo Park, and Vogel, and the Germans with the great Alexander von Humboldt. The products of his research work in the fields of natural sciences, in geology and ethnology, were of such vast importance that English scientists acclaimed him the peer of Adamson, Schimper, and Buchnell.

In 1849 he set out on his third and longest expedition, which embraced the two new continents. First he explored West Texas again, from San Antonio to the Río Bravo or Río Grande. Then he crossed again into Mexico, sailing in the spring of 1850 from Acapulco to San Pedro and up the coast

to the Sacramento. He spent a month with Johann Augustus Sutter, on whose ranch gold had been discovered two years before. There he witnessed the amazing spectacle of a concourse of tens of thousands of adventurers whom the gold-fever had urged to trek across two thousand miles of desert, every mile fraught with almost superhuman obstacles and deadly perils, to find at last, most of them, the bitter dead-sea fruits of disappointment and despair.

Returning by the Isthmus of Panama we see him again in New Orleans in early 1851. He writes successively about the vast changes this city and the other communities he had first seen in 1822 and '23 had experienced, such as Plaquemine, Cape Girardeau, Natchez and Memphis, Louisville and St. Louis. He travels up the Illinois and describes the changes which that country had undergone. St. Louis has grown from a rough border town of 5600 souls to a magnificent city of 80,000. The characterization of this and other cities up the Mississippi is of peculiar interest to both historian and lay reader.

Then he travels westward from St. Louis, penetrating as far west as South Pass, and down the Green river and across into the Mormon empire. He returns in the fall by way of the Platte and reaches St. Louis in late December.

The story of the return journey from the junction of the two Plattes is the most terrible in the annals of world explorers. His return is hailed as a miracle, for all his friends have given him up for dead. Editors of newspapers from great and small places throughout the country telegraph to him their outspoken joy over his safe return. Offers of money in large and small amounts come to him from everywhere. He becomes a modern Jason who has overcome obstacles and dangers that only a superman can live through.

The year 1852, after wintering in New Orleans, he spent in travel through every state east of the Mississippi, over practically every line of railway and by boat up and down the riverboat-systems, observing the material development of the states and their respective larger cities; not-

ing down the trend of popular feeling on the political issues of the times, in terms so impartial, so logical, so philosophical, that one is amazed at his perspicuity, judgment, and fairness. Indeed, had the great leaders of both sections of the country been guided by such a moral force as his reasonings indicated, there would never have been any division, any civil war.

In 1853 we see him in South America, exploring the headwaters of the Amazon, the Orinoco, the Magdalena, and the Río Plata. He travels through the Latin-American republics, marvels at their vast resources, at their beauteous cities and at the fine beginnings they have made as free and independent commonwealths.

He explored Patagonia and the Tierra del Fuego archipelago; then sailed up along the Chilean coast to Valparaíso, Callao, Lima and Guayaquil. The description of this expedition is interesting past all belief.

He returned again to New Orleans by way of the Isthmus. There he wintered till the early spring of 1854. The following two years were again spent in making the rounds of the states east of the Mississippi. He saw for the first time at St. Anthony Falls the infant twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and all the lovely cities of the South were shown to have progressed immensely since he had seen them before.

Returning to Germany in 1856, he stayed a year in his homeland, where he became during this time the recipient of honors from scientific societies from all over the civilized world.

In the spring of 1857 he again returned to the United States, and in 1858 he went on to Australia, where he explored a great portion of its southeastern section, traveled up the Murray River to the gold diggings and invaded the interior for a long distance, studying the aboriginal races. He returned to Europe by way of Ceylon, the Red Sea, Syria, and Greece.

He was a fine sketch artist, and thousands of proofs of his skill portray practically every interesting and dramatic experience of his; also of birds, reptiles, mammals. He drew in pen and ink, and there are some very fine reproductions of pencil sketches and water colors from his own hand.

Thus he sketched from memory the Indian attack at the junction of the two forks of the Platte in the fall of 1851, and that terrible experience, less than a week later, when his wagon was marooned in the quicksand in the middle of the South Platte where by a misadventure he had missed the ford, and where, surrounded by floodwater, in a veritable blizzard, he had to spend the long night all alone.

Sketches he made of small towns, now cities of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin; of all types of aborigines in both North and South America, of his passage through the Straits of Magellan, and of episodes of the most dramatic sort throughout his memorable travels.

From 1851, after wintering in New Orleans to recuperate from the frightful hardships he had endured during his return from the far West to St. Louis, he traveled through the United States almost continuously until his return to Germany in the fall of 1856. His descriptions of towns and cities, of the continued enormous changes in the landscapes from primeval jungle to smiling countryside, are marvels of historic retrospect, viewed from the standpoint of our times.

His observations on the colorful picture of racial admixture in the fabric of the American population and their relative adaptabilities to its institutional life; his reflections on the political issues which were becoming ever more menacingly crystallized into two distinct, hostile halves; the comparisons between the peoples of these two sides—culturally, ethically, economically—are immensely significant, their portrayal being the conclusion from an altogether impartial mind detached from all prejudice or partisan leanings which foreigners, especially the Britons, manifested in their attitudes—that were usually hostile to the North.

His travels in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania

were cut short because matters of state called him home. Despite his brief stay the account holds the reader spell-bound throughout. The people everywhere, not only in the two capital cities, Sidney and Melbourne, but in the mining camps, on the sheep and cattle ranches, even in the bush, among the many tribes of aborigines, showed him their highest marks of friendship and admiration.

Quoting from the concluding lines of a splendid eulogy that appeared in the Melbourne *Polyglot* of December, 1858, is the following appraisal of the man :

Many of the leading literary and scientific societies of the world have not been remiss in offering their highest honors to one who has not merely protected and patronized the sciences, but who, "scorning delights to live laborious days," has devoted himself with unremitting labor and inexhaustible enthusiasm to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge and to broaden the sphere of the unknown.

There is no parallel instance in all history where a man of royal degree has renounced the ease, the pomp, and the adulation of a magnificent court where he was held of equal rank and in equal affection with the hereditary successor, his cousin Wilhelm (king from 1816 to 1864) and the latter's son, Karl, king from 1864 to 1891.

One of his uncles, Paul I of Russia, and Paul's sons Nicholas I and Alexander I, of Russia, cousins of the prince, were extremely fond of him. Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, was an uncle of his by marriage. Queen Victoria Augusta of Prussia was his aunt; and Queen Victoria of England a second cousin by two lines. For forty-four years, during two throne successions, there was only one life between him and the royal crown.

Apropos of his extreme modesty the writer cannot refrain from relating a story illuminating the above most interesting situation.

Meeting one day on the streets of Baltimore an English peer whom he had long known on the other side of the Atlan-

tic, he was asked as they strolled about in one of the parks: "How does it seem to you, Highness, to have been for all these years, and still to be, so near to wearing the purple?"

"Lord Blank," the prince replied, "I shall be very honest with you. The thought of an eventuality that might compel me to give up my predilection for travel and exploration has been the only dark cloud in my life. On returning from any one of my extended trips that carried me far beyond the reach of civilization, I have always felt a certain apprehension, even horror, as I would open my mail, lest something untoward had befallen my cousin or my nephew; and I would kneel before God in utter relief, and render Him my deepest thanks for having preserved my illustrious relatives in good health. There has never been a night when I have not prayed that this cup may never be for my lips to taste. My life is cast in ambitions of another kind altogether. In the atmosphere of a palace I would feel like a wild thing that is imprisoned in a gilded cage. The ermine, the scepter, and the crown would be to me the emblems of a galley slave, and my heart would never cease to hunger for the vast, silent places and the simple life among free, unaffected children of nature."

The Englishman, not understanding, merely shook his head, as if in pity, much as one would who had his doubts about another's sanity.

Prince Paul had always cherished the hope that he might live long enough to attend to the supervision of the arrangement of his journals in an order suitable for their publication.

He intended to bury himself in this gigantic task immediately after his return from the final expedition embracing southern Australia and the islands of Tasmania and New Zealand, as also the even greater task, the proper arrangement and classification of all his countless store of samples out of the animal, vegetable, and mineral realms collected from the vast spaces of land and sea of Mother Earth.



But only four months later he succumbed in answer to a higher call, to set out on that final adventure "in that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." His son Maximilian then turned the manuscripts over to the Royal State Library at the capital at Stuttgart.

And there they lay undisturbed until late in 1928, when by merest accident the massive trunk was opened by their keeper, the archivist Friedrich Bauser. And "thereby hangs a tale."

In the course of her research labors, Doctor Grace Raymond Hebard, of the University of Wyoming, had occasion to consult the writer about some fragments of manuscripts which the latter translated for her. Then came other leaves, and finally there appeared a citation from a book "*Erste Reise nach dem nördlichen Amerika in den Jahren 1822 bis '24*," by Herzog Paul Wilhelm von Württemberg.

This came to the writer almost as a shock. Immediately his fancy turned back across the lapse of fifty odd years to when he used to listen to his father's stories of his boyhood days, often retold and ever arousing anew his breathless interest. The boy's father, you see, had spent his boyhood years about and within the palace portals of King Wilhelm I. The crownprince, Karl, and he were inseparable companions, a circumstance perhaps unique, or at least most rare, among the royal houses of Europe. They "thoued" each other and called each other by their Christian names, a custom to which Karl adhered until the death in 1878 of his cherished friend, the writer's father.

Prince Paul was to the two boys "the Gypsy Prince," and to both he was the epitome of everything that was wonderful. He became their Jason, their Ulysses, their Strabo and Tacitus in one. Whenever he would return from a voyage, Paul unfailingly came to the capital—his ancestral home was some thirty miles northeast of Stuttgart—to spend a few days in what to him was the greatest delight during his few leisure periods, namely, to sit by a great chimney-fire in the royal palace, assigned to him by his royal

relatives, and tell his stories to the two boys sitting at his feet like beings removed into a fairy world. "Prince and Peasant," these two rascals would drink in his magic tales of other lands. And many were their pleadings that he should take them with him on an impending expedition.

The writer's father and Karl received a number of letters with date marks from Mexico, Cairo, Buenos Aires, New Orleans, and from St. Louis. For Paul had always time, even though time was his most treasured possession, to think of bringing sunshine into the lives of others. And few, it appears, were as near to him as these two boys that were heart and soul devoted to him. Both claimed him for their common possession, and by Paul's and Karl's insistence the burgher's son had to call the prince "Onkel Paul."

It was in the heart of one who had grown a boy once more that those strange-sweet stories surged up again across the span of fifty-five years, when, all but forgotten, the name "Paul Wilhelm" came before the writer's eye with a new significance that was to absorb his closest attention for who knows how long.

Just like that boyish, adventure-loving heart of the prince it was to search out from among all the western tribes a lad who would fitly represent the European idea of the American Indian. And surely there was none to vie in mien and ambition and spirit and heredity with the boy whom Prince Paul had met that summer day in 1823 in the fur trader's yard on the hither bank of the Missouri, just across from the mouth of the Kansas, where Kansas City was to be founded. Just like him it was that he should choose this lad Baptiste for his daily companion both on this side and in the old and time-worn civilization, the European.

He had always liked the Sho-scho-ni tribe best of all, as among the cleanest, gentlest and most trustworthy of the tribes in the savage West. So it was not strange that he should be moved by a great emotion when, in August of 1850, he saw another youth of the same tribe, the tribe he liked best among all the hordes of the West, who with a

number of others of his tribe was working among a medley of Indians of the Sierras for his Swiss friend and host, Herr Sutter, in the wheatfields and on the threshing floors—it was not strange, I repeat it, that a melancholy feeling should come over him at sight of this youth who reminded him so strangely of Baptiste Charbonneau, the son of the great Sacajawea.

The fiction writer would have thought his story incomplete had he failed to bring together these two personages of epic mold, the prince and Sacajawea. It would have been a fitting consummation to a great tale. One cannot help but feel a lasting regret that the two never met. Of such an encounter it could truly have been said that royalty of the purest, bluest blood, the royalty of the Old World and of the New had each met its match.

*University of Wyoming,  
Laramie, Wyoming.*

AN ACCOUNT OF ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT AMERICAN  
DESERT BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, DUKE PAUL WILHELM  
VON WÜRTTEMBERG

It was near the middle of August, 1851, when I set out from St. Louis for Kansastown, a new settlement on the Missouri river at the mouth of the Kansas. I had returned shortly before from an extensive expedition to the upper Mississippi which had taken me to within fifty miles of Lake Itaska, the headwaters of the mighty stream.

High water and malaria-fever among my crew were the causes that had prevented me from going to Itaska which I had visited twenty-one years before with a company of French-Canadian voyageurs and half-breeds.

My major enterprise for this year was a trip across the vast wilderness of the domain between the Missouri and the great divide where the rivers flowing east and west have their common source, and to the great inland region where Brigham Young, like a new Moses, had led his people to set up a kingdom of his own.

Fear that unfoward circumstances might arise to delay my return to St. Louis, and therefore the greater undertaking, to a date which would render its completion before

the beginning of winter impossible, decided me to abandon the Itaska project before it was completed.

For this same reason I refused to listen to the insistent entreaties of my host of friends at St. Louis, friends that had survived the years intervening between my former stays in that city, in 1823 and again in 1829-31, to visit them for an indeterminate period. Only by my solemn promise that nothing should prevent me from the enjoyment of such a visit after my return from the West late in the fall was I able to still their pleadings.

A number of countrymen of mine accompanied me to the wharf. These had wished to defer their adieux until the moment when the boat's captain should give the signal for all who were not passengers to leave the ship. Among these friends of mine was the Prussian consul, Mr. Angerodt, a cultured, honorable and most lovable gentleman whom I had known in Berlin.

Two travelling companions set out with me from St. Louis. One of these was a Mr. Moellhausen, a native of Berlin and a volunteer on the forthcoming expedition. I had taken him on before my departure from New Orleans. He wished to join me purely from a desire for adventure. Although I had many misgivings about his ability to withstand the hardships of such a tremendous undertaking, I was, on the other hand, so well impressed with his appearance that I did not have the heart to refuse him.

Mr. Moellhausen came from an excellent family. He had a fine and lovable personality and he won my heart at first sight. I found him to be the epitome of honor and loyalty; and in courage he was behind none I had ever known, throughout my thousands of miles of journeying through western North America. A man of broad culture despite his youth—he was scarcely twenty-five and of rarest refinement, he proved to be invaluable as a traveling companion. Moreover, he was an expert sketch-artist, an accomplishment that could not help but prove indispensable for the purpose of my trip.

Another young man, a Mr. Ziellinski, was from Dresden. I had met him in New Orleans. He, too, was full of the love for adventure, but entirely "green" in all practical matters. Against my better judgment I had yielded to his pleadings to become a member of this long journey.

Before setting out from the great capital of the splendid young commonwealth I had made purchases of everything that was needful for so long and hazardous an undertaking.

I was told that supplies of every kind were very dear in Kansastown from where I expected to set out overland.

I had to make a choice between a light and a very heavy wagon, as there was no type offered for sale between the two extremes. I felt apprehensive from the outset that the lighter, the one I chose, would not be substantial enough. On the other hand, it was out of the question to take the heavy kind as it was entirely unsuited for light and rapid travel.

As I had to provide myself with everything needful for the journey that might easily extend over distances totaling three thousand miles, it was difficult to decide on what was to be taken when the extreme load-limit must not exceed ten hundredweight.

First I purchased bedding for three single camp-beds, woolen blankets with sailcloth coverings. I equipped the three of us with stout breeches and scout-leggins and waterproof leather boots, flannel shirts and both light and heavy head coverings.

Then came the provisions. These must consist of such foodstuffs as were not perishable; coffee, tea, sugar, salt, pepper, flour, rice and bacon.

I purchased a small, compact-container for such drugs as were indispensable for a long journey. St. Louis was at that time the distributing center over a vast territory in all manner of pharmaceutical supplies.

In the next place I had to purchase a pair of light but hardy horses for the wagon and a stout saddle-horse for Mr. Moellhausen who had been a lieutenant in the Prussian cavalry service, and who was to do scouting duty during the expedition.

St. Louis was still the great outfitting emporium for all the trappers and hunters of the West, as well as for the pioneers bound for the Gold Coast of California and for Oregon. It was also the leading trade-center for firearms and for ammunition. The best quality of lead was mined in the state which was sold as far east as Pittsburg and Chicago, and throughout the South, the Southwest, and the West as well as North. Not a small part of our cargo therefore, consisted in lead and powder.

All our equipment had been delivered to the little packet-boat on the previous evening, including our personal effects.

The voyage up the Missouri lasted five days, whereas the previous ones, the one in 1823 and the other in 1830, had

consumed three weeks or longer. As may be seen from this, the ingenuity of the Americans had in the meantime developed water transportation to almost incredible perfection. Also, the conveniences on ship-board had become greatly improved.

Kansastown is quite picturesquely situated on some hills along the Kansas river near its junction with the much bigger Missouri. The main street is about thirty feet above the water level. The houses are of both baked brick and boards, the latter called "frame" houses.

It is a lively little place. Here most travellers bound for the West purchase what they require for their long overland journey. Moreover, the neighboring hordes of semi-civilized Indians buy their supplies here. These are the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandottes, the coarser, brutal Ayowahs [Iowas], the Putowatomies and the Kansas Indians.

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Nothing is more comical than the costumes of these Indians, most of whom are now breeds more or less mixed in blood. They wear their own old clothes and that of the whites in such a fantastic combination that it would reflect credit on circus-clowns to match the effect.

On the other hand, I had the pleasure of seeing a number of very pretty Indian maidens strutting about in the modish costumes of our own women. The positively charming faces of these daughters of the dusky race, with their superbly lustrous black hair, look right elegant dressed in the modes of their pale-faced sisters; far lovelier, indeed, than the negresses and quadroons who suffer actual disfigurement on account of their coarse features, thick lips and krinkly hair whenever they try to affect the modes and manners of the white race. Then, too these latter have ugly large feet and hands, whereas the Indians have pretty and shapely ones.

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I cannot refrain, before setting out from this last outpost of civilization, from indulging in a brief retrospect.

As I have said, my trip up the Missouri on the modern little steamer Padukah had come to an end without any untoward happening.

I had an opportunity to see again, after the lapse of many years, the river bottoms which I had described in 1823, and again in 1830, with the changes that had taken place between those two dates.

I noted also the vanishing of the older settlements, as, for instance, of Franklin, and the bursting into flower of new ones, most important among these latter, situated along the banks of the river, being Hermann, Jefferson City, Booneville, and Glasgow. These are enjoying a constant growth on account of their favorable locations. About Hermann, the German settlers have occupied themselves with grape-culture, as I have mentioned in another place in my journal.

Farther up the stream there are the new towns of Kansas, the one of the same name as the river that empties into the Missouri; also Weston and Saint Joseph. The latter is almost entirely owned by the family Robidoux and named after Joseph Robidoux. This is a place of some importance. It is near by Blacksnake Creek where I had once had a meeting in the year 1830 with the chief of the Sac and the Fox Indians.

Kansastown is next to Independence and Westport the principal post from which wagon-trains and expeditions set out for the West to Santa Fé, Fort Laramie, Salt Lake, California, and Oregon.

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It had grown frightfully hot in these latter days of August. Just when I had finished my preparations for departing there set in a series of heavy rain storms. But these failed to lower the extraordinary heat to any perceptible degree. They only tended to increase the swarms of torturing insects to an intolerable intensity.

I decided to purchase here another light wagon and a team of horses; and to load up with a further supply of provisions and ammunition, against Mr. Moellhausen's good-natured protest.

Just as one reaches the frontier of Missouri the prairie region begins—not those steppes covered with short grass typical of the higher plateau, but tall grasses and herbs, with here and there copses of low bushes, sumach and smaller kinds of oak trees.

This vast expanse is still owned for a considerable distance by Indian tribes that have been transferred there from more eastern regions through treaties with the national government.

From Westport to the Kansas River and somewhat farther westward it belongs to the Shawnees, most of whom are by this time Christianized. These have three missions on their reservations, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and a Metho-

dist. These serve both for devotional and proselyting purposes. For the pious zeal of the Anglo-Americans is greatly concerned about the spreading of Christianity among the Redmen.

This country is immediately surrounded by other friendly, half civilized Indian tribes.

I followed along the travel route of Colonel Fremont which is even today the regular California route. In passing along the first ninety miles I had to ford many deep creeks and small wooded rivers. At the end of this leg of the journey I reached a settlement of some importance belonging to the Putowatomie Indians<sup>1</sup> and called Union-Town. Not far from this place I had my outfit ferried across the Kansas which at this point has a very strong current, stronger than that of the Neckar at Heilbronn.<sup>2</sup>

Ten miles farther on is the last settlement, a Catholic Mission, about 130 miles distant from Kansastown. Here we met a number of people mounted on mules and horses who came from California. These had made the journey in 57 days.

Here resides a titular bishop. Indian children of both sexes are cared for and instructed at this mission in both religious and secular subjects. This institution is in a fairly prosperous condition and is spreading a good influence that is felt far and wide.

From the Catholic Mission to the La Platte river it is about 240 miles, all of it a country undulating and crossed by deep brooks and small rivers.

All these waters are tributaries of the Kansas. They are adorned with forest growth, passing through an immeasurable sea of gregarious<sup>3</sup> grasses where one encounters very little animal life except a few birds and rodents, and quite frequently packs of prairie wolves and their far more dangerous cousins, gray and white wolves.

Among the bird life the most common to appear are the prairie chicken, the horned lark, the yellow-headed pirole and the American kite, or blue glide, closely resembling the gray hen-harner of my own country.

1. Now spelled Pottowatomie.—The Translator.

2. Heilbronn, in Northern Württemberg. It should be understood that Prince Paul wrote these journals solely for his own countrymen. The Neckar is the second-largest tributary of the Rhine from the east.—Tr.

3. The prince uses the word "gesellig" which means "sociable," flocklike, uniform, of the same kind.



The quadrupeds most frequently seen are the wolves, already mentioned, the polecat, and the badger. Also there are several species of mice. The streams are so well sheltered by tree-growth that they offer a splendid refuge for deer, prairie chickens,<sup>4</sup> tree turkeys, and rabbits. These, however, do not appear in great numbers until the La Platte is reached.

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The streams, both large and small, are the Vermillion, Rock river, Big Blue, Little Blue, and Big Sandy. The Little Blue we followed for 80 miles or more. Occasionally some small detachments of buffaloes stray as far south-east as this stream. It is only about 25 miles from this stream to the valley of the Platte. On reaching the level bottoms of this stream at the ford, one has only 12 miles farther to go to reach Fort Kearney, where a company of 200 regular troops under the command of a captain is stationed. Eight miles away, on approaching the ford from the south, one can see the national banner floating over it quite plainly. It is on a level plain, near the edge of the hills, with the Nebraska river only a mile away. The buildings are all of wood surmounted by tall brick chimneys. Here is also a sutler's store where general merchandise and liquors are retailed. In the latter a postoffice is located. Here the traveller in the covered four-wheeled wagon and the drivers of the great wagon-trains carrying supplies to western outposts or with the destination of California or Oregon take their first rest.

I covered the distance from Kansastown in nineteen days, but had the misfortune to have one of my two wagons wrecked which could have been repaired quite easily, had not my young companion Zielinsky, felt too ill to attend to it.

Even at this early stage of my journey I had reason to repent grievously of my folly to have allowed these two inexperienced volunteers to persuade me to take them with me, instead of hiring sound and experienced men who know how to do what they are told, or even without any suggestion, and who are equal to any emergency, and inured to the tortures of the climate and the countless swarms of mosquitoes, gnats, and other noxious insects.

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This post with its small military establishment is the only station between Kansastown and Fort Laramie that offers protection to travellers to and from California. The

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4. Presumably willow-grouse.—Tr.

commanding officer is Captain Hottam. Aside from the officers and enlisted men there are a considerable number of employees, just the same as in other military posts.

Three miles farther on I noticed what at a distance looked something not unlike a big mole-hill. As I drew nearer I saw old brokendown wagons and the wrecks of farm-implements strewn about on the ground. Impelled by curiosity I drove up to the place and found there a circular hut compactly built of square pieces of prairie sod.

I came to the door and knocked. Invited to enter, I found the interior quite spacious. It belonged to an American who had settled down here and broken up some forty acres of ground about the time the fort was built. This ground was in a high state of cultivation, and the soil seemed to be inexhaustibly rich. From what I could observe I can aver that I have never seen its equal. Indeed it seemed to me the strangest thing that home-seekers passed by almost daily throughout the spring and summer who could not help but see the wonders in crops that this piece of ground produced with almost no work, then pass on to the western coast, two thousand miles distant, with no positive assurance that climate and soil-productiveness would be half so alluring as was what they had here right before their eyes.

The uniformity of the soil was astounding. It was black as coal, and entirely free from stones. The man had a young negress who seemed half idiotic, to keep house for him. Everything was very neat and inviting, and the host assured us that she was an excellent cook.

He asked us to walk over his farm with him while the young woman prepared the noon meal which he insisted that we should share with him, and which there was little need for urging that we accept as we were nearly famished.

He took us to a thirty-acre field of maize that was the most marvelous sight I have ever seen. The stalks were over eight feet tall and dark green. On nearly every one there were from 2 to 3 large ears. It was like walking through a forest to pass between the rows, a strange but very pleasant odor was noticeable, characteristic, the man explained, of ripe corn.

He also had several acres in potatoes that were in bloom. Such a field of potatoes I have never beheld. It is unbelievable to one who could not see this with his own eyes and not realize what an enormous wealth of food lay there in the ground.

Then he had a large garden of vegetables from which he supplied the tables of the officers at the fort and also many travellers that drove past. To all of these, fresh vegetables were a godsend. In the garden he had also berries of several kinds, but said that he never had time to pick any.

He also told me that he could store the corn on the ground after husking and that it would keep sound throughout the winter and spring, when he disposed of it to the home-seekers at enormous prices.

Asked why he had not been caught in the gold-fever rush, he laughed and said that the forty acres he had were the surest gold-mine of all, because they would never "pinch" out.

"Why, stranger," he said, "this valley for five hundred miles from the Missouri west is a garden spot. All of the land is exactly as good as mine!"

When we returned to the cabin, the meal was ready. It consisted of bacon, potatoes, eggs, biscuits, coffee and fresh butter. A feast for the gods! For the first time in almost a month were we actually seated at a table and on chairs!

The half-crazy negro girl made us laugh almost constantly with her grinning, her singing of funny negro melodies, and with all sorts of monkey-shines which, so her master told us, were never alike.

"That young hussy is a nachural born entertainer," he chuckled. "I never can git lonesome heah. The soldiers comes out here and spends Sunday afternoons and takes dinners with me jist to git entertainment. And they pays me mighty well too!"

Then he regaled us with a big dipper full of butter milk. But when I offered to pay him for his hospitality, he was genuinely offended.

"You are my guest and a fine gintleman. And so is your pardner. When you come back, remember that this heah latch-string is all you need to pull. It will open the doh for you-uns and assshuah you of welcome!"

After a drive of about ten miles we saw the first buffalo. It was lying along the river bank in the tall grass. But soon after that we saw whole herds of them passing quite unconcernedly by our camp.

That same evening we met a wagon-train from Fort Laramie with the captain of which I visited till late in the night. He gave me a sketch of the wagon road out to Cali-

fornia, and especially across the great Sierra Nevada through which I had travelled the previous year from the head-waters of the Sacramento to where it ran out into detached, low mountain-groups, then beyond, where the Cascades rose up, as far as Mount Rainier.

This weather-beaten man of nondescript age told me a number of hair-breadth escapes from hostile Indians which impressed my companions exceedingly.

The La Platte is here dotted with innumerable little islands covered with copses of willows and with young poplars. The water has at this season almost disappeared in the sand. Only tiny little streams like silvery threads, strung loosely, trickled down the more than mile-wide bed. One of these ran along the left bank which we now followed for about a hundred miles, where the south-fork, the Padukah, makes the junction with its bigger mate. Bison herds were seen at most every hour of the day now.

Here is a ford about 20 miles below the junction of the two streams and we forded it on the morning after our arrival successfully. From here on, the way winds along a low plain, similar to the one we had followed from Fort Kearney, and it is bordered by a continuous chain of low hills, to the place where it issues from the rocky cordilleras of New Spain,<sup>5</sup> some three hundred miles farther west. They rise within a few miles of each other. The north-fork describes a huge semi-circle, some 700 miles in length, before this union with the smaller sister is effected.

Here begin the peculiar tertiary formations of lime-rock which, with few interruptions, encircling the Rocky Mountains in grotesque shapes, extend as far as the Missouri river.

The grass is gradually appearing shorter, but much more nutritious, due, I suppose, to the dry climate which here resembles that of northern Africa. But, as if in contradiction to what had been told me about the aridity of that region, we had several days, of continuous rains and violent windstorms.

We were compelled to wring out the water from our rugs and bed covers before we spread them out on the

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5. The territory south of lat. 42° and west of long. 100 (Greenwich) until the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, 1848, was Mexican territory. Hence Prince Paul's reference to the Rocky Mountains as being the "Pedrosa (Rocky) Cordillera de Nueva España" is the correct one as referring to the Rocky Mountains.—The Translator.

ground for our beds. There was a severe drop in the temperature, from 86 to 37° Fahr.

There were plenty of little wolves along the way now, and were never out of sight of antelopes.

On September 24 I killed a huge buffalo bull that had come to within 200 paces of our camp. We did not break up camp until we had cooked a goodly supply of its meat. This consumed several hours of precious time, for the wood was wet and would not burn briskly.

After following the Padukah for about eighty miles we came to the ford which at this time was dry. From here we must turn north across the divide to the north-fork, a distance of about 35 miles.

At the ford there was a veritable city of covered wagons, tents, and buggies drawn by horses and mules; also several ox-teams. At intervals of half an hour a new train could be seen lumbering down the hillslope half a mile away.

Besides these groups of migrant people, bound either for the Pacific Slope or homeward toward the States, there was a large body of cavalry camped at this point commanded by Colonel Leavenworth.

As I, too, am a cavalry officer<sup>6</sup> I felt drawn to make an effort at becoming acquainted with that distinguished Indian fighter, and it was long after midnight before the colonel and his fellow officers were inclined to let me retire to my own camp.

About twenty miles from the ford across the Padukah, the wagontrail makes a sudden and almost sheer descent into a deep gulch. This is some ten miles in length, extending into the North Fork. The bed of this gulch consists of fine deep sand. The walls are mountain-high and girded at the crest by a layer of rim-rock. This is perpendicular and about sixty feet from the crest to the upper edge of the talus below. It is only broken enough in one place to permit a wagon along a most hazardous passage to pass down. The sides up to the rimrock are densely grown over with scrub cedars and ash-trees. From these latter this colossal rift in the earth is by the Americans called Ash-Hollow, and Creux des Frères (Hollow of the Brothers) by the Canadian French.

The level plains of the prairies across the divide, where the grass is now everywhere very short, are formed mostly

6. Prince Paul in 1834 had the rank of Major General conferred upon him by order of Frederick William IV of Prussia. The latter was a kinsman of his.—The Tr.

of a very firm sandy loam which during the dry season is hard as a threshing floor. The hills and valleys are criss-crossed by innumerable paths made by the buffaloes that are found here at this season in incredibly great numbers. These paths point out definitely the direction in which the huge animals travel, far northward in the spring, and starting southward again in the early fall so as to reach the country of the Red River before the severe winter season arrives.

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The approach to this vast abrupt depression is not even suspected until one arrives at its very edges. There is no place within twenty-five miles in either direction from this pass where one can safely descend down to the river. Nor is there any other place, except at the mouth of this gulch, where it is safe to ford the North Platte for fifty miles or more in either direction.

Just as we neared the edge we heard the sound of a bugle issuing from far down the causeway. A company of infantry was marching up. It was strung out in twos for quite a distance down the gorge, and following them were a number of light covered wagons. Still farther down appeared the van of a wagon-train that was emerging from the green of the trees and shrubs far below, in a serpentine movement, slow, deliberate, like a huge python that needs to have no fear of any creature. It seemed endless. At certain periods it would halt to give the horses a breathing spell.

At last they reached the upper level where they stopped long enough to prepare the noon meal and to permit the horses to graze and rest.

They were bound for Kansastown where they expected to change their cargoes of hides and furs and to stay there till the following spring.

The drivers were rough of speech, but really very fine—at least, as I found out later from my talk with them.

The view from the crest of the rimrock is of an enchanting beauty. There was a haze in the air that was not mist. In Germany, when the atmosphere is like this, it is called "Old women's summer." In spite of this one could apparently look into immeasurable distances, and the nearby objects were grotesquely magnified.

In the train with the soldiers travelled also men without uniform, some of whom were driving milch cows, others the baggage wagons of the military unit. The gentlemanly officers relished the luxury of fresh milk and butter. It

perhaps compensated them for the rigors of a soldier's life in a savage country. It is downright incredible what a mass of baggage often accompanies such military movements.

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Hardly had we reached the bank of the North Fork and made camp, when a Sioux Indian came along, giving us to understand that Mr. G. Choteau was coming toward us from up the river and would arrive very shortly.

And so it was. There were a number of Indians whom he was taking to Washington. An old acquaintance of mine, a man of great renown throughout the West, accompanied them. This was the Indian scout Fitz-Patrick. I was overjoyed to see this lovable old huntsman of the Rocky Mountains again.

The Indians were Cheyennes, trim, neat figures, with the features characteristic of their race, narrow, thin, aquiline, their carriage proud and self-reliant. They are splendid horsemen and hunters.

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From the ford the way now leads up along the north bank of the river. The south bank is bordered by steep rock-walls and fantastic shapes of tertiary rock, to which I have already alluded, whereas the opposite bank runs out into undulating, grass-covered hills of a firm soil. Dry creeks and two small streams, both called Horse Creek, empty into the Platte river along its course here. Some sixty miles farther up-stream from this wild region there begin to appear groups of hilly formation of exceedingly picturesque aspect. These are covered with a thick layer of clay, and, insofar as their outer appearance is concerned, they have not their equal on our entire planet.

To this group belongs the far-famed Chimney Rock (La Cheminée) and the equally noted Scott's Bluffs. John C. Frémont and Dr. Preiss have not been guilty of any exaggeration in their respective descriptions of these colossal wonders of nature; and when one bears in mind that this Chimney Rock was at one time at least 100 feet taller and its girth many times greater—as the height of the mountain ruins in the vicinity shows,—then it is clear that it belongs beyond contradiction to the wonders of the globe, to behold which is alone worth a journey to this western country.

The Scott's Bluffs are also a most peculiar group, in the form of a vast oval which, toward the north, slopes down to the La Platte. It encloses a perfectly level plain some ten miles broad at its widest.

In the southwest and the northwest it is encircled by other mountainous forms which have precipitous walls pierced in many places by deep, somber gulches crowned with rim-rock, perpendicular and of dizzying height. These mountain-like bluffs have wondrous shapes: cones, towers, castles, all in bewildering disorder that invests the whole stupendous amphitheater with a savageness that is eerie even when the sun does shine. At gray dawn and at late eventide the effect is positively terrifying. These mountain shapes are partly grown over with copses of conifers and dense brushwood.

From the northern crest of the Bluffs, which at their loftiest point must be in excess of 2000 feet above the vast basin they encircle, one can glimpse here and there the saw-tooth-shaped sky-line, in the west, of the snow-clad Rocky Mountains, dimly outlined like phantom shapes; also the Black Hills in the north, and very clearly the vast cone of Laramie Peak which must have an altitude of 9000 feet above sea-level.<sup>7</sup>

This huge mountain, standing out from the main range in imposing grandeur, is covered on the crest, on the east and the north, through the greater part of the year with ice and snow, whereas on the sides facing the west and the south it is clad in a somber black, as seen from a great distance. This is owing to the tremendous growth of conifers that clothe it from the base to the summit.

The steep canyons that radiate from its slopes are also grown over with giant pines and spruces, while the mountain brooks that are fed from the snows meander through exquisite grassy dells and vales to the plain below. The vast slopes are natural game refuges where huge herds of elk, deer, and antelope find food and shelter. Here, too, is regnant the giant grizzly bear. The panther, too, and the wolf and the lynx find ample prey there the whole year round.

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I arrived in Scott's Bluffs on October 1. Nearby is Fort John, one of the trading posts of the American Fur Trading Company. Here I was most cordially welcomed by my old friend, Major Tripp, who is in sole charge of this important establishment. I was also overjoyed at meeting again my beloved and reverend old friend, the missionary Père de Smet.

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7. It is more nearly 11,000 feet above sea-level. Owing to the fact that no surveys had been made by the national government at that time, it was impossible for any one to make adequate estimates of the altitudes.—The Translator.



There were a great number of leather tents close by, along a little brook that issues from a gorge some distance back from the establishment. These sheltered a body of Ogallalas, a tribe related to the Sioux nation. This branch of the Sioux are composed of very good-looking, cleanly people, but their women could most truthfully be called beautiful.

To be sure, they were wrapped only in their blankets or their buffalo robes. But the faces were free from grease and paint. Their hair was black as night, long and well-combed. They were overloaded with rings, necklaces of bead-work and of rattles from rattle snakes. Their foot-wear consisted of the finest of moccasins in which they seemed to take a delight, parading about and showing them off with child-like pride.

A young Indian had just come in with three slain antelopes hanging from his led-horse.

The names of the more important of the tribe of Ogallalas were White Horse, or Shunka-Kanskas; Little Cotton-Tail, or Mastinka; Red Feather, or Loupée Touta.

Of the Cheyennes the following were most prominent: White Antelope, or Takshaka; He-Who-Walks-in-the-Clouds, or Makpiah-Iapathe.

Of the Arapahoes: Bird's head, or Kalapah.

I visited in the leather tents of different families in company with the interpreter from the fort. There I found some very pretty young women and maidens. The little paposes were neat and all was very clean and orderly inside their little habitations.

The males go out as far as the Rocky Mountains during the winter season in order to hunt and trap. The furry animals are very numerous. These are the badger, beaver, otter, fox, big gray wolf, prairie wolf, and polecat.

More rare is the panther, a very large and ferocious feline. Early in the autumn the fur of the black bear, the cinnamon, and the grizzly is superb. These latter are slain as much for their flesh as for their coats.

Just before the buffaloes turn southward, when their furry coats are at their best, the hunters slay uncounted hundreds of these. Their hides they tan, as they do the elk's, deer's, and antelope's, with the brains from the same carcass. This is a process that has never been successfully imitated by the whites. The flesh of the buffaloes is salted and dried in enormous quantities, and this food constitutes their main dependence until the following spring.

October 3 we left the hospitable roof of Major Tripp and travelled up the La Platte along the California route. The valley is honey-combed with prairie-dog holes. These are ground-squirrels, of the gopher family, very pretty little animals that are common all over the higher prairie country. In the approaches toward the higher plateau regions, these share their domicile, a quite roomy space far underground and safe from larger predatory foes, but not from weasels and minks, with the cotton-tail rabbit, the ground-owl, and even the rattle snake, though, to be sure, the latter comes quite uninvited. Presumably these vipers are attracted by the warm fur of their bedfellows.

As the weather was very warm these serpents still stayed out in the open during the day and often even at night. They are very dangerous reptiles, though it must be admitted in fairness that they invariably give warning, ominous warning, with their rattles before they attack.

We invariably stopped up all the holes in the vicinity of every new camping place. But in spite of this precaution I found one curled up atop of my bed one morning.

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Gradually the trail rises until the Great Sierra appears in all its glory, and on the afternoon of the fourth we reached, quite fortunately, the cabin of Jean Bourdeau, for the weather had changed since morning and the rain was falling in torrents, accompanied by blasts of wind of almost cyclonic fury. It was indeed a great boon to have found such opportune shelter. Even our horses were taken to comfortable stables.

There were a number of Indians in the big log-house. A celebrated Sioux chieftain of gigantic stature, called Great Man or Hans-Ka, was ensconced in a home-made easy-chair, with his pipe constantly aglow. An Ogallala chief, of the Cul-Brulé tribe, was a fellow of commanding figure. His name was Buffalo Tail, or Tatanga-sin-té.

This old fellow had a droll appearance. He was naked save for a short apron, a pair of moccasins and an old cap that had once upon a time been the headgear of a cavalry officer. Whenever this fellow went outside he would throw a shabby old buffalo robe over his shoulders.

How childish these warriors of the West can appear, at other times so majestic in their pride and courage! Against this caricature of an Indian, what a contrast the superb figures of the males present in the barbaric splendor of their tribal costumes!

These Sioux and all their related tribes wear their hair long, on the foretop in two braids which hang down over the temples. Into these braids are woven pieces of red flannel cloth ornamented with the beadwork.

Add to this brass rings from 4 to 5 inches in diameter, which hang suspended from their ears, a number of smaller rings as big as bracelets, and buttons and spangles braided into their black hair, with a neckpiece, in addition, into which are worked porcelain buttons and small, colored rods, and you may have some idea of the picturesque effect that a group of males, stalwart as these, present in a vast, silent, savage wilderness over which they still hold sway almost without protest or dispute on the part of the white intruders.

Whenever they are sitting around idly they like to carry an eagle's or a crane's wing in their hand in addition to their pipe.

Their dogs are trained for the harness. Their horses draw the lodge pole sleds, often 18 to 20 feet long. On these they pack several hundred pounds of stuff—the sugar loaf shaped family tent, robes, and covers for the beds, provisions, pots and kettles, the little papooses and even grown-up maidens and ancient squaws alike.

These savages are very fond of colored cloth-goods. They have a great predilection for sugar, coffee, rice and Welsh corn. They are nowise interested in agricultural pursuits. Therefore, farm products are the most important staples of trade among them.

They wear aprons and short drawers, preferably of green color, and woolen blankets of the same color. These latter frequently displace the buffalo-robe, especially among the squaws. At night the males disrobe entirely no matter what the season may be.

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October 5 we arrived at Fort Laramie. The main building is square and of huge size. It is built of sundried bricks, or adobes, after the fashion of the Mexicans. This is surrounded by dwelling houses and barracks in which the officers and privates, respectively, are lodged.

It was Sunday. I could not, therefore, pay my respects to the commanding officer, Colonel Tott, to whom I had a letter of identification from the Department of War. So I crossed the Laramie river for a visit with an old friend of mine, a French Canadian, Monterévier by name, whom I used to know in the Rocky Mountains twenty years before.

This man, although surrounded by Sioux lodges, is devoted to the growing of maize and garden vegetables as well as small fruit. He also has a fine orchard. He is carrying on a fur-trade on a small scale in company with another man, Richards by name. While visiting Monterévier I met Lord Fitz-Williams, a daring traveller and globe-trotter, with whom I spent several hours in delightful talk. He is unspoiled by high rank and fame, urbane, entertaining, fitting into any level of society with the ease of a nature's gentleman and citizen of the world.

From this vantage-point I was able to enjoy a fine view of the fort, in which a parade was just then in progress. Everybody was in gala dress. Quite stirring was the sound of trumpets, fifes, and drums.

This establishment is quartering several hundred men. It is kept scrupulously clean. On the north side are spacious, quadrangular parade grounds. It is, moreover, the last of the outposts of the governmental and military authority along the route from Kansas town to Sacramento City, California, and the Dalles, Oregon. Therefore the key of communication between the East and the West.

On Monterévier's farm there were a great many Ogalala Sioux. At this time they were in friendly accord with the whites. Only a few years before, however, Colonel Frémont had ample occasion to lodge grievous complaints against them with the Department of War.

Mr. Moellhausen attempted to sketch a few of these Indians. But though we used a number of stratagems, the undertaking ended in failure. There is a deep-seated superstition among these children of nature that any who submit to being portrayed are irrevocably doomed to die within a few days thereafter.

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Far back from the front range, of which Laramie Peak is the most noteworthy landmark, rise the Wind River Mountains. In the extreme northwest are the lofty peaks of the three Titans,<sup>8</sup> called the Triple Snow Peaks. These are covered with perpetual ice and snow, perhaps the loftiest mountains in all the scenery of the North-American Alps. Between, and farther south, are the Three Knobs. And to the southwest the mountains of Medicine Bow and the Sierra Madre, both of imposing grandeur. All these I had visited in 1830-1831.

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8. The Grand Tetons.—The Tr.

Beyond these giant ranges however, the Rocky Mountains slope off sharply, a slanting plateau connecting them with the far western Sierra Nevada and the Cascades and with the waters of the Columbia and the Gila, or Green River, which latter courses through the South Pass toward the Sea of Cortez, or Mar Vermejo.

Southward are the enormous sierras of the Mexican Andes and the Sangre de Cristo whose towering peaks seem as if they dominated the world.

The most important domain in the vast wilderness of sand and stone and barren crags, almost oceanic in extent, is the region surrounding the salt-lakes of Utah. This is a veritable oasis, freshened with the waters of lovely, picturesque mountain ranges of comparatively low elevation. It is, indeed, a most welcome interruption in that rough and utterly inhospitable desert waste. It lies about half-way between the junction of the two Plattes and the Sierra Nevada.

The people were led westward, through untold miseries and hardships, by their peerless leader, the Apostle Brigham Young. Nothing short of an unfaltering faith and devotion could have impelled them to undertake such a journey across uncharted savage distances infested by hundreds of tribes of hostile Indians. Only the spirit of a Moses with the personification of such high qualities as sincerity, gentleness, patience, courage, perseverance and deathless faith, was able to induce this gentle, industrious folk to leave the flesh-pots of Illinois and Missouri and to follow their leader into an unknown land, from which, once started on the journey, there could be no returning. There is human stuff in this empire that will be one day sung in an epic great enough to dim the glory of all the songs of antiquity.

This sect has been criticized most severely by the press of North America. It has been stigmatized for heresy and rebellion. Thus were in a like manner branded those first settlers of the bleak Atlantic Coast, because they refused to live a spiritual life in accordance<sup>9</sup> with that inner voice, Conscience.

Who is there to judge? Who is right? Those heroes of the Mayflower were heretics in the judgment of orthodox ecclesiasticism. A few generations later there were others who dared to differ from Puritan orthodoxy, and these in turn were persecuted as creatures more abhorrent than the pagan savage.

9. For "in accordance" read "at variance."—Ed.

Time will vindicate these stout-hearted pilgrims. Already they have established a theocracy far more sincere than any yet founded. Their zeal, devotion and self-sacrificing nature they have proven. Amidst the vast desert, a thousand miles from all civilization, they have set up an orderly government. They have broken up the soil of the desert and have in truth made it "to blossom as the rose." They welcome the stranger to their hearthstone with genuine hospitality. They have instituted schools. They live in sobriety. They have reclaimed a large territory unproductive since the beginning of time, and their toil yields a hundredfold in return for their industry and thrift.

With respect to these stout-hearted pioneers, their attitude is of a far gentler Christian spirit than was the Puritan Fathers'. They do not wage a war of aggression. They plan no campaign of extermination. Most of the Indian tribes they have pacified, though, when hostility is implacable they do not lack in Spartan courage to compel them to conform to the laws of a civilized commonwealth.

I looked over the country adjacent to Fort Laramie for the purpose of studying some tribes of Indians which, somehow, I had missed on former travels. I am therefore indicating those tribes which roam over the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains with reference to their attitude of friendship or hostility, as the case may be, toward the whites.

Along the North Fork of the La Platte, I should say as far as the Laramie, there live two Dakotah tribes, the Ogalala Sioux and the Culs Brûlés—people who burn their buttocks—who are now disposed to be friendly, but who at one time had an evil reputation.

Southward as far as the South Fork, the Padukah,<sup>10</sup> are the Cheyennes, generally speaking a squalid, thievish tribe.

South of the Padukah and far up into the foothills of the Front Range roam the Arapahoes. These are really a splendid people and in friendly accord with the Anglo-Americans.

South of these are the Icarellis who take their name from a certain fabric they weave called Ica-ra.<sup>10a</sup> These are an off-shoot of the blood-thirsty Apaches, or wild tribe of the newly acquired Mexican provinces. These Icarellis are for the most part irreconcilably hostile against the whites, showing mercy to none.

10. The South Platte, as it was called in later years.—The. Tr.

10a. These are better known as the Jicarilla Apaches, and their *jicara* baskets.—Ed.

The Kiowas, too, are a treacherous, vagabond tribe, and as cowardly as they are murderous.

The Crows are, on the other hand, a fine stock of people, tall of stature and martial,<sup>11</sup> but well-disposed toward the federal government.

Last of those I have learned to know by having been among them are the Utes. These are treacherous, cowardly savages, attacking only when they far outnumber the white settlers. They have murdered many whites in wholesale massacres, having wiped out several American settlements in their lust for shedding blood. Their habitat is the southwest, on the upper waters of the Las Animas and the Rio Grande.

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These Indians traverse all the regions of the Far West that I have visited in 1830-31 and in 1851, and I have had ample opportunity for the study of a number of individuals of all these tribes which I have characterized.

I must say that, although a contact with most of the tribes in their wigwams, or when they come to the trading posts of the fur-dealers to trade and barter, is quite free from danger, nevertheless it is a risky affair to encounter a band of them when they are out on the warpath.

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Among the doubtful and hostile tribes the lone traveller's doom is almost invariably sealed if he happens to fall into their hands while they are out on a scouting trip or a raid. Even if he should be turned loose, which is an almost unheard of occurrence, they will first strip him of all his belongings, and then subject him to torture and even disfigurement.

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About the beginning of October I had concluded my journey of explorations as far westward as I had originally planned, and without a day's delay for the sake of rest I started on my return to civilization. But I found to my great disappointment that I had to make a longer stay than I had intended, both at the settlement of the fur-trading company at Fort John and at that of my friends of thirty years' standing, the Brothers Robidoux at Scotts Bluff.

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11. The Crows, a very numerous tribe, roamed in the early eighties from the northeast border of Colorado for a hundred miles or more northward of the Cheyenne. By that time they had degenerated into a more cowardly, slothful, filthy state, utterly repulsive in their bodily habits and held in contempt by the whites. This was undoubtedly due to their dependence on government bounty.—The Tr.

One reason was that the purchase of new horses and the exchange of my lighter wagon for a stronger, more dependable one, consumed much more time than I had counted on.<sup>12</sup>

The other was my concern over Mr. Moellhausen's health. That gentleman had been well and strong until about the time of our departure from Fort Kearney. He had been at all times a most willing and useful helper. Then he succumbed, as do most all young people who have lived cleanly, to an attack of intermittent fever. I say again that I had cause to regret that I did not take in his stead a stout, clever French-Canadian.

These may have plenty of faults, yet, on the other hand, they can be very useful. Owing to their vast experience in outdoor life and travel they are equal to any circumstance which may arise. They are accustomed to unquestioned obedience. They are born travellers and their sense as pathfinders is almost uncanny. They are the natural friends of the Indian tribes, having signs and tokens by means of which they at once meet a fraternal welcome among the savages. They are the best hunters whether on the plains or in the mountains, and they have not their equal in providing shelter and comfort in any kind of weather. The selection of suitable camp-sites, the cooking of meals, the care of provisions, especially fresh meats, all these matters can be left to them entirely.

Perhaps the most important quality is their almost uncanny ability in the handling of horses. They drive carefully, watching with unerring instinct over the condition of their bodies, their limbs, their feet. Their first care when reaching camp is for them. They manage to cover vastly greater distances than the unexperienced driver, and at the same time they keep them in far better condition. For these and a hundred other reasons these sons of the old voyageurs are unequalled.

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On account of the delays I have mentioned our return journey was retarded a full fortnight. It was with good reason, therefore, that I was looking forward with considerable apprehension to the countless hazards to which travel in winter was exposed from now on, perhaps with death itself in the path.

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12. The prince had collected a vast amount of specimens of the flora and fauna, one of the main reasons for the expedition, the transportation of which to the Missouri river required a considerably larger vehicle than the one with which he set out for the West.—The Tr.



More than all did I dread what might befall Mr. Moellhausen in his weakened condition. And, indeed, all these somber fears were to become fulfilled. The return journey proved to be from the very first a series of terrible hardships, sufferings, and misfortunes. On the very day of our departure from Fort John it was our misfortune to have our front axle broken in two as we were driving up a steep slope. I rode back to Major Tripp and he sent out several men. These lost their way and did not find Moellhausen's camp till late in the night. Then I had to send a man with the broken axle to Mr. Robidoux, and the latter's blacksmith was able to repair the damage quickly and in a most workmanlike manner.

We continued our journey, after a full day's delay, down the narrow valley of the La Platte, leaving Chimney Rock far behind us. The way led through sand-dunes, hills and across fine, grassy plains, until we reached the groups of chalk bluffs, formations that extend westward to the very littoral of California, just as they are clearly traceable from here along the entire length eastward to the junction of the La Platte with Missouri.

The ascent over the mountain pass of Ash Hollow was bound up with almost insurmountable difficulties. Our team was too light for the load it had to pull up the steep incline. One of the pair became dispirited and would not pull. Instead, it reared up on its hindquarters and fell over backwards, and it was only because of its weight as it lay prostrate that the wagon was not hurled hundreds of feet down the abysmal rock-wall. When we had blocked the rear wheels securely, we made the refractory animal loose from the wagon and replaced it with the led-mule. Even then we found it necessary to fasten a rope-end to the wagon tongue, and with the other tied to the pommel of the saddle, Mr. Moellhausen spurred his horse so that it kept the cable taut. Major Tripp had advised us to resort to this expedient in the even that we would have any trouble in getting up this pass that was the dread of all wagoners eastward-bound.

It was not until late that evening that we reached the Padukah, or South Fork. This river was now running a great volume of water, its bed fully a mile in width. The ford leads straight across, there being a sign post, with a white flag attached at opposite bank. But this in the growing darkness was scarcely visible. If we missed the straight course, there was danger of encountering quicksand; or what would be as bad, we would not be able to get out of the

river, once we had arrived at the south bank, as this is steep and some six or seven feet high above the water-line.

(Paul Wilhelm touches on the mishap that befell the travellers here in only a few phrases. He merely states that the wagon stuck fast in mid-stream and that it was finally pulled out to the south bank by the driver of the mail-coach which happened to overtake the two the following forenoon.

(He refers the reader, instead, to the graphic account written by Moellhausen, which is here reproduced.)

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M. Baldwin Moellhausen, distinguished writer, was born January 27, 1825, at Bonn, Germany. He undertook three expeditions through the United States, two for scientific purposes. These undoubtedly were not a little suggested to his imaginative soul through prospects of high adventure.

During the second, he was employed as topographer and draftsman on an expedition in charge of Lieutenant Whipple, U. S. A., in a work undertaken by the National Government to determine the best route for the prospective Union Pacific from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast.

After returning to his native country from his third expedition, he settled down in Berlin (1886) where he resided continually until his death in 1905.

He was a prolific and popular writer. Nearly all his work consisted in novels, about 150 of them. These invariably appeared first in *Monatsschriften*, or monthly magazines. A great many of his books and articles deal of the social and political life in the United States, and of travel accounts. The novels are based on the colonial life of our West and Southwest. His memoirs comprise eight volumes.

Of his American novels, *The Mormon Maid* is perhaps his outstanding work. This was published in 1864. *Western Travels*, 4 volumes, was published in 1873. In 1890 appeared *The Ferryman on the Canadian*, a stirring story.

The only criticism is on the score of their great length, in which respect he outdid even Dickens. Nevertheless, the descriptive matter is invaluable as reflecting the viewpoint of an unbiased, brilliant, and impartial critic whose admiration for the American people, its manners, customs, its

achievements, its institutions, its unparalleled solidarity, its institutional life from the executive mansion at Washington down to the simple justice of the peace in the smallest village, was genuine and in evidence in everything he has written that pertains to Anglo-Saxon America.

A number of the German writers of the eighties and nineties have yielded him high praise. Magazine articles have discussed his works, and at least two of these have gone so far as to state that the mantle of Gustav Freytag had fallen on his shoulders.

THE TRANSLATOR.

ACCOUNT OF AN ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT AMERICAN  
DESERT AS TOLD BY MR. MOELLHAUSEN, COMPANION  
TO PRINCE PAUL OF WÜRTTEMBERG

The Adventure that befell us, states the duke's companion, happened on our return journey from Fort Laramie.

Duke Paul Wilhelm rarely employed more than one or at most two companions on his travels. On this expedition he started out with two, a Mr. Zielinské, whom he lost early on the outward trip, and my unworthy self.

It is an incomprehensible thing to me that this man was unable to follow and overtake us.<sup>1</sup> However, when I state that this otherwise most excellent young man was fully as inexperienced as I myself—"a greenhorn," as the duke called us often in a spirit of goodnatured raillery—and as unfit as I to make a practical decision on any problem involving a little common sense, then it would be unnecessary to speculate any further about this happening.

The duke is a man of an intellectuality far beyond ordinary comprehension. But his weak point is impulsiveness. His courage is so boundless that it often approaches downright madness itself. In spite of his early bringing-up at one of the most exclusive royal courts in Christendom he is utterly democratic and considerate in all his dealings with others.

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1. It is fully as incomprehensible that Paul Wilhelm should so unfeelingly have proceeded on his way without making any effort to turn back and make a search for him. For it was like a death-warrant to one so inexperienced to be left to his fate in a country infested by murderous Indians and wild animals. Moreover, if he even were able to escape death from tooth and claw he must eventually die of hunger.—The Tr.

What assistance I was able to render on an expedition of such a magnitude may easily be guessed at when I say that this was my first break-away from civilization for even a single day. Unused to rough fare, long travel in the saddle, heat, poisonous insects that fly or crawl and give one not a moment's surcease, to lying on the ground with the stars for my canopy, or black clouds pouring down water not in drops but in dipperfuls—I grew with every advancing mile more homesick, more hopeless of any prospect that we would ever return alive to tell about this.

On the other hand, the duke was everything that we were not. He fitted into any situation, not merely in Spartan fortitude, but rejoicing in his matchless strength that gloried in being pitted against hardships which I deemed insuperable, in dangers from which I shrank with horror. Yet in all our relations, which must have tried his patience often enough, he never gave the least hint at any time because of my lack of spirit.

Although I was daily stricken by a violent chill followed by a burning fever, I did my best to show to this man that I was not losing heart. Indeed, after simulating a courage that I was far from feeling during a long series of suffering, I came at last to taste a certain delight, brief of duration at first, but gradually lengthening, in my ability to look cheerful, and as a reward to receive an approving glance from the duke, as if he were beginning to have hopes that I might turn out to grow into a real man after all.

Perhaps this new spirit which I perceived coming to the surface, wholly unsuspecting of its existence within me in any form, grew out of the indifference with which I viewed the future. For, try as I would, I could not imagine that we would ever return alive to our own kindred. This feeling of desperation never left me, though I was careful to conceal it from the duke. But out of it grew a certain abandon, a recklessness, at first a surprise to me but to which I became accustomed. Indeed, this mental change in a subtle way lightened my labors which had seemed so hard before, and this had become especially obvious during the past several days. The ride up Ash Hollow Pass would have been an impossible feat for me only a little while before. It required a herculean will to continue going on and on, after the total exhaustion that had resulted from the ascent. The jog of my horse seemed to jab me like a knife-thrust at every step. But for all that I would not for my life have stopped short of the day's allotted destination. There was a fierce

exhilaration that surged up continually within me at the realization of this newly-born power. Gone were my ills, those devastating chills and fevers, as something unclean that could no longer have room in my new state.

In spite of the stiff pace at which we had been traveling, twilight had already set in when we reached the banks of the Padukah.<sup>2</sup>

My proposal to strike camp on the north bank the duke rejected for the very good reason that there was not a vestige of grass for our exhausted animals on that side of the river, whereas there was an abundance on the south side.

Consequently, there was nothing for me to do but to ride ahead of the wagon into the river. The rapidly increasing darkness soon blotted out from view the signal post on the opposite end of the ford. Everything went well enough until we reached the middle of the stream. Whether it was that I had missed the ford or because the horses stood still for a moment, to rest from the unspeakably hard pull and strain, I cannot say. In short, as I looked back I saw that the wheels had sunk so deep into the quicksand that only the wagon-box remained above the water. The horses, struggle and tug though they did with all their strength, were not able to budge the load an inch.

We were caught in a sorry plight. In addition to the black darkness a fine, icy-cold drizzle set in. But we did not waste a moment's time in further useless attempts to extricate the wagon. From my saddle I unhitched the team. The duke handed me a hatchet and an Indian-made leather tent, in which were wrapped the tent poles and stakes, whereupon I looked for a way out of the flood water. He himself decided, in spite of the danger that the wagon might disappear entirely in the treacherous sand, or that it might be washed down the river with his vast store of treasures consisting of countless specimens of the flora and fauna, and also geological specimens collected on an expedition of more than one thousand miles across the western wilderness. But not until he had helped me with the horses to the opposite river bank. Then he waded back to the marooned wagon which he was only able to find because its white covers gleamed faintly through the blackness of the night.

It must have been a terrible journey through the cold, rushing waves that were beating waist-high against his body. But, as just mentioned, all his collections and notes

2. The earlier name for the South Platte River.—The Tr.

taken on the expedition of more than a thousand miles outward and return were in that wagon, and he could not endure the thought of having them lost or ruined.

As soon as I had reached the south bank of the river, I unharnessed the horses and turned them loose. Then I looked back for a sign of the duke and the wagon. But the night was pitch-black, and even only a few feet away all was indistinguishable.

The rain was falling in fine drops, but very thickly. All connection between us was cut off. Indeed, due to the howling wind and the roar of the waves we could not even call to one another with any expectation of being heard.

The cold wind that swept across the terrible gloom of the waters blew through my wet clothing and cut like a thousand sharp knives. This roused me out of my sombre reveries. I wrapped myself in the leather tent, and gripping in my right hand the handle of my only weapon, a hatchet, I fell asleep despite rain, cold, and hunger. . . .

It had already begun to dawn when I awoke. The sky was clear, and the prospect of sunshine cheered me. My first glance was across toward the river. To my exceeding joy I noticed that the wagon was still where I had left it the evening before.

My second glance was for the horses. These, too, were still in sight, quietly grazing a short distance from me. I now turned my attention to my own predicament. Though it was not raining any longer, to be sure, yet a cold, damp north wind was whistling from across the river which chilled me to the marrow. In order to get warm, I drew the leather cover tightly together, leaving only a slight opening for my eyes. Then I attempted to fall asleep again. But sleep would not come again. Now while I was thus stretched out on the ground, I cast my eyes into the distance up along the river bank. As I gazed intently, I had the impression of seeing something moving over the perfectly level plain. It was not a deception. This something was apparently moving toward me. For some time I was uncertain. Was it wolves, or buffaloes, or even Indians? At last I made out that they were mounted men. There could now be no longer any doubt that they were Indians. With terror did I now realize in what a helpless situation we were, and how absolutely we were in their power.

What was left for me to do but to look on mutely while they were making off with our horses? We even had to feel in luck if they spared our lives, or, what would be nearly as

bad, if they robbed us of all our belongings and left us to our misery.

All this was in my mind as I was observing the half dozen Cheyenne warriors without changing my position in the least. Suddenly a troop of riders swooped down from the same direction. I counted eleven or twelve braves that raced down upon me. At a distance of about thirty paces they suddenly reined in their horses and looked toward me quite intently. They must have espied the wagon from afar, and they at once began to gesticulate and to point toward it.

I cannot deny that the blood almost stopped coursing through my veins from terror, but I deemed it wise to resort to a stratagem. In order that they would not shoot me from a distance, I feigned sleep, at the same time gripping my hatchet tightly in my hand. The sharp eyes of the savages, however, were not long in discovering that my sleep was a pretense. For when I opened one of my eyes ever so slightly to blink toward them, one of the savage warriors broke into boisterous laughter. Then he pointed toward me nonchalantly and leaped down from his horse.

I arose quickly and walked toward the wild figures, at the same time extending toward him my hand in token of peace. It encouraged me somewhat to find that each in turn responded with a like pressure. They also seemed to understand perfectly my purpose of entreaty that they should assist me in dragging our wagon out of the water. They appeared even to pledge me their aid, but expressed at the same time the wish that I regale them with a cup of coffee and with plenty of sugar before starting out on their task.

Inasmuch as this was an unmistakable demand, no choice was left to me save compliance. So I asked for a horse to ride to the wagon where I found the duke quite comfortably settled on the board seat, a far cry from his present condition to a ducal throne that was his rightful due. As I could not decide on what was best to do under the circumstances, I appealed to him for advice. He frowned and lapsed for a moment in a brown study.

While he reflected I was noticing that he had transformed the little shelter into a formidable fortress. All about him in plain view lay a shotgun, a double-barreled rifle, a horse pistol, and a Colt's revolver. Evidently he was not inclined to surrender his property without a fight, even if it cost his life. Unerring shot that he was, he was prepared to kill every member of the party long before they could reach the wagon.

I told him about my terms of our agreement with the Indians, and he deemed this fair and conformable to the circumstances in which we were placed. He handed me coffee and sugar, and the coffee-pot. Then, as I started back for the south bank he shouted after me: "Do not trust any of these fellows! Be constantly on your guard!"

When I arrived where the savages were there was a brisk fire burning. They had gathered quite a supply of dry buffalo dung which is almost impermeable to rain. In a jiffy everything was ready, for there is no one so skillful in manipulating the cooking over an open fire as the Indian. Moreover, they were helpful and obliging, since it appeared to their own advantage to be so in the present instance. So when they began to feel the need of the shelter of a tent and saw mine lying on the ground and found that the poles and stakes were in the wagon, one of them rode out to the duke and demanded them in my name. The duke very obligingly granted their wish.

With practiced hand these unwelcome and rather insolent guests then put up the tent over the fire, and in a very short time I was sitting in the narrow space with my unbidden guests.

It was a blissful feeling to thaw out after the long hours of shivering from the bitter cold. This was enhanced when I inhaled the aroma of the steaming coffee. The pipe of peace was now passed around within the tent and was then handed to the other warriors outside that were also crowded together around a fire. It went the round again before the coffee was ready to serve. All seemed delighted with the taste of the black-brown beverage, and another potful was cooked.

Then I insisted that they should fulfill their part of the agreement. These rascals gave me to understand, however, in terms that were little else than veiled taunts, that it was still too early to think of anything of the kind. They insisted that I bring to each of them one handful of coffee and two of sugar from the wagon, a demand which our entire supply was not sufficient to make good.

I promised, however, to do my best once the wagon was out of the river. This proposal did not seem in the least to their taste. All of them settled down into a state of imperturbable calm. When they perceived my rising displeasure, they consoled me by passing the pipe to me a number of times, out of my regular term.

Flattering though this proof of honor might have



seemed, it did not allay my suspicions in the least. For with a strange insistence the duke's words of warning rang in my ears: "Place no trust in the word of an Indian!"

Had we not been so many hundred miles from the nearest settlement I might have had some appreciation of the comical side of the situation that confronted me. Here I was sitting in my own tent in the manner of a none-too-welcome guest, in the midst of this horde of savages, drinking my own coffee and warming my half-frozen body while the duke was waiting in mid-stream, his patience tried to the utmost over the endless delay.

Twice, to be sure, I had made the attempt to send a large dipper full of the hot life-giving liquid to him. Both times the errand was assumed with the most convincing obligingness, but carried out only insofar that the messenger arose and passed the coffee down his own throat with every sign of exceeding relish, returning the empty vessel with a friendly ingratiating gesture.

All this impudence and coarse lack of consideration, I must confess, turned my ill humor into a kind of desperation. For I was utterly helpless. There was no escape from my predicament. The next time the pipe was offered I repulsed it angrily. But they only laughed over my fit of temper, instead of taking it as an affront.

Now I stepped outside, repeating my demands with unmistakable sternness. This occasioned a shifting among the fellows who had been crouching together on the wet earth. But the only satisfaction I drew from this show of anger was to see one of them creep into the tent. Just before he disappeared to take the place I had vacated, he looked back at me with a mocking smile.

This was more than I could bear. I was so embittered that I turned loose a flood of abuse. I reviled them as a pack of thieves and cutthroats in English, in French, and in German. For throughout this palaver not a word was exchanged between us that either they or I understood. Indeed, what there was of mutual understanding was entirely by way of the sign-language.

My only satisfaction over the result of my invective was that several smiled or nodded as if in applause, the best proof that they had not understood a word.

Only once had I a fleeting notion that my German was understood, for one of the savages endeavored to repeat with the most ludicrous stress the word "Flegel"<sup>3</sup> which I had

3. Boorish fellow.

thrust at him in particular. But to my chagrin I saw that it was only the odd sound of the word that had caught his fancy and that he endeavored to memorize it through repetition.

I now uttered curses upon the river, the prairie, and all the Indian pack, both individually and collectively. Half-crazed I then looked across toward the wagon in my utter perplexity.

Suddenly my eyes caught sight of a horseman who appeared on the near hill-slope across the river just as if he had stepped out of nothingness. Soon a number of others bobbed up out of the same direction. At last, to my inexpressible delight, came a wagon drawn by six mules. This I immediately recognized as the government postchaise from Fort Laramie escorted by American soldiers.

As by an electric shock all became changed within me. My low spirits vanished. Never had I seen a fellow more courageous than I was at this moment, now that I knew that help from people of my own race was nigh.

I ran up to the tent, tore open the flap and gave the rascals within to understand beyond all doubt that they had to clear out. When they showed no disposition to comply promptly I made a speech, loud and bellicose and all in the tongue in which alone could do justice to my feelings, the German. It ran about in this wise: "If you red rabble do not get out of this tent I shall cut down the tent poles and bury your vile carcasses underneath, then set fire to it so you will all burn to cinders and all memory of your rotten existence may be blotted out forever."

Though the redskins did not understand what I had said they guessed its meaning from the upraised hatchet in my hand. Perhaps it was more on account of my sudden boldness that they suspected that something unusual was in the air. At least I saw that, one after another, the unbidden guests were crawling from the smoky quarters.

It was my first heroic gesture among the Indians. Proudly I looked down upon the savage horde which bowed obediently to my will. Like so many another hero of a moment I thought to myself: "If only some artist of genius were here to sketch me in this magnificent pose!" But deep within me was the far more fervent wish to be back among the comforts and fleshpots and security of civilization.

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When the Indians caught sight of the little caravan across the river, they rushed to their horses in order to earn

the reward I had offered them for bringing the wagon to firm ground. But I turned down their assistance, and the same answer was made to the headman by the duke who had in the meantime crossed and joined the group.

(Here ends the account from Moellhausen; and now Paul Wilhelm takes up the thread of the story again as we read it from his journals.)

*(To be concluded)*

## BOOKS IN NEW MEXICO, 1598-1680

By ELEANOR B. ADAMS  
and FRANCE V. SCHOLES

DURING the past few years interest in the intellectual history of the Spanish colonies has grown rapidly. One manifestation of this interest is the increasing number of studies on the book trade and the importation and distribution of books, especially in the major colonies and centers of population such as Mexico and Peru. These have already refuted the conventional notion that the scientific, philosophical and literary works current in Spain and Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were seldom available in or even permitted to enter the colonies.<sup>1</sup> But it is equally important, perhaps even more important, to know what books reached the outlying areas which did not enjoy the same facilities for formal academic training as were to be found in the richer and more populous districts. On the frontier the dissemination of ideas and the degree of intellectual enlightenment necessarily depended in great measure upon the kind of books imported and circulated and their influence upon the people who owned them, and through them, upon others. The unlettered, of course, formed the major part of the population. Those who owned books in large or small

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1. F. Rodríguez Marín *El "Quijote" y Don Quijote en América* (Madrid, 1911); [F. Fernández del Castillo, ed.], *Libros y libreros en el siglo XVI* (México, 1914); [E. O'Gorman, ed.], "Bibliotecas y librerías coloniales, 1585-1694," *Boletín del Archivo General de la Nación*, X (1939), 661-1006; I. A. Leonard, *Romances of Chivalry in the Spanish Indies with some Registros of Shipments of Books to the Spanish Colonies* (Berkeley, 1933); —, "A Shipment of 'Comedias' to the Indies," *Hispanic Review*, II (1934), 39-50; —, "Notes on Lope de Vega's Works in the Spanish Indies," *Hispanic Review*, VI (1938), 277-293; —, "Don Quijote and the Book Trade in Lima, 1606," *Hispanic Review*, VIII (1940), 285-304; —, "Los libros en el inventario de bienes de don Pedro de Peralta de Barnuevo," *Boletín Bibliográfico . . . de la Universidad Mayor de San Marcos de Lima*, Año XIV (1941), 1-7; —, "Best Sellers of the Lima Book Trade, 1583," *The Hispanic American Historical Review*, XXII (1942), 5-33; O. H. Green and I. A. Leonard, "On the Mexican Booktrade in 1600: A Chapter in Cultural History," *Hispanic Review*, IX (1941), 1-40; J. Torre Revello, *El libro, la imprenta y el periodismo en América durante la dominación española* (Buenos Aires, 1940).

numbers were few, but what books there were reached the people in some form, by loan to those who could read, or, more indirectly, by the conversation and discussions of those who had read them, colored inevitably by their personal reactions and interpretations.

This was the case in New Mexico in the seventeenth century. As the northernmost outpost of Spain in North America, it was an isolated frontier colony cut off from the rest of New Spain by vast stretches of territory inhabited by hostile Indian tribes. Since it possessed but few easily exploitable resources, its economic importance was small and it attracted relatively few colonists. Not many of those who came had enjoyed much, if any, academic training. A certain number of mission schools were founded within the province, especially during the first three or four decades after the establishment of the colony, for the purpose of teaching the elements of Christian doctrine and rudiments of reading and writing. No formal education beyond this existed.

Information concerning books that were brought to New Mexico prior to the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 consists of scattered incidental references in various contemporary sources, citations of works which are found in documents dealing with the never-ending Church-State controversy, and a few lists of volumes in the possession of certain provincial governors. Additional data may have been recorded in private papers and in the local Franciscan archives as part of inventories of church and convent furnishings, but these records, along with the provincial governmental archive, were destroyed in 1680. As might be expected, most of the books were in the possession of the Franciscan friars and the provincial governors. Undoubtedly the colonists owned more books than are noted in the contemporary sources that have been preserved, but the number was not large in any case.

In the appendix we have compiled a list of references to books, usually in the form or phraseology employed in the

documents. Most of the references and citations give incomplete or inexact data concerning author, title, or both. In such cases identification of author and title has been made, in so far as this was possible on the basis of the bibliographic facilities at our disposal. Numbers used in the text in connection with authors or titles refer to items listed by the same number in the appendix.

The Franciscan friars constituted the most learned group in the province. A considerable number had been educated in Spain, where they had entered the Order before going out to the New World. Most of the others had been trained in the colleges and seminaries of Mexico City, Puebla, or other educational centers of New Spain. Several had achieved some prominence in the Order before entering the New Mexico mission field; others were rewarded by promotion or preferment after their years of service in the province. Fray Tomás Manso, who served for years as director of the mission supply caravans, was elevated to the see of Nicaragua, and according to tradition Fray Alonso de Benavides became archbishop of Goa. Fray Francisco de Ayeta, who played such a prominent role in local affairs both before and after the Pueblo Revolt, was appointed special representative of all the Franciscan provinces of New Spain at the royal court. But no less worthy of mention as intellectual leaders in New Mexico are men like Fray Esteban de Perea, Fray Juan de Salas, Fray Cristóbal de Quirós, and Fray Antonio de Ibargaray—to note only a few—who spent the best years of their lives in the province.

The friars who accompanied the Oñate expedition were undoubtedly the owners of most of the books taken to New Mexico when the province was founded, but unfortunately the documents relating to the expedition contain no lists describing the kind of books they had. It may be assumed that most of the books were bibles, breviaries, missals, and ecclesiastical treatises of various descriptions, but the inventories, if we had them, would probably reveal that some

of the friars brought with them classics of Latin and Spanish literature and a few volumes on medicine, science or pseudo-science, and other mundane subjects. The earliest documentary evidence concerning books imported by the Franciscans is found in the treasury accounts of the first three decades of the seventeenth century, which sometimes record in considerable detail the kind of supplies purchased at royal expense for friars sent out to the province and for those already serving in the missions. The book items refer, however, only to the purchase of breviaries, missals, and choir books of various kinds. (See appendix, items 1-10). Works of non-liturgical character were apparently privately owned, or were supplied at the expense of the Order for convent libraries.

It would be interesting to know what books were brought to New Mexico by Fray Esteban de Perea, Fray Juan de Salas, Fray Alonso de Benavides, and other leaders in the early missionary history of the province, but the documents record no information on this point. The only reference we have to a book owned by one of the early friars relates to a work on astrology said to be the property of the lay brother Fray Alonso de San Juan, who came to New Mexico before the end of the Oñate period and took an active part in mission affairs for some thirty years. In 1626, when Benavides was investigating conditions in the province, a certain Lucas de Figueroa gave the following testimony:<sup>2</sup>

He states and solemnly declares that about a year ago, having entered the house of a Mexican Indian called Pancho Bolon, a smith in this Villa [of Santa Fe], he found there a book of astrology and secrets of nature and of other strange things. Since the aforesaid Indian did not know how to read, this declarant asked for the loan of it and took it from him. He kept it about five or six

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2. The record of Benavides' investigation is found in *Archivo General de la Nación, México* (cited hereafter as A. G. M.), *Inquisición*, tomo 356. For a secondary account of the investigation and the causes which prompted it, see F. V. Scholes, "The First Decade of the Inquisition in New Mexico," *New Mex. Hist. Rev.*, X (1935), 195-241, and *Church and State in New Mexico, 1610-1650* (Albuquerque, 1937), Ch. III.

months, at the end of which time Fray Alonso de San Juan, lay brother of St. Francis in this Custody, carried it off, saying that it was his. During the time that this declarant had it, he found in it the account of the planets at all hours, prognosticating according to the nature of each planet the aspect and character of the persons who were born under each planet, foretelling how long they might live and certain future events in the course of their lives. He did this once on the basis of the time of her birth as told to him by a woman of this Villa called Ana Ortiz, and he informed her that apparently she had had an illness, according to what the influences of her sign indicated for her. She replied that this was true and that she had had it at the time he named. He also told her that she would be very fecund. In the same way he prophesied the birth of a child, daughter of Francisco de Almazán, a resident of this place, foretelling several events which were to befall him, and other similar things. And although it is true that this seemed to him to be proper curiosity and he manifested it as such, he always believed and understood that everything was subject to the will of God and made this clear to all those with whom he dealt.

These remarks illustrate the influence that a book of esoteric character might have on a relatively unlettered colonist. Figueroa's confession was undoubtedly prompted by knowledge that Benavides, who was acting under authority as Commissary of the Holy Office, was inquiring into the prevalence of superstition, and it was this factor that was responsible for the witness' final affirmation that all things were subject to God's will and that he had emphasized this point in the prognostications he had made.

The convent libraries, made up of books received or inherited from private owners and works purchased at the expense of the Order for general use, constituted the most important collections at the disposal of the friars. Each mission must have had a few books, but the most extensive collections were undoubtedly those kept at the convent of Santo Domingo, ecclesiastical capital of the province, and at



the convent of Santa Fe. The inventories of these collections, which once comprised part of the Franciscan archives, are irretrievably lost, but fortunately we have other records which provide considerable evidence concerning their contents.

The most important source of information is a series of opinions and letters written by Fray Juan de Vidania c. 1640-1641 at the time of a bitter controversy between Governor Luis de Rosas and the Franciscans. This controversy was precipitated by numerous incidents involving the authority of the custodian as local head of the church, questions of ecclesiastical immunity and privilege, and similar problems. At the height of the dispute the province was divided into two hostile camps. The convent at Santa Fe was closed, and all of the friars in residence there, except Vidania and a lay brother, who were staunch supporters of the governor, were expelled from the Villa. Most of the friars and a group of colonists who espoused their cause assembled at Santo Domingo, whence the custodian, Fray Juan de Salas, fulminated excommunications against Rosas and his Franciscan allies. In a series of opinions, drafted at the request of the governor, Vidania formulated arguments to support Rosas' actions and to challenge the validity of the prelate's edicts. These views were also reiterated in letters to Salas and other friars.<sup>3</sup>

In these papers Vidania cited numerous authorities in such a way that it may be inferred that in most cases he had their writings at hand for reference. The documents not only contain many verbatim quotations but have numerous marginal notes giving author, brief title, or both, and frequently the volume, chapter, section, or other appropriate subdivisions of works cited to support arguments in the text. Some of the books that he used may have been in the library or archive of the Casa Real, but most of them are of

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3. Vidania's opinions and letters are found in A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 595. For an extensive account of Rosas' controversy with the friars, see Scholes, *Church and State*, Chs. V, VI.

such character that they probably belonged to the library of the Santa Fe convent.

Among the works quoted or cited we find Aristotle's *Topics* (13), Caesar's *Galic Wars* (20), and Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (36). The Church Fathers are represented by St. Augustine's work, *Contra Faustum Manichaeum* (43). The documents also contain references to St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, but it is difficult to determine whether Vidania had their writings at hand, or used references to them in other works. St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa* (44) is cited several times.

Justinian (27) appears two or three times, and there are numerous references to the *Nueva Recopilación* and to special royal cédulas and ordinances. Villadiego's *Instrucción política* (55) and Hevia Bolaños' *Curia philípica* (26), which deal with Spanish civil procedure and administration, are cited, but it is interesting to note that Solórzano and Castillo de Bobadilla are not mentioned. Politico-moralistic writing is represented by Fray Juan Márquez' *Gobernador christiano* (30).

There are numerous citations to the Decretals and other parts of the *Corpus juris canonici*, the decrees of the Council of Trent, and various papal bulls. The references to jurists and canonists cover a rather wide range. The Italians are represented by Baldo (16), Bartolus (17), Bellarmine (19), Cajetan (21), Panormitanus (37), and Silvestro Mazzolini (48). Among the Spaniards we find Soto (49, 50), Suárez (51), Covarrubias (22), the celebrated Azpilcueta Navarro (32), and others of lesser renown. The *Quaestiones regulares* (41) of the Portuguese Franciscan Fray Manuel Rodríguez and his *Adiciones* to his treatise on the Bull of the Crusade (40) are referred to again and again. Finally, we have several citations to Fray Juan Focher (24), Fray Alonso de la Veracruz (54), and Fray Juan Bautista (18), well known for their services in Mexico in the sixteenth century.

This is not the place to analyze Vidania's interpretations of canon law and his use or misuse of the authorities he quoted or cited. Only a trained canonist would be qualified for such a task. It will be interesting, however, to note what his brother Franciscans thought of his learning, and what he, in turn, thought of his critics. In a letter to the Franciscan Commissary General of New Spain, one of the friars wrote:

This said Fray Juan de Vidania was the fountain head and teacher of this conspiracy. He is false in everything, and for the Latin solecisms in the letter he wrote Your Reverence alone, he deserved to be deprived of the service of the altar and divine office. And for the falseness with which he cites the sacred canons and holy scripture, he should be deprived forever of the opportunity to read sacred canons and holy scripture, since he has so falsely applied what he reads.<sup>4</sup>

Vidania's contempt for his critics is reflected in all of his writings, but especially in one of his letters which illustrates his power of sarcasm, and, incidentally, provides interesting side lights on his acquaintance with books and authors. Referring to a certain friar who was especially active in challenging the validity of his propositions, he said:

This grammarian . . . is so ignorant that he has not even read the *Categories* or *Predicaments* of Aristotle, or the *Perihermenias* and *Topics*, or even the common-places of Cicero. And so he frequents the haunts of the vulgar and unlettered . . . composing syllogisms to make it seem that what I have done was fallacious and sophistries of little substance. . . . What an ignoramus I am, for I believed that one could not know these things without knowing the philosophers! . . . In vain I pondered the commentaries of the philosophers, and without reason did my teacher guide me through the cate-

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4. Fray Bartolomé Romero to the Commissary General of New Spain, October 4, 1641. Archivo General de Indias, Sevilla (cited hereafter as A. G. I.), Patronato, leg. 244, exp. 7.

gories of Porphyry <sup>5</sup> to the logic of Aristotle! And, leaving aside these humane branches of study, in vain and without cause did I have for my masters in holy theology the most learned Valencia <sup>6</sup> and the greatly renowned Leiva,<sup>7</sup> not to mention others! The erudition of my teachers and continual meditation from my early youth up to my present age upon the lesson to be found in various branches of moral and scholastic learning and evangelical discourse has availed me nothing. There, indeed, have we found a perfect and whole man without his having been taught by anyone. This must be some divine spirit or fantastic deity who surpasses and conquers Tully in eloquence, Aristotle in arguments, Plato in wisdom, and Aristarchus in erudition.

This outburst illustrates the invective power of Vidania's pen and explains, in part, why Governor Rosas valued him as an ally.

In the end Vidania suffered disgrace for his defense of Rosas and his disobedience to the custodian's decrees. A formal investigation of his conduct was made in 1641, after Rosas had been removed from office, and he was sent to Mexico City for trial by the Holy Office. One source states that he escaped during the journey to New Spain;<sup>8</sup> another records that he was finally punished (*penitenciado*).<sup>9</sup>

The documents relating to the Church-State controversies of the 1660's also contain some information concerning books in the possession of the friars, but it adds very little

5. Porphyry's *Isagoge*, or Introduction to the Categories of Aristotle, was translated into Latin by Boethius and had great influence upon the development of scholasticism. Among the works of Father Pedro de Fonseca, a famous Portuguese Jesuit theologian of the sixteenth century, whose philosophical writings were widely disseminated and reached many editions, is a treatise called *In Isagogem Porphyrii*. Domingo de Soto also wrote a treatise *In porphyrii Isagogen Aristotelis*, Venice, 1552.

6. Possibly Father Gregorio de Valencia, a prominent Jesuit theologian of the second half of the sixteenth century. He was sent to Germany to teach theology and to work against the influence of Luther, and later summoned to Rome by Clement VIII. He died in Naples in 1603. He was the author of both controversial and scholastic works.

7. Probably Diego Covarrubias y Leiva (1512-1577), the eminent Spanish theologian and jurist, professor of canon law and author of books on a wide range of subjects.

8. A. G. I., Patronato, leg. 244, exp. 7.

9. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 629, exp. 2.

to the data found in the Vidania papers. We find numerous references to the decrees of the Council of Trent and to various papal bulls, especially the *Omnimoda* of Adrian VI on which the custodians based their authority as ecclesiastical judges ordinary, but citations to canonists are rare. In a petition defending his jurisdiction as ecclesiastical judge, the vice-custodian, Fray García de San Francisco, cited Baldo, Navarro, and Panormitanus.<sup>10</sup> We also have an account of a theological dispute at the Santa Fe convent during which a volume by the canonist Fray Manuel Rodríguez was taken down and consulted to settle a point at issue.<sup>11</sup> All of these writers are cited in the Vidania papers and these later references to them serve as additional evidence that Rosas' advocate had his authorities at hand. The only references to works not previously mentioned relate to three books apparently owned by Fray Nicolás de Freitas, director of the Santa Fe convent in 1622-1663, and Fray Felipe de la Cruz, a lay brother resident at the convent of Santo Domingo in 1662.<sup>12</sup> (See appendix, nos. 57-59.)

Finally, the journal of Governor Diego de Vargas concerning the reconquest of New Mexico records the discovery of certain books that had undoubtedly been kept in the convents of the Zuñi area. On November 10, 1692, he arrived at Corn Mountain, on the top of which the Indians of the pueblo of Alona then were living. The following day he ascended the rock, and in one of the rooms of the pueblo he found various ecclesiastical ornaments and seventeen books. With one exception, a volume of Quevedo's works, they were of religious character.<sup>13</sup> (See appendix, nos. 60-76.)

In the documentary sources for the period prior to 1659, we have noted only three references to books in the possession of provincial governors. The first tells of a work en-

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10. This petition, dated in July, 1660, is found in A. G. M., Papeles de Bienes Nacionales, leg. 1214, exp. 6.

11. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 507.

12. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomos 507, 587.

13. A. G. I., Guadalajara, leg. 139. Passage translated in J. M. Espinosa, *First Expedition of Vargas into New Mexico, 1692* (Albuquerque, 1940), 199-203.

titled *Práctica criminal eclesiástica* (77) owned by Governor Pedro de Peralta (1610-1614).<sup>14</sup> His possession of a book of this kind fits in with statements made by Vidania in his opinions in defense of Rosas to the effect that Peralta was a *bachiller* and that he had been trained in canon law (*bien entendido y graduado en canones*).<sup>15</sup> Peralta's term of office was characterized by a violent controversy with the Franciscan prelate, Fray Isidro Ordóñez, who was bold enough to arrest the governor and hold him in jail for several months.<sup>16</sup> Subsequent to the arrest Ordóñez and Fray Luis De Tirado, minister at the Santa Fe convent, ransacked Peralta's papers and personal effects, and Tirado kept the book noted above.

The second reference relates to books in the hands of Governor Juan de Eulate (1618-1625). Governor Eulate, like Peralta, was involved in controversy with the friars, who accused him, among other things, of asserting authority over the local prelate, even in spiritual affairs, and of propositions contrary to the Faith. Eulate's attitude toward ecclesiastical authority was inspired in part by an exaggerated notion of his authority as representative of the king, and by disputes with the friars concerning the general direction of Indian affairs. The erroneous propositions ascribed to him were the result of his fondness for theological dispute and his delight in shocking his listeners by proclaiming scandalous and unorthodox views.<sup>17</sup> It is obvious that he had more than ordinary interest in doctrinal matters and politico-ecclesiastical problems and it is not surprising, therefore, to find references to his ownership of ecclesiastical books. Unfortunately, the sources do not record their titles, and only one author is noted—the Portuguese canonist, Fray Manuel Rodríguez.<sup>18</sup>

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14. *Relacion verdadera q. el p.<sup>e</sup> predicador fr. Fran.<sup>co</sup> Perez guerta de la orden de S.<sup>t</sup> fran.<sup>co</sup> guardian del convento de galisteo hizo al R.<sup>mo</sup> Comiss. Gen.<sup>l</sup> de la dha. orden de la nueva esp.<sup>a</sup> . . . 1617?* A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 316.

15. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 595.

16. See Scholes, *Church and State*, Ch. II.

17. *Ibid.*, Ch. III.

18. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 356.

In 1656 Juan Manso de Contreras, brother of Fray Tomás Manso who successfully directed the mission supply service for a quarter-century, became governor, and he served the average three-year term. His successor, Governor Bernardo López de Mendizábal, conducted his *residencia* with considerable severity and held him in jail until the summer of 1660 when he was able to escape to Mexico City. Among the effects which he left behind in his cell in the Casa de Cabildo in Santa Fe was a book entitled *Jornadas para el cielo* (79),<sup>19</sup> one of the numerous devotional works of the popular Franciscan preacher, Fray Cristóbal de Moreno.

Such is the information at hand concerning books owned by governors who served prior to 1659. The paucity of the data is undoubtedly explained by the character of the available documentary sources for this period, which deal mostly with special incidents or special phases of administration, in which references to books in the possession of provincial governors would be only incidental. Except for Manso we have no inventories or lists of the property and personal effects of the dozen or more persons who held office, and even in Manso's case the list is obviously incomplete.

The two immediate successors of Manso were Bernardo López de Mendizábal (1659-1661) and Diego de Peñalosa (1661-1664). These men became involved in prolonged controversy with the friars and were eventually tried by the Holy Office of the Inquisition. López' wife, Doña Teresa de Aguilera y Roche, also stood trial before the tribunal.<sup>20</sup> The records of these cases and the prolonged litigation over the property of the defendants constitute the most important block of sources at present available on the history of New Mexico prior to the Pueblo Revolt, and they throw a flood of light on every phase of social life in the province. The papers contain detailed inventories of the property and personal

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19. A. G. M., Tierras, tomo 3286.

20. For a lengthy account of the administrations of López de Mendizábal and Peñalosa, see Scholes, *Troublous Times in New Mexico, 1659-1670* (Albuquerque, 1942), Chs. II-X.

effects of the two governors, including numerous books of various kinds.

Bernardo López de Mendizábal was a native of the province of Chietla in New Spain. He received an academic education in the Jesuit colleges of Mexico City and Puebla, and in the Royal University where he studied arts and canon law. After spending a few years in the galleon service, he went to Cartagena where one of his cousins was bishop. At the latter's request he prepared to enter the priesthood, but finally abandoned this vocation and married the daughter of the local governor. His wife, Doña Teresa de Aguilera y Roche, was a native of Italy, where her father had held an administrative post before his transfer to Cartagena. Her mother was an Irish woman who had been reared in the household of the Marqués de Santa Cruz in Spain. Eventually López returned to Mexico where he held office as *alcalde mayor*, first in the province of San Juan de los Llanos, and later at Guaiacocotla. In 1658 the viceroy, Duque de Alburquerque, named him governor and captain general of New Mexico.

From the beginning of his term of office López antagonized both the Franciscan friars and many of the soldier-colonists. He introduced innovations in the system of Indian labor, increasing the wage scale for household servants and farm laborers and reducing the number of Indians in service at the missions. Instead of supporting the friars in their campaign against Indian ceremonial dances, he authorized the public performance of these pagan ceremonies in all of the pueblos. He also called into question the authority of the custodian as ecclesiastical judge ordinary, and in the summer of 1660 actually forbade the prelate to exercise such authority pending a decision by the viceroy on the subject. Resentment against López' governmental policies was accentuated by his personal conduct, negligence in the observance of his religious obligations, and by tactless remarks which many persons regarded as bordering on unorthodoxy and heresy. The gossipmongering servants at the Casa Real



made things worse by reporting incidents which many persons professed to regard as evidence that both the governor and his wife were practicing Jews.

The friars sent lengthy reports to Mexico City, and in 1661 López was replaced as governor by Diego de Peñalosa. The *residencia* proceedings which Peñalosa conducted were unduly severe, and at times were characterized by fraud. In the midst of the trial ex-governor Manso returned bearing edicts of the *audiencia* calling for a review of his own *residencia* and settlement of claims he had made against López. To satisfy these claims, part of López' property was embargoed, and in the inventories made at the time we find the first references to books in his possession. (See appendix, nos. 80-87.) The books and other property were placed in deposit with a local citizen, and there is evidence that that part of these goods, including most of the books, were later taken over by Peñalosa.<sup>21</sup>

The complaints against López filed by the friars had also been referred to the Holy Office, and in the spring of 1662 the tribunal issued orders to arrest him and his wife, Doña Teresa. Execution of these decrees was carried out on August 26, 1662, by Fray Alonso de Posada, the local prelate and commissary of the Inquisition. The property remaining in López' hands was embargoed in the name of the Inquisition, and elaborate inventories were made preparatory to shipment of the property to Mexico City. In these lists and in copies later filed during litigation in the vice-regal capital, we have additional lists of books belonging to the governor and Doña Teresa.<sup>22</sup> (See appendix, nos. 88-103.) Additional evidence concerning their book holdings is also found in the lists of personal effects in their possession when they entered the jail of the Inquisition, and in numerous inci-

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21. Record of the property embargoed to satisfy Manso's claims appears in A. G. M., Tierras, tomos 3268, 3286.

22. The lists of goods, including books, embargoed by Posada after the arrest of López and his wife appear in A. G. M., Tierras, tomo 3283.

dental references and passages in the trial proceedings.<sup>23</sup> (See appendix, nos. 104-107.)

The lists of their books show an extremely large proportion of religious and didactic works. In spite of the accusations that they neglected their religious duties and were even suspect in the Faith, Doña Teresa, at least, seems to have been devout enough after her own fashion. She excused their irregularity in attendance at mass on the grounds of illness and the fact that she was unaccustomed to the severity of the New Mexico climate. Their critics made a particular point of an incident which took place while the procession was passing the Casa Real on Good Friday, 1661, accusing them of disrespect for the religious ceremony. Their replies are in essential agreement. Both state that they were ill, and she adds that she was reading aloud to him "the passion of Our Lord," while he identifies the book as Fonseca, *Discursos morales para las ferias de la Cuaresma* (82). They alleged the same reason for their absence from the reading of an Edict of the Faith, and in reply to the criticism on this point and to the charge that she had never been known to show particular devotion to any saint, Doña Teresa more than once went into considerable detail on the subject of her favorite devotions, the *cofradías* to which she belonged, and the devotions and bulls pertaining to them which she used. She listed among her favorite prayers those in the *Perfecto Cristiano* (106), and this book was one of the three she had with her when she was admitted to the jail of the Inquisition in April, 1663. In November of the same year, at one of her audiences before the tribunal, she asked to be allowed to have this work.

It is interesting to note that an edict of the Holy Office to withdraw from circulation certain litanies, books, and other things was read in Santa Fe during López' stay in New Mexico. He and his wife were present, and she testifies as follows:

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23. The trial proceedings of López are found in A. G. M., Inquisición, tomos 587, 593, and 594. The *proceso* against Doña Teresa is in *Ibid.*, tomo 596.

And in addition, when Fray Diego de Santander read the first edicts, I handed over to him the Office of the Pure and Immaculate Conception of Our Lady and that of the Glorious Patriarch St. Joseph, and some Litanies of the Most Sweet and Lovely Mother of God, and the Memorial of the five greatest sorrows of the Most Holy Virgin, because all these were among those which the edict of this Holy Tribunal ordered taken up; and as a faithful and Catholic Christian, obedient to its commands, I was the first to give them up, although they had been among my particular devotions.

She also claimed that she had been in the habit of reading devotions to her attendants and presented them with extra copies of certain ones which she happened to have. Apparently they had also brought almanacs with them, for Doña Teresa remarked that in case of doubt as to whether a certain day was a Church feast, the guardian would send to ask them to look at their *calendarios*.

In his testimony concerning López' conduct on the way to Mexico City, Fray Salvador de Guerra says that he was told by a certain lay brother, Fray Felipe de la Cruz, who had the task of bringing food to the prisoners during their stay at the convent of Santo Domingo, that Don Bernardo had asked him for a spiritual book to read. Fray Felipe brought him Molina's *De oración* (59), but said that López was not satisfied with it and asked him to find a *libro de romances* because Molina was too spiritual for him. In his defense López contradicted this, saying that he read the book two or three times and kept it until the day he left Santo Domingo without asking for another, "nor did he scorn it; indeed he loved it because it affected him deeply."

Although the number of secular books listed as the property of Don Bernardo and Doña Teresa is not large, they had some of the outstanding and most influential works current at the time. In general there was no occasion to cite them in the controversies, accusations, and replies recorded in the documents, but it seems likely that they were read

and enjoyed, for unless they suited the needs and taste of their owners, there would have been little point in carrying them on the long and arduous journey to New Mexico.

The practical usefulness of certain items, such as a book on surgery (90) and Argüello's treatise on public documents (100) makes further comment on them unnecessary; and since there is evidence that the works of Nebrija, especially the grammar and vocabularies, were popular among educated persons in the colonies and were imported in large numbers, it is not surprising to find that López owned his Latin vocabulary (87). The possession of such historical works as a life of Philip the Prudent (92) and the chronicle of the Augustinian Order in New Spain (97) is in keeping with López' interests as a widely travelled man who had held military and administrative posts of various kinds. The same is true of a book in Latin called the *Prince* (86). Although other books, including Machiavelli's famous work, fit the description given, it may have been Saavedra Fajardo's *Empresas*. A copy of this turns up later in Peñalosa's possession (129) and there is ample evidence that he kept such of López' books as took his fancy. In fact he probably acquired some of the volumes which are listed only among his property when he ransacked López' residence on different occasions, and he may even have taken books kept for reference in the library or archive of the Casa Real at the time when he carried off a large part of the local archive. Saavedra Fajardo's brilliant work enjoyed great popularity, and in view of Peñalosa's literary tastes, as shown by the inventories of his books, especially his predilection for Gracián, it is likely that this book would have appealed to him if he found it among López' belongings. López owned another book dealing with the same general subject, which was among his personal effects when he was brought to the jail of the Holy Office in Mexico City. This was Fray Juan Márquez *Gobernador Christiano* (107), one of the many Spanish works written to refute Machiavelli's *Prince* by setting forth the virtues of the ideal Christian monarch.

The López inventories show only four books designed more for amusement than instruction. One of these was Cervantes' *Don Quijote* (81). Unfortunately, we have only the single reference to it at the time it was embargoed by Peñalosa's order in July, 1662. There is no further record of what happened to it, but it is likely that it remained in New Mexico. Espinel's *Marcos de Obregón* (94) and a book of *Comedias* by different authors (99) were taken to Mexico City with the rest of the property embargoed by order of the Holy Office, and they were eventually returned to Doña Teresa.

Only one of the four, Ariosto's *Orlando furioso* (104), is mentioned other than in the inventories. Doña Teresa had a copy of this in Italian, which had been given to her by her father, and her reading of it gave rise to much speculation and suspicion. It is unlikely that her fondness for it would have aroused so much comment if her critics in their ignorance had not seized the opportunity to ascribe the worst possible motives to her obvious enjoyment of a book concerning the contents of which they had only her word to go on. Although she told at least one of her accusers that it was in Italian and concerned love, they professed to believe that because of her character and conduct it was sure to contain "English heresies" and that she must be a heretic too. It is not difficult to understand why Doña Teresa inspired suspicion and dislike on the part of the citizens of Santa Fe, for in that rough and isolated frontier community she must have seemed a very exotic personality. A fine lady by birth and upbringing, well travelled, apparently educated above the average according to the standard of the time, she made no attempt to conceal her impatience with the follies and ignorance of her servants and neighbors. They, in turn, could hardly have been expected not to resent her superiority and strange ways, especially since she used little tact in her relationships with them. Many of the accusations against her and her husband were based on modes of life so foreign to local custom that they were believed to be Jewish rites.

Her reading of a book in a tongue unknown to them was merely one item in a long list of actions misunderstood and criticized because they were out of the common in that place and time. Nevertheless these accusations were incorporated in the formal charges against her, and her replies not only throw light upon conditions in New Mexico but reflect her own knowledge and opinions concerning the value and standing of what she read.

Her principal reason for reading Ariosto was to practice the Italian language which she had learned as a child, and her father had given her the book so that she would not forget it.

But the said book contains nothing against our Holy Faith but only what the books called romances of chivalry usually contain: enchantments and wars. And sometimes she could not help laughing when she was reading those things.

On another occasion she wrote:

If the book had been evil, [my father] would not have permitted me to read it, nor would he have done so, for he was a very good Christian. And this book, according to what I heard from him and other persons, has been translated into our Castilian language, like the Petrarch, of which it is a companion volume although the style is different.

It is quite clear that it never entered her head that the book in itself might be frowned upon as improper reading for good Catholics, let alone that it might actually be forbidden. This may serve as some commentary on how dead the letter of the laws forbidding the exportation to the New World of romances of chivalry and similar fiction was, even though clerical opinion in Spain itself tended to consider such works dangerous to the morals of the majority because of inability to distinguish facts from fiction. Moreover, this aspect of the matter did not come up in her hearings before the tribunal of the Inquisition. The fiscal's charge was founded, not upon the identity of the book as the *Orlando furioso*, but

upon the statements of witnesses concerning the probable heretical nature of a book in an unknown tongue which they had seen Doña Teresa read. He added that the charge could not be dismissed until "it is proved what the book is and it is examined and found to contain no tainted doctrines condemned by our Mother the Church." To this she replied as follows:

She said that the book referred to in the charge can only be the one she has already mentioned . . . , that it is current and widely read in both Italy and Spain by persons who understand it, for at the beginning of each chapter there is a statement called the allegory which says that only the good is to be taken from it and not the bad; and it inculcates great morality and good doctrine; and God help the witness who had such suspicions.

Later on, written statements which she made in her defense show the influence of her lawyer. In them she reiterates her declaration that the book was "the works of Ariosto, which are not condemned," and qualifies the testimony of her accusers as "not testifying but jumping to a rash conclusion and injuring me." Then she goes on to say:

But the chief thing is that in order to be able to proceed with this charge, it was absolutely necessary to prove what this book was and that it was heretical or condemned, because owning and reading books, even though they may be in a foreign language, for the Italian, or Tuscan, language is not unintelligible or unknown as the charge says, are not prohibited but regularly allowed and permitted. The witness was under obligation to say that it was a forbidden book and the charge should have been based on this condition and proof of it, for to presume such a thing is a violation of law, which regularly allows books. And no book is assumed to be forbidden unless proof is offered, especially in this kingdom where the vigilance of this Holy Tribunal is so astute in the examination and expurgation of books and in withdrawing from circulation those which should not be current. . . . And it is not the obligation of the accused, but of the

plaintiff, who is the fiscal, to prove that it is forbidden, because even if forbidden books are found in anyone's possession, it is necessary to prove two things in order to give origin to presumption of heresy: first, that the books are by a heretical author; second, that the person who has them knows this. Moreover, there is still a dispute among the doctors as to whether the presumption which arises from this is valid. But in this case there can be none, nor any motive for suspicion or surprise that, knowing the Italian language, I should have a book in it, nor is it my fault that the servants who saw me read are ignorant.

Here the matter rested, for in December, 1664, the proceedings against her were suspended and some of her own and her husband's property, including the books taken by the Holy Office (see appendix nos. 88-103) was returned to her. Don Bernardo had died in prison on September 16, 1664, before his case was settled. Some years later, in April, 1671, a sentence absolving him was pronounced by the Inquisitors, and his remains were transferred to the convent of Santo Domingo in Mexico City for ecclesiastical burial.

Diego de Peñalosa, the successor of López de Mendizábal as governor of New Mexico, was an adventurer who had an eventful career in various parts of the New World and later in London and Paris. A native of Lima, he spent his youth in that city and in La Paz, where his family had property holdings and enjoyed a certain local prestige. He was tutored by one of his uncles who was in holy orders, and later studied "grammar and rhetoric" with the Jesuits in Lima. His public career began as *regidor* of La Paz, and when only eighteen years of age he served as *procurador* of that city in litigation before the *audiencia* of Charcas. Later on, while serving as *alcalde provincial* of the *Santa Hermandad* in the La Paz area, serious complaints were filed against him and he was summoned before the viceroy in Lima. To escape arrest he took refuge in the Augustinian college, and a short time later his friends put him on board



a vessel for Panama. From there he travelled to Nicaragua and spent some time with the bishop, who was his uncle. From Nicaragua he went to Mexico, where he held office as an *alcalde mayor*, and in 1660 he was appointed to the governorship of New Mexico.

His chief aim as head of the provincial government was personal profit and gain, and in pursuing this end he did not hesitate to employ fraud or misuse the authority of his office. He took advantage of his position as judge of *residencia* to acquire a large amount of property belonging to López, and when he learned that the latter was about to be arrested on orders from the Holy Office, he seized more of his belongings. Father Posada, as agent of the Holy Office, demanded return of López' property, but Peñalosa refused to comply and hurriedly sent off a large part of it for sale in Parral. The prelate acted with dispatch and had the goods embargoed at Parral before they could be sold. This action aroused Peñalosa to bitter anger and hostility against the prelate, which resulted in strained relations during the spring and summer of 1663. In the autumn the situation was aggravated by the fact that Peñalosa gave orders for the seizure of a colonist who had taken refuge in ecclesiastical sanctuary. Posada made repeated demands for the return of the prisoner, and was ready to impose excommunication if the governor failed to comply. Peñalosa now resorted to violent measures, arrested the prelate, and prepared to expel him from the province. But he finally backed down and negotiated a peaceful settlement of the issue.

During these hectic months he had also aroused considerable resentment in other ways. He made extravagant statements concerning the nature and extent of his authority as governor, and allegedly made scurrilous remarks about the prelate and the tribunal of the Holy Office. Friar and colonist alike were scandalized by a certain levity which characterized his conversation on religious topics, by his coarseness of speech, and the brazen manner in which he flaunted certain phases of his personal conduct. Realizing

that his position had become untenable and desirous of disposing of such property of López as still remained in his hands, he left for New Spain early in 1664, before his successor arrived.

Reports of Peñalosa's activities had already reached the Holy Office, and these were supplemented by a mass of testimony later submitted by Father Posada. An order for Peñalosa's arrest was issued by the Inquisition on June 16, 1665, and the next day he entered the jail of the tribunal. His property was placed under embargo and detailed inventories were made of the furniture, clothing, arms, and other personal effects found in his residence in Mexico City. The lists include many books on a wide range of subjects. (See appendix, nos. 108-151.) Although some of these may have been purchased after his return to Mexico City, it may be assumed that he had many of them with him in New Mexico. Some of the volumes (117, 122, 129, 150) had formerly belonged to López de Mendizábal, and the list probably contained others that he had taken on various occasions when he seized López' property. In any case he had a larger library than López. In addition to the property listed in the inventories, he made a statement concerning things which he had given as security to various persons in Mexico City. One item says that a certain Diego de Rojas held "many books and other things."

Like López and his wife, Peñalosa had in his possession a fairly large number of strictly devotional works, some of which he undoubtedly had taken from them, but the remainder of his library was more varied and extensive. The collection includes moral and political philosophy and satire, a miscellaneous collection of historical works, some books on theology and law, a treatise on horsemanship, Nebrija's grammar and vocabulary, an *Estilo de Cartas*, an *Arte poética* and Gracián's treatise on rhetoric, plus one pastoral and one picaresque novel and a volume of *Comedias*.

The lists indicate an especially strong interest in politico-moral philosophy. We have already mentioned the possibility that his copy of Saavedra Fajardo's *Empresas políticas*

(129), which was dedicated to Prince Baltasar Carlos and dealt with the education and obligations of a prince, had originally belonged to López de Mendizábal. Whether it was acquired in this way or in more legitimate fashion, it fits in with one of the largest single sections of Peñalosa's library. He owned almost all of the works of the Aragonese Jesuit, Father Baltasar Gracián, including the *Héroe* (111), the *Discreto* (112), the *Oráculo Manual* (113), the *Político* (127), and his masterpiece, the *Criticón* (110), all of which exalt the virtues of the outstanding individual at the expense of the common herd. The cruel satire of Quevedo, two of whose books are listed (143, 147), is also impregnated with scorn of the vulgar. Less important works belonging to the same general category are Núñez de Castro's *Séneca impugnado de Séneca* (135) and López de Vega's *Heráclito y Demócrito* (136), which is in the form of dialogues between a courtier and a philosopher. One of the two books by Zabaleta, *El día de fiesta* (124), consists of satirical sketches of life in Madrid, and his *Errores celebrados* (141) contains maxims, witty sayings, etc. There is also a translation from the Italian called *Letras humanas* (145).

The historical works he owned fall into two groups. His career as a public official in the Indies explains his ownership of such items as Torquemada's *Monarquía Indiana* (119), Vargas Machuca's *Milicia Indiana* (116), and less general works such as a chronicle of Mechoacán (115) and Villagrà's *History of New Mexico* (125). In addition to these, he had a volume called *Viaje del Infante Cardenal* by Aedo y Gallart (137), and a translation of Count Mayolino Bissaccioni's *Civil Wars of England* (134). Apparently he was much interested in the latter, for it was among the books he asked for while he was a prisoner in the jail of the Holy Office, describing it as "the imprisonment and death of the King of England at the hands of the Parliament." Perhaps he was vain enough to draw some comparison with his own situation.

Both Peñalosa and López dabbled in literary composi-

tion. Most of it, according to the documentary sources, was in the form of poetical satire against the clergy. Unfortunately, none of these efforts are preserved in the records of their trials, and there is no way of judging how talented they were in this direction, but we may assume that Peñalosa made use of his treatises on poetry and rhetoric and similar works.

Apparently Peñalosa had done enough reading on ecclesiastical subjects and canon law to feel that he was qualified to argue with the local clergy on points of doctrine and ceremonial, as well as to insist upon having his own way in matters involving civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He aroused great resentment on both counts. In a petition to Peñalosa's successor, Governor Miranda, Father Posada said that the former governor's procedure could not be excused on the ground of ignorance since he had acquired sufficient knowledge and experience in judicial posts of responsibility to know better. Another indignant friar, Bernardo López de Cobarrubias, testifying against Peñalosa at the convent of Santo Domingo in January, 1664, spoke his mind in no uncertain fashion:

Item, the declarant asks this Holy Tribunal to take from the said Don Diego de Peñalosa all the books he has, both moral and expositive, because he is too much inclined to censure the priest's manner of saying the mass, whether it is good or bad, and whether he performs the ceremonies well or badly. . . . And let him be asked how he understands matters of morality having to do with cases of conscience, because he sets himself up as a synodalist desirous of examining the priests, his purpose being to mock and scoff at their persons and at what they know or do not know.

In another connection, with regard to some rather dubious documents found among Peñalosa's papers, the Inquisitors took pains to set him straight on the subject of forbidden reading:

They also told him that he was not to read papers or books that did not carry the approval of the Holy Mother Church, the place where they were written or printed, the name of the printer or scribe, the author's name, and authorization.

From time to time during his imprisonment Peñalosa requested permission to have certain books. These petitions were usually unsuccessful, and it is possible that part of the reason lies in the foregoing. Shortly after he was admitted to the jail he asked for the *Horas del oficio de Nuestra Señora* (108) and Saavedra's *Empresas políticas*. This request was denied, and a little over a week later he tried again, asking for the *Sermons* of Nájera (123), with no greater success. About a year later, in July, 1666, a second request for the *Empresas* was ignored. In September, 1667, no action was taken on a note to the tribunal in which he asked to be allowed to have the *Heráclito y Demócrito* and the "Imprisonment and death of the King of England" already referred to, but about three months later the rather pathetic appeal for "a book to read" was finally granted and the tribunal said that he might have a "spiritual book."

The sentence of the court was pronounced on February 3, 1668. He was subjected to a heavy fine, perpetual ineligibility for military and political office, and banishment from New Spain and the West Indies. On the following day he took part in an *auto de fe* and made formal abjuration of his errors. Toward the end of the year he set sail from Veracruz, apparently for Spain, but several months later he turned up in England where he tried to obtain support for an attack on the Spanish Indies. Failing in his efforts, he moved on to Paris where he continued his intrigues against the Spanish Crown. He died in France in 1687.

In addition to books privately owned, the provincial governors had the use of volumes kept in the library or archive of the Casa Real in Santa Fe. By virtue of their office the governors served as superior judges in civil and criminal cases affecting the secular jurisdiction, and it was

necessary to have on hand legal and administrative treatises for reference in the conduct of judicial business. As already noted, some of the works cited by Vidania in his defense of Rosas may have been in the archive of the Casa Real. In 1663, during the dispute over violation of ecclesiastical sanctuary, Peñalosa wrote a letter to Father Posada in which he cited various authorities (155-159). One was the *Summa* of Silvestro Mazzolini, also cited by Vidania in 1640. In his testimony before the Holy Office, Peñalosa also mentioned the *Curia philípica* (152), Solórzano's *Política Indiana* (153), and a treatise on procedure by Monterroso (154), all of which had apparently been at his disposal in Santa Fe.<sup>24</sup>

The documentary sources at present available record few references to books owned by soldiers and colonists. The lists of personal effects of members of the Oñate expedition reveal that Capt. Alonso de Quesada had "seven books on secular and religious subjects," and that Juan del Caso Baraona, an enlisted soldier, owned "five medical books by recognized authorities."<sup>25</sup> A document of 1636, giving an inventory of the property of a certain Francisco Gómez de Torres, deceased, lists a "volume of devotional papers."<sup>26</sup> Francisco de Anaya Almazán, who served as secretary of government and war for several governors, was the owner of a copy of the *Curia philípica*.<sup>27</sup> Such, in brief, is the record for the period prior to 1660.

In 1662 four New Mexico soldiers—Cristóbal de Anaya Almazán (son of Francisco), Diego Romero, Nicolás de Aguilar, and Francisco Gómez Robledo—were arrested by the commissary of the Holy Office and sent to Mexico City for trial.<sup>28</sup> The lists of personal effects in their possession

24. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 507.

25. A. G. I., México, leg. 25. Apparently Juan del Caso had more than an ordinary layman's interest in medicine, for he also had various kinds of medications and a few surgical instruments. He may have been a barber-surgeon.

26. Biblioteca Nacional, México, leg. 1, doc. 8.

27. Trial proceedings in the case of Cristóbal de Anaya Almazán, A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 586.

28. See Scholes, *Troublous Times*, Ch. VIII.

at the time of their entry into the jail of the Inquisition show that the first three had one or more books. As might be expected, they were all of religious character, such as catechisms and books of prayers and devotions. (See appendix, nos. 164-170). It is interesting to note that Nicolás de Aguilar, who had three books, including a copy of the Gospels, later told the Inquisitors "that he could not read or write, that only now was he learning his letters."<sup>29</sup>

The trial proceedings indicate that in some circles in New Mexico there had been considerable debate on doctrinal matters, especially with regard to the spiritual relationship contracted by the priest, the baptized, and the sponsors as a result of the sacrament of baptism. The principal charge against Anaya was that he had denied the teachings of the Church on this point, and both Romero and Gómez were accused of similar views, although the major charges against them were of another character. In testimony before the tribunal both Anaya and Romero admitted that they had expressed erroneous views concerning spiritual relationships, but alleged that their ideas had been derived from certain books (authors and titles not given). Romero, for example, told the court that he had had no deliberate intention of opposing the teachings of the Church, but had "misunderstood" what he had read on the subject. His excuse probably had some validity, for according to his own testimony "he could read and write but very little and badly."<sup>30</sup> But the Inquisitors had little patience with these excuses, as is evidenced in their denunciation of Anaya for "going about on his own authority, introducing himself as a learned doctor, and engaging in disputes on matters that were not for him to decide."<sup>31</sup> The sentence of the court in Anaya's case called for public abjuration of his errors before his fellow citizens in New Mexico. Romero, who was found guilty on other charges as well as the one discussed above, was banished from the province.

29. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 512.

30. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 586.

31. Scholes, *Troublous Times*, 190.

Despite the punishment meted out to these offenders, the colonists continued to engage in dispute on doctrinal matters and to read theological books which they were ill prepared to interpret or understand. In 1669 Fray Juan Bernal, commissary of the Holy Office, wrote to the Inquisitors as follows:

I consider it an extremely undesirable thing that certain laymen of this kingdom should have in their houses *Summas de Theologia Moral*, because they do not understand what they read in the Summas or grasp the meaning as they should because of the manner in which the summarists express it by question and interrogatory, which these readers take for affirmation. . . . Fray Diego Parraga has told me that it was a shame that certain secular persons of this province had Summas, because, being ignorant people, they wanted to be taken for men of knowledge, learned and well read, saying in their ignorance things offensive to pious ears, which they justify by the Summas, and the reason is that they do not understand them.<sup>32</sup>

The interest in theological questions, illustrated by these remarks and by the proceedings against Anaya and Romero, is not surprising. New Mexico was a mission province, in which the conversion and indoctrination of the Indians was supposed to be the most important objective of governmental policy and administration, and it was inevitable that religious matters should have formed an important topic of discussion in all circles. The friars, inspired by zeal to teach the Indians and give them an understanding of basic religious truths and dogmas, naturally kept a watchful eye on the colonists, and challenged ideas and practices that might undermine the loyalty of the Indians to the new ways. Conscious of the supreme importance of their mission, they were also quick to defend the privileges and immunities of ecclesiastical status and the jurisdictional authority of the Church. On the other hand, the missionary program fre-

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32. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 583, exp. 3.



quently ran counter to the interests of the governors and colonists, giving rise to the unseemly disputes and controversies which characterized the history of the province during this period. Thus it was unavoidable that the colonists should display considerable interest in all manner of religious questions. Not content to accept the pronouncements of the friars on such subjects, they tried to form their own judgments on the basis of such books and tracts as were available. Unfortunately, they lacked the specialized training and education necessary for the proper interpretation of the books they read.

Bernal's remarks, quoted above, constitute an interesting commentary on the general situation in New Mexico, but they have even wider significance as an indication of the kind of books regarded as especially dangerous by the tribunal of the Holy Office. The Inquisitors, charged with the duty of keeping watch over books that circulated in the colonies, were chiefly concerned about works of a doctrinal character which might be misconstrued by the unlearned and inspire unorthodox views. In denouncing the misuse of the *Summas de theologia* in New Mexico, Bernal gave expression to this basic attitude toward books and their readers, a point which is also illustrated by the nature of the books Doña Teresa de Aguilera gave up when the edict against prohibited reading was published in Santa Fe in 1662.

## APPENDIX

## I

## BOOKS OWNED OR USED BY THE FRANCISCANS

A. *Entries in the Treasury Accounts Recording Purchase of Liturgical Books for the New Mexico Friars. 1609-1628.*<sup>1</sup>

- (1) Por nueve brebiarios a diez pesos cada uno—XC pesos. (Purchased in 1609.)
- (2) A Diego Riüero, librero, quatro cientos y ochenta pessos y quatro tomines, los trecientos y treinta pesos dellos por seis libros grandes sanctorales de canto a cinquenta y cinco pessos cada vno, y los ciento y cinquenta pessos y quatro tomines restantes por siete misales grandes del nueuo reçado a veintium pesos y quatro tomines—CCCCLXXX pesos IIII tomines. (Purchased in 1611.)
- (3) Por onze breuiarios de los reformados con oficios de S.<sup>t</sup> fran.<sup>co</sup> en nueve pesos cada uno—XCIX pesos. (Purchased in 1625.)
- (4) Por onze misales de los nueuamente reformados enquadernados a quinze pesos cada vno—CLXV. (*Id.*)
- (5) Por cinco libros manuales a doze reales cada uno—VII pesos IIII tomines. (*Id.*)
- (6) Por cinco libros antifonarios conpuestos por Fray Geronimo Çiruelo de la Orden de San Francisco en un cuerpo—XL pesos. (*Id.*)
- (7) Por cinco libros santorales de misas y visperas a quarenta pesos cada uno—CC pesos. (*Id.*)
- (8) Por onze libros de canto santorales a quarenta pesos cada uno—CCCCXL pesos. (Purchased in 1628.)
- (9) Por diez y ocho misales grandes a XVIII pesos cada uno—CCCXXIII pesos. (*Id.*)
- (10) Por diez y ocho breuiarios de los buenos a once pesos cada uno—CXCVIII pesos. (*Id.*)

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1. Compiled from the treasury accounts in A. G. I., Contaduría, legs. 711-728. Detailed accounts of purchases of supplies for the New Mexico missions are not recorded subsequent to 1628. After that date lump sum payments were made in accordance with an agreement negotiated in 1631 by the treasury officials and the Order. Although this defined in detail the kind and amount of supplies to be provided each triennium, actual purchase of the supplies was left to the *procurador* of the Order. The agreement provided, however, that each friar going to New Mexico for the first time should receive "one missal with the office of the Order" and a breviary, and that three books of chants should be provided for every five friars sent to the province. Cf. F. V. Scholes, "The Supply Service of the New Mexican Missions in the Seventeenth Century," *New Mex. Hist. Rev.*, V (1930), 96-113.

B. *Fray Alonso de San Juan. 1626.*<sup>2</sup>

- (11) Un libro de astrologia y secretos naturales y cosas curiosas. [Not identified.]

C. *Citations to Books and Authors in the Opinions and Letters of Fray Juan de Vidania, c. 1640-1641.*<sup>3</sup>

- (12) Frat. Joseph Angles, in Flores Theol. [Fray José Anglés, *Flores theologicarum quaestionum*, Salamanca, 1575-76, and later editions. Commentary on the Sentences of Peter Lombard.]
- (13) Aristo. de locis topicis; Aristoteles. la regla topica. [Probably Aristotle's *Topics*.]
- (14) Armila, ver.<sup>o</sup> apelatio n. 67. [Not identified.]
- (15) Avila, de censuris ecles. [Padre Esteban de Avila, *De censuris ecclesiasticis tractatus*, Lyons, 1608, and later editions.]
- (16) Baldo. [Reference to the Italian jurist P. Baldo.]
- (17) Bartolus. [Reference to the celebrated Italian jurist.]
- (18) p. fr. Ju.<sup>o</sup> 2. p. f. 383; fr. Ju.<sup>o</sup> Ba.<sup>a</sup> 2. p. f. 261. [Fray Juan Bautista, *Advertencias para confesores de naturales*. Primera parte, Segunda parte, México, 1600, 1601.]
- (19) Velarmino, de doctrina xp.<sup>na</sup> [Refers to one of the Spanish versions of Cardinal Robert Bellarmine's *Dichiarazione più copiosa della dottrina cristiana*, 1598.]
- (20) Jul. Ces. de bello gal. L. 4. [J. Caesar, *De bello gallico*.]
- (21) Cayetano. [Reference to Cardinal Tomaso de Vio, known as Cajetan because of the place of his birth.]
- (22) Cobaru.<sup>s</sup> [Probably refers to the Spanish canonist Diego Covarrubias de Leiva.]
- (23) Concilio Tri.<sup>o</sup> SS. 22. 25. [Decrees of the Council of Trent.]
- (24) Pat. Focher, in itinerario. [Fray Juan Focher, *Itinerarium catholicum proficiscentium ad infideles convertendos*, Sevilla, 1574.]
- (25) D. Ant. de Guebara, in epistolas. [Fray Antonio de Guevara, *Epistolas familiares*, Valladolid, 1539.]
- (26) Ju.<sup>o</sup> Euia Bolaños, in philipica curia. [Juan Hevia Bolaños, *Curia philipica*, Lima, 1603, Valladolid, 1605, and later editions.]
- (27) Ley 27 de Justiniano. [Reference to the *Corpus juris civilis*.]
- (28) fr. Pedro de Ledesma, tomo 3 de la caridad; Ledesma, sumario de penitentie sacramento, pag. 794. 1 casu; Ledesma, de escandalo. [Probably references to a work or works of the

2. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 356.

3. Compiled from text references and marginalia in the MS., A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 595. In certain cases we have given more than one citation to the same author or work.

Spanish Dominican Fray Pedro de Ledesma, for many years professor at Salamanca.]

- (29) fr. Yldefonso de Noreña, q. 6. de privilegiis incommunic.<sup>o</sup>; p. fr. Alfonsus de Loreña, in compendio ind.<sup>o</sup>; p. fr. Yldefonsus de Loreña, in explicatione bula Pio 5. [Not identified.]
- (30) fr. Ju.<sup>o</sup> Marques, en el gouer Christ.<sup>o</sup> [Fray Juan Márquez, *El gobernador christiano*, Salamanca, 1612, and later editions.]
- (31) Miranda, en la esplicacion. [Fray Luis de Miranda, *Explicación de la regla de los Terceros*, Salamanca, 1617.]
- (32) Dr. Nauarro; Nauarro, q. 2. pag. 42; Nauarro, c. 27. de censuris; Nauarro, q. 29. ar. 2. f. 297. [These citations probably refer to one or more works of the famous Spanish canonist Martín de Azpilcueta, known as Dr. Navarro.]
- (33) Juanetin niño, en la regla; Pat. fr. Juanetin Niño, en explicatio Regulae. [These citations may possibly refer to *Las tres partes de las Chronicas antiguas de la Orden de los frayles de . . . S. Francisco, del R. S. D. Fr. Marcos, obispo del Puerto*, Salamanca, 1626, translated by Fray Juanetin Niño. Niño was also author of *Aphorismi superiorum etiam et inferiorum, pro concordia, pace et tranquillitate reipublicae conservanda*, Barcelona, 1625.]
- (34) Ley 5. tit. 1. lib. 7. Recop. [*Nueva recopilación*, Alcalá, 1567.]
- (35) fr. Fran.<sup>co</sup> Ortis lucio, Regula cap. 10. [Probably Fray Francisco Ortiz Lucio, *Compendium declarationum*, Madrid, 1584, 1585. Treatise on the Rule of St. Francis.]
- (36) Metamorfosios de Ovidio. [Ovid, *Metamorphoses*.]
- (37) Panormitano. [Reference to Nicolás Tudeschis Panormitanus, Italian canonist and archbishop of Palermo, frequently cited as Abbas. His principal works were commentaries on the *Decretales* of Gregory IX and the *Clementinae*.]
- (38) Pat. P. de Riuadeneyra. [Reference to the Spanish Jesuit Padre Pedro de Ribadeneyra.]
- (39) Ricardo, in 4. dist. 18, art. 4. quest. 4. cap. [Not identified.]
- (40) fray M.<sup>l</sup> R.<sup>s</sup> adiciones. [Fray Manuel Rodríguez, *Adiciones a la explicación de la Bula de la Cruzada*, Salamanca, 1598, 1601.]
- (41) Questiones Regu. f. Manuel R.<sup>s</sup> T. l. q. 35. [Fray Manuel Rodríguez, *Quaestiones regulares et canonicae*. Salamanca, 1598-1602. 3 vol.]
- (42) D. Sa. de sent. excommu.<sup>e</sup> f. 107; D. Manuel Sa, de censuris. [Dr. Manuel Sa was a Portuguese Jesuit who wrote various treatises on ecclesiastical subjects in the early seventeenth century. The works referred to in the citations given above have not been identified.]
- (43) D. Augustinus, L. 22. contra faus. [St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, *Contra Faustum manichaeum libri XXXIII*.]

- (44) S. Tho. 2. 2. q. 7. ar. 4 (and other similar citations). [St. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*.]
- (45) Salc. in pract. crim. c. 52. p. 188. [Ignacio López de Salcedo, . . . *Practica criminalis canonica* . . . , Alcalá, 1565, and later editions.]
- (46) Serati Maricani, inquisition; Maricani, Enquirdion. [Not identified.]
- (47) Silva, l. 2, caso 233; Silva, l. 1, caso 326. tractatus 17 (and other similar citations.) [Possibly refer to Pedro de Silva, *Varios tractatus juris*, Madrid, 1628.]
- (48) Sylvestro, ver. bellum; Sylvestro, ver. priuil. [Probably refer to the *Summa Sylvestrina* of the Italian Dominican theologian Silvestro Mazzolini.]
- (49) Soto, in justicia y jure. [Fray Domingo de Soto, *De justitia et jure*, Salamanca, 1556, and later editions.]
- (50) Soto, in 4 sent. dis. 18. q. 1. art. 5. [Fray Domingo de Soto, *In quartum sententiarum commentarii*, Salamanca, 1557-60.]
- (51) de sacramentis del p.<sup>e</sup> suares. [P. Francisco Suárez, *de sacramentis*.]
- (52) Torneira, in tra. 1. prelatorum. [Fray Antonio Delgado Torreneira, *Avisos y documentos para prelados*, Toledo, 1579; *Regla y arancel de prelados*, Toledo, 1598.]
- (53) fr. Al.<sup>o</sup> Vega. cap. 25. de concyencia erronea, f. 694; Vega, cap. 85. caso 59. fol. 845. de excomm.<sup>e</sup> [Probably refer to the writings of Fray Alonso de la Vega, Order of the Minims. His principal work was *Summa llamada sylva y práctica del foro interior, utilissima para confesores y penitentes*, Alcalá, 1594, and later editions.]
- (54) Pat. Veracruz, in 1 p. especul, conjugiorum. [Fray Alonso de la Veracruz, *Speculum conjugiorum*, México, 1556, and later editions.]
- (55) Villadiego, in Politica. [Alonso de Villadiego Vascañana y Montoya, *Instrucción política y práctica judicial conforme al estilo de los consejos, audiencias y tribunales de corte, y otros ordinarios del reino, utilissima para los gobernadores y corregidores y otros jueces ordinarios y de comisión* . . . , Madrid, 1612, and later editions.]
- (56) Villalobos, tra. 18. cap. 21. com. 4. [Not identified. Compare no. 120, *infra*.]

D. Fray Nicolás de Freitas. c. 1662-1663.<sup>4</sup>

- (57) Directorium curatorum. [Dr. Luis Juan Villeta, *Libro intitulado Directorium Curatorum compuesto por el illustre y reve-*

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4. Trial proceedings against Diego de Peñalosa. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 507.

*rendissimo Sr. D. Fr. Pedro Martyr Coma Obispo de Elna, nuevamente traduzido de la lengua Cathalana en vulgar castellano, Barcelona, 1566, and many later editions; or possibly a work of Cardinal Bellarmine. See no. 95, infra.]*

- (58) Libro [de sermones] de fray fulano Marquez. [Possibly a work of Fray Juan Márquez, author of *El gobernador christiano*, who was a famous preacher.]

E. *Fray Felipe de la Cruz. 1662.*<sup>5</sup>

- (59) Molina, de oracion; Molina, de Contemplacion. [Fray Antonio de Molina, *Exercicios espirituales de las excelencias, provecho y necesidad de la oración mental*, Burgos, 1615, and later editions.]

F. *Books Found by De Vargas at Zuñi in 1692.*<sup>5a</sup>

- (60) Vn misal mui bien tratado; no de los mui modernos.
- (61) Vn libro enquadernado de la semana santa.
- (62) Otro libro que se intitula fauores del Rey del cielo hecho a su esposa Santa Juana de la Cruz. [Fray Pedro Navarro, *Favores de el Rey de el cielo, hechos a su esposa la Santa Juana de la Cruz*, Madrid, 1662.]
- (63) Otro libro que se intitula segunda Parte del itinerario ystorial en que se trata de la vida de xpto. [Possibly P. Alonso Andrade, S. J., *Itinerario Historial que debe guardar el hombre para caminar al cielo*, 2 vols., Madrid, 1642, and later editions.]
- (64) Otro libro que se Yntitula los libros de la madre santa theresa de Jhus. [*Los libros de la M. Teresa de Jesús*, Salamanca, 1558, and later editions.]
- (65) Mas otro libro que se intitula manual de administrar los sacramentos a los españoles y naturales de esta nueva España. [Possibly Fray Pedro de Contreras Gallardo, *Manual de administrar los Santos Sacramentos a los españoles y naturales desta nueva España conforme a la reforma de Paulo V*, México, 1638.]
- (66) Mas otro libro que se Yntitula ynstrucion spiritual para animar al que a la Religion bien e Profesa en ella. [Not identified.]
- (67) Otro libro sin Pergamino y falto de algunas ojas que se Yntitula meditacion del amor de dios. [Possibly Fray Diego de Estella (Fray Diego de San Cristóbal), *Meditaciones devotissimas del amor de Dios*, Salamanca, 1576, 1578.]
- (68) Mas otro libro que se Yntitula en la Primera foxa que la faltan

5. Trial proceedings against López de Mendizábal. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomos 587, exp. 1, 594, exp. 1.

5a. A. G. I., Guadalajara, leg. 139.

las demas Primera Parte de la Venida de Xpto y de su vida y milagros. [Cf. no. 63, *supra*.]

- (69) Mas otro libro que se Yntitula manual de administrar los santos sacramentos a los naturales y españoles de esta nueva spaña. [Cf. no. 65, *supra*.]
- (70) Mas otro libro que se Yntitula declaracion copiosa de la doctrina xptiana Compuesta por horden del Beatissimo Padre Clemente octauo. [One of the Spanish versions of Cardinal Robert Bellarmine's work. Cf. no. 19, *supra*.]
- (71) Mas otro libro que se Yntitula Directorium Coratorum, instruccion de curas Vtil y Prouechoso Para los que tienen Cargo de almas. [See no. 57 *supra*, and no. 95, *infra*.]
- (72) Mas otro libro que se intitula Confesionario en lengua mexicana y Castellana. [Probably by Fray Alonso de Molina or Fray Juan Bautista. See no. 131, *infra*.]
- (73) Mas otro libro falto de ojas al principio y al fin que se Yntitula declaracion de la Doctrina Christiana. [Cf. no. 70, *supra*.]
- (74) Mas otro libro que se Yntitula mementos de la misa. [Possibly Pedro de la Fuente, *Instrucción de religiosos y declaración de los mementos de la misa*, Sevilla, 1616.]
- (75) Mas otro libro que se Yntitula obras de Queuedo. [Probably Francisco Gómez de Quevedo y Villegas.]
- (76) Mas se halla otro libro de la Dominica y adbiento sin enquadernar. [Probably a book of sermons or devotions for the Sundays of Advent.]

## II

### BOOKS OWNED OR USED BY GOVERNORS

#### A. *Pedro de Peralta (1610-1614)*.<sup>6</sup>

- (77) Practica criminal eclesiastica. [Not identified. Cf. no. 45 *supra*.]

#### B. *Juan de Eulate (1618-1625)*.<sup>7</sup>

- (78) Un libro del doctor fr. Manuel Rodríguez. [Cf. nos. 40, 41, *supra*.]

#### C. *Juan Manso de Contreras (1656-1659)*.<sup>8</sup>

- (79) Un libro maltratado jornadas para el cielo. [Fray Cristóbal Moreno, *Libro intitulado Jornadas para el cielo*, Zaragoza, 1580, and later editions.]

6. Pérez Guerta, *Relación verdadera*. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 316.

7. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 356.

8. A. G. M., Tierras, tomo 3286.

D. Bernardo López de Mendizábal (1659-1661) and his wife,  
Doña Teresa de Aguilera y Roche.<sup>9</sup>

- (80) Vn libro grande yntitulado Vida de Xpto. de medio pliego; otro libro en medio pliego intitulado tersera parte de la uida de Xpto; la tersera y segunda parte de la bida de Xpto de Fonseca. [Fray Cristóbal de Fonseca, *Primera parte de la vida de Christo*, Toledo, 1596; *Segunda parte* . . . , Toledo, 1601; *Tercera parte* . . . , Madrid, 1605; *Quarta parte* . . . , Madrid, 1611. The different parts are separate treatises, and each part was republished in later editions. Apparently only the second and third part were taken at this time, for the first part was later embargoed by Posada. See no. 96, *infra*.]
- (81) Libro yntitulado Don quijote de la Mancha. [Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.]
- (82) Libro yntitulado discerto para todos los ebanjelios en quartilla; una quaresma de fonseca. [Fray Cristóbal de Fonseca, *Discursos para todos los evangelios de la Quaresma*, Madrid, 1614.]
- (83) Libro yntitulado primera parte de los discursos de paciencia en quartilla; primera parte de los discursos de la paciencia xptiana de çarate. [Fray Fernando de Zárate, *Discursos de la paciencia christiana*, Alcalá, 1592, and many later editions. An edition of Valencia, 1602, is entitled, *Primera parte de los discursos de la paciencia christiana*.]
- (84) Otro grande yntitulado primera parte de la suma de medio pliego; una suma de ledezma. [Either Fray Pedro de Ledesma, *Primera parte de la Summa en la qual se cifra todo lo que toca y pertenece a los sacramentos*, Salamanca, 1598, and later editions; or Fray Bartolomé de Ledesma, *Suma de casos de conciencia*, México, 1560, Salamanca, 1585.]
- (85) Vn libro en medio pliego titulado bitorias de Xpto; bitorias de Xpto de Loaisa. [Fray Rodrigo de Loaisa, *Victorias de Cristo nuestro Redentor*, Sevilla, 1618.]
- (86) Libro en latin yntitulado el prinsipe. [This may be Diego Saavedra Fajardo's *Idea de un príncipe político cristiano representada en 100 empresas*, which appears in the Peñalosa list (see no. 129, *infra*). There were many editions of this work. which was translated into various languages. A Latin version

9. Nos. 80-87 were included in the embargo of López' property on July 17, 1662, and in the list of the same goods on deposit with a citizen of the province, September 11, 1662. The brief descriptions vary in the two lists. In the second list the names of authors are usually given and for this reason we have included descriptions from both lists. Nos. 88-103 are found in the list of property embargoed by Posada after the arrest of López on August 26, 1662. A. G. M., *Tierras*, tomos 3268, 3283, 3286. Nos. 104-107 are taken from references found in the trial proceedings against López and Doña Teresa. A. G. M., *Inquisición*, tomos 587, 593, 594, 596.



was published at Brussels in 1640, the same year as the original Spanish appeared.]

- (87) Un vocabulario de lebrixa en latin. [Antonio de Nebrija, *Dictionarium latino-hispanicum*, Salamanca, 1492.]
- (88) Un quadernito de officios de santos.
- (89) Vn libro de a quarto yntitulado muerte de Dios por Vida del hombre. [Fray Hernando Camargo y Salgado, *Muerte de Dios por vida del hombre, deduzida de las postrimerías de Cristo Señor nuestro . . .*, Poema en décimas, Madrid, 1619.]
- (90) Otro del mesmo tamaño de Sirujia en Romance. [Many books on surgery were published in Spanish during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. At least two were printed in Mexico, and the lists of books in the hands of Mexican dealers show that a fair number of Spanish imprints were also available there.]
- (91) Otro del mesmo tamaño de la Vida de Santa Theresa. [Among the most important works published during this period on the life of St. Theresa are: P. Francisco de Ribera, S. J., *La vida de la Madre Teresa de Jesús*, Salamanca, 1590; Fray Diego de Yepes, *Vida, virtudes y milagros de la bienaventurada Virgen Teresa de Jesús*, Madrid, 1595; and Fray Juan de Jesús María and Fray Juan de San Jerónimo, *Compendium vitae B. Virginis Teresiae a Jesu*, Rome, 1609.]
- (92) Otro de la vida de Don Phelippe el Prudente del mesmo tamaño. [Possibly, Lorenzo van der Hammen y León, *Don Felipe "el Prudente," segundo de este nombre, rey de las Españas y Nuevo Mundo*, Madrid, 1625; or Baltasar Porreño, *Dichos y hechos del señor rey don Philipe segundo, el prudente*, Cuenca, 1621.]
- (93) Otro libro de a cuarto maltratado yntitulado Mexia del matrimonio. [Fray Vicente Mexía, *Salvdable instrucción del estado del matrimonio*, Córdoba, 1566. Said to be the first book in Castilian printed there. Or Luis Mexía, *Colloquio intitulado institución del Matrimonio cristiano*, Valencia, 1528. Trans. of Erasmus.]
- (94) Vn libro pequeño de Marcos de Obregón. [Vicente Espinel, *Relaciones de la vida del escudero Marcos de Obregón*, Madrid, 1618.]
- (95) Otro libro pequeño en romance yntitulado directorium curatorum (que parece cartilla). [See no. 57, *supra*.]<sup>10</sup>

10. The references to this book are somewhat confusing. Although Pedro Martyr Coma's work was widely current and at least eighteen Spanish editions had appeared by the early 1620's, in his testimony concerning Anaya's erroneous views with regard to spiritual relationships López attributed the copy he used to Bellarmine: "He does

- (96) Otro libro de a folio Intitulado Primera parte de la Vida de Xpto. [See no. 80, *supra*.]
- (97) Otro maltratado de a folio Intitulado Prouincia de San Agustin de la Nueva España. [Fray Juan de Grijalva, *Crónica de la Orden de N. P. S. Agustín en las provincias de la Nueva España*, México, 1606.]
- (98) Vn libro de a quarto roto sin pergamino en Octabas.
- (99) Vn libro muy maltratado de diferentes Comedias. [Probably a volume of one of the collections of plays which were published in Spain during the seventeenth century. See Julio Cejador y Frauca, *Historia de la lengua y literatura castellana*, Tomo IV (Madrid, 1916), 5-28; and George Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature*, (6th ed., Boston, n. d.) Vol. III, Appendix, F.]
- (100) Otro librito yntitulado Examen de Escribanos de Argüello. [Possibly Antonio de Argüello, *Tratado de escrituras y contratos públicos*, Madrid, 1620, 1651.]
- (101) Vn sermon sin pergamino a San Phelippe Neri de Don Anttonio Peralta Castañeda. [*Sermon del glorioso San Phelippe Neri, fundador de la Congregacion del Oratorio. Predicole el Señor D. Antonio de Peralta Castañeda, . . . En la fiesta, que en el Convento de Carmelitas Descalças celebró a su incllyto patrono la charitativa concordia de sacerdotes. . . .*, México, 1652.]
- (102) Vna cartilla de muchachos. [Many *cartillas*, or primers, were printed in Spain but as a result of the kind of use they received most of them have disappeared.]
- (103) Un diurno pequeño viejo.
- (104) Ludovico Ariosto. *Orlando furioso*.
- (105) Un libro encuadernado en tablas intitulado officium beate mariae Virginis impreso en Antuerpia, Año de mill y seiscientos y cinquenta y dos.
- (106) Un libro pequeño aforado en tablas que se intitulaba el perfecto Xptiano impreso en Seuilla, Año mill y seiscientos y quarenta y dos. [Fray Juan González de Critana, *El perfecto cristiano*, Valladolid, 1601, and later editions.]
- (107) Un libro intitulado el Gouern.<sup>or</sup> Xptiano. [Fray Juan Márquez, *El gobernador christiano*. See no. 30, *supra*.]

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not remember whether he summoned him (Anaya) for the purpose, or whether he came to see this confessant on other business, but one night when they were in his reception room, this confessant said to him, 'Come here, Cristóbal, who gets you involved in arguments with the friars, and, according to what I hear, such an error as that the priest does not contract spiritual relationship with the baptized and his parents? The ones with whom he does not contract it are the god parents, nor do they contract it with each other. And if you wish to see it in plain Spanish, and if you do not know it, bring that book which is over there on that table.' And the book was *Directorium Curatorum* by Bellarmino." A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 594.

E. *Diego de Peñalosa Briceño (1661-1664).*<sup>11</sup>

- (108) Dos libritos de officio menor de la Virgen.
- (109) Otro librito pequeño yntitulado el Comulgatorio. [Baltasar Gracián y Morales, *El comulgatorio*, Zaragoza, 1655.]<sup>12</sup>
- (110) Dos libros de a quarto yntitulados el Criticon, Primera y segunda parte. [B. Gracián, *El criticón*, 1651-57. Three parts.]
- (111) Otro librito pequeñito yntitulado el Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. [B. Gracián, *El Héroe*, Madrid, 1630, Huelva, 1637.]
- (112) Otro pequeñito yntitulado el discreto. [B. Gracián, *El Discreto*, Huesca, 1646.]
- (113) Otro pequeñito yntitulado el oraculo. [B. Gracián, *El oráculo manual*, Huesca, 1647.]
- (114) Un libro de a quarto yntitulado la Jineta de España. [Pedro Fernández de Andrada, *Libro de la gineta de España*, Sevilla, 1599; *Nuevos discursos de la gineta de España*, Sevilla, 1616.]
- (115) [Libro yntitulado Cronica de Mechoacan. [Fray Alonso de la Rea, *Chronica de la Orden de N. Seraphico P. S. Francisco, Prouincia de S. Pedro y S. Pablo de Mechoacan en la Nueva España*, México, 1643; or Fray Juan González de la Puente, *Primera parte de la Chronica Augustiana de Mechoacan . . .*, México, 1624.]
- (116) Otro [libro intitulado] Milicia Yndiana. [Bernardo de Vargas Machuca, *Milicia y descripción de las Indias . . .*, Madrid, 1599. This work is in three parts: *Milicia Indiana*, *Descripción de las Indias Occidentales*, and *Compendio de la Esfera*.]
- (117) Un libro de a quarto yntitulado Discurso para todos los Euangelios de la Quaresma. [Fray Cristóbal de Fonseca. See no. 82, *supra*.]
- (118) Dos libros de a folio yntitulados Perfecto Prelado primera y segunda parte. [Pedro de Reina Maldonado, *Norte claro del perfecto prelado en su pastoral gobierno*, Madrid, 1613.]
- (119) Dos cuerpos de libros de a folio Primera y Segunda parte de Monarquía Indiana. [Fray Juan Torquemada, *Monarquía Indiana*, Madrid, 1613.]
- (120) Otros dos libros de a folio Primera y segunda parte de Villa-

11. From lists in A. G. M., Tierras, tomo 3286. When Peñalosa's property was appraised early in July, 1669, by order of the Holy Office, before being put up at public auction, the appraisers refused to set a value on the books, "por no ser de su facultad." The auction went on throughout the summer of 1669. On July 13 Fray Francisco de Ayeta, *procurador* of the Convento Grande de San Francisco in Mexico City, later a custodian of the New Mexico missions, bought "43 books, large and small, by different authors," for 46 pesos.

12. This is the only book Gracián published under his own name. The first part of the *Criticón* appeared under the pseudonym García de Marlonés, and the rest of his works carry that of Lorenzo Gracián Infanzón.

lobos. [The description of this work as in two volumes in folio makes it probable that it is Fray Enrique de Villalobos' *Summa de la theología moral y canónica*, Lisbon, 1623, and later editions, all of which are in two volumes folio.]

- (121) Otros dos cuerpos de libros de a folio primera y segunda parte de fray Manuel Rodriguez. [Undoubtedly one of the works of the Portuguese canonist Fray Manuel Rodriguez. Cf. nos. 40, 41, *supra*. Another of his works is entitled, *Obras morales en romance*, Madrid, 1602, 2 vol. folio.]
- (122) Vn libro encuadernado en tabla de a quarto que su titulo es Vocabulario de Anttonio de Nebrija. [Cf. no. 87, *supra*.]
- (123) Un libro de a quarto aforrado en pergamino yntitulado Sermones Varios de Naxera Segunda parte. [Padre Manuel de Nájera, *Sermones varios*, Alcalá-Madrid, 1643-58, 4 vol.]
- (124) Otro libro pequeño de a octabo aforrado en pergamino yntitulado el dia de fiesta. [Juan de Zabaleta, *El Día de fiesta por la mañana*, 1654; *El día de fiesta por la tarde*, 1660.]
- (125) Otro librito del mesmo tamaño con algunas ojas maltratadas del principio, y todo ello esta y al folio primero dice Historia de la Nueva Mexico por el capitan Gaspar de Villagra. [Gaspar de Villagrà, *Historia de la Nueva México*, Alcalá, 1610.]
- (126) Un Arte de Anttonio de Nebrija Vien tratado. [Antonio de Nebrija, *Arte de la lengua castellana*, 1492.]
- (127) Un librito pequeñito yntitulado el politico. [B. Gracián, *El político don Fernando el Católico*, Zaragoza, 1640.]
- (128) Vn librito pequeño de a quarto empeçado a apolillar yntitulado Comparaciones o similes para los vicios y virtudes. [Juan Pérez de Moya, *Comparaciones o símiles para los vicios e virtudes: muy útil y necessario para predicadores*, Alcalá, 1584. Another list of these same books gives this title and also "otro librito Yntitulado Similes de Moya." It is difficult to determine whether the same book was listed twice by mistake or whether there actually were two copies.]
- (129) Un libro de a cuarto yntitulado Ydea de un principe politico Christiano, etc. [Diego Saavedra Fajardo, *Ydea de un príncipe, político cristiano representada en 100 empresas*, Münster, 1640, Munich, 1640. A Latin version appeared at Brussels the same year. Cf. no. 86, *supra*.]
- (130) Un librito maltratado de a quarto con algunas ojas rotas yntitulado Seremonial de la missa.
- (131) Otro de a quarto de pocas ojas viejo y algunas dellas rotas que parece es Cathecismo en Mexicano y Castellano. [For data concerning the numerous cathecisms and *doctrinas* of this kind published during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries,

see: P. Mariano Cuevas, S. J., *Historia de la Iglesia en México*, Tomo II (Tlalpam, D. F., 1922), 399-424; Joaquín García Icazbalceta, *Bibliografía Mexicana del siglo XVI*, Primera parte (México, 1886); and Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, *La ciencia española* (4a ed., Madrid, 1918), Tomo III, 307-317.]

- (132) Y atado con un cordonsillo de gamuça quince foxas sueltas que son de la Sagrada Escritura que se llebo el dicho Alguacil Mayor.
- (133) [Un libro] de a quarto yntitulado leyes penales. [Possibly Francisco de la Pradilla Barnuevo, *Tratado y suma de todas las leyes penales, canónicas, civiles y de estos reynos, de mucha utilidad y provecho para los naturales de ellos, pero para todos en general*, Sevilla, 1613.]
- (134) [Un libro] de a quarto yntitulado guerras de Ynglaterra. [Mayolino Bisaccioni, *Guerras civiles de Inglaterra, trágica muerte de su rey Carlos*, Traducción del toscano al español por D. Diego Felipe de Albornoz, Madrid, 1658.]
- (135) Otro libro del mesmo tamaño de Ymprenta y atitulado Seneca Ympugnado. [Alonso Núñez de Castro, *Séneca impugnado de Séneca en cuestiones políticas y morales*, Madrid. 1650.]
- (136) Otro del mesmo tamaño yntitulado Eraclito y democrito. [Antonio López de Vega, *Heráclito y Demócrito de nuestro siglo* . . . , Madrid, 1641.]
- (137) Otro del mesmo tamaño yntitulado Viaje del Ynfante Cardenal. [Diego de Aedo y Gallart, *Viaje del infante cardenal Don Fernando de Austria, desde 12 de abril 1632 que salió de Madrid con . . . Felipe IV, su hermano, para la ciudad de Barcelona, hasta 4 de noviembre de 1634 que entró en la de Bruselas* . . . , Antwerp, 1635; *Viaje y guerras del Infante Cardenal* . . . hasta vientiuno de setiembre de mil seiscientos treinta y seis, Barcelona, 1637.]
- (138) Otro libro del mesmo tamaño yntitulado Arte de Ynjenio. [B. Gracián, *Arte de ingenio, tratado de la agudeza en que se explican todos los modos y diferencia de conceptos*, Madrid, 1642.]
- (139) Otro del mesmo tamaño aforrado en tabla maltratado, que tiene por principio Regy Secularis immortalis y su autor Arias Montano que todo esta en verso latino con estampas. [Benito Arias Montano, *Regi Secular. Immortali S. Humanae Salutis Monumenta*, Antwerp, 1571.]
- (140) Otro de octavo yntitulado experiencias de amor y fortuna. [Francisco de Quintana (pseudonym, Francisco de las Cuevas or de la Cueva), *Las experiencias de amor y fortuna*, Madrid, 1626.]
- (141) Otro del mesmo tamaño yntitulado errores selebrados. [Juan de Zabaleta, *Errores celebrados de la antigüedad*, 1653.]

- (142) Otro del mismo tamaño yntitulado Estebanillo Gonzales. [*Vida y hechos de Estevanillo González, hombre de buen humor*, Antwerp, 1646.]
- (143) Otro yntitulado Juguetes de Quebedo. [Francisco Gómez de Quevedo y Villegas, *Juguetes de la niñez y travesuras del ingenio*, Madrid, 1633.]
- (144) Otro del mismo tamaño yntitulado Estilo de Cartas. [Possibly Gaspar de Tejada, *Estilo de escreuir cartas mensajeras . . .*, Zaragoza, 1547; Juan de Leras, *Estilo de escribir cartas familiares*, Madrid, 1589; Juan Vicente Peliger, *Formulario y estilo curioso de escribir cartas missivas*, Madrid, 1599; or Juan Páez de Valenzuela y Castillejo, *Nuevo estilo y formulario de escribir cartas misivas y responder a ellas*, Córdoba, 1630.]
- (145) Otro del mismo tamaño yntitulado Letras humanas. [Diego de Agreda y Vargas, *Lugares comunes de letras humanas*, Madrid, 1616.]
- (146) Otro del mismo tamaño yntitulado Arte poetica. [Probably Juan Díaz Rengifo (Diego García Rengifo), *Arte poética española*, Salamanca, 1592.]
- (147) Otro del mismo tamaño Yntitulado Marco Bruto de Quebedo. [Francisco Gómez de Quevedo y Villegas, *Primera parte de la vida de Marco Bruto*, Madrid, 1644.]
- (148) Otro del mismo Tamaño Yntitulado, digo que no tiene Titulo por estar dos foxas cortadas de el Principio Manuscrito, Y en la Primera foxa dice la Pasion de Xpto Señor Nuestro &a. y pasadas tres foxas empiessa lo foliado hasta el numero 101 y despues hay Tambien dos foxas manuscritas.
- (149) Un libro de Comedias de diferentes autores. [See no. 99, *supra*.]
- (150) Otro libro de a folio yntitulado Vitorias de Xpto de Loaisa. [Fray Rodrigo de Loaisa, *Victorias de Cristo nuestro Redentor*, Sevilla, 1618. See no. 85, *supra*.]
- (151) Un quadernito de a octabo sin cubierta ympresso en Madrid 1656 por Fray Martin del Castillo yntitulado Propal estrapetalí. [Fray Martín del Castillo was a prolific religious writer of the seventeenth century. He became provincial of the Franciscan province of the Holy Evangel of Mexico and rector of the Colegio de San Buenaventura.]

F. Books cited by Peñalosa, probably in the Casa Real.<sup>13</sup>

- (152) Curia filípica. [See no. 26, *supra*.]
- (153) Solorzano. Política indiana. [Juan de Solórzano Pereira, *Política indiana*, Madrid, 1648.]

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13. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 507.

- (154) *Practica de Monteroso*. [Gabriel de Monteroso y Alvarado, *Práctica civil y criminal*, Valladolid, 1566.]
- (155) Sylvestro in sum. verbo immunit. [See no. 48, *supra*.]
- (156) Antonio Gomez, 3. to var. c. 2. vers. 4. [Probably Antonio Gómez, *Variarum resolutionum juris civilis communis et regii libri III*, Salamanca, 1552, and later editions.]
- (157) 1. Rebuf. 2. tom. ad. leg. gallic. de immu. nuni. eccles. art. 1. gl. 1. num. 2.<sup>14</sup> [Probably refers to a work of Pierre Rebuffe, French jurisconsult of the sixteenth century.]
- (158) Julio Claro, in prac. lib. 5. [Probably refers to a work of the Italian jurisconsult Chiaro (Clarus or Claro).]
- (159) Tiber. Dec. 2. to. crali. 6. c. 28. num. 23. [Probably refers to Tiberius Decianus. *Tractatus criminalis utriusque censurae duobus tomis distinctus*, Venice, 1580, and later editions.]

## III

## BOOKS OWNED BY COLONISTS

A. *Alonso de Quesada*.<sup>15</sup>

- (160) Siete libros divinos y humanos.

B. *Juan del Caso Baraona*.<sup>16</sup>

- (161) Cinco libros de medicinas de graves autores.

C. *Francisco Gómez de Torres*.<sup>17</sup>

- (162) Libro de papeles de devocion.

D. *Francisco de Anaya Almazán*.<sup>18</sup>

- (163) Un libro que se llama Curia Filipica. [See no. 26, *supra*.]

E. *Diego Romero*.<sup>19</sup>

- (164) Librito de diferentes oraciones y devociones.

F. *Nicolás de Aguilar*.<sup>20</sup>

- (165) Un libro intitulado Catecismo en lengua castellana y dentro del otro libro muy pequeño intitulado Instruccion para examinar la conciencia.

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14. We are not entirely certain of our reading of this citation which appears as a marginal note.

15. A. G. I., México, leg. 25.

16. *Ibid*.

17. Biblioteca Nacional, México, leg. 1, doc. 8.

18. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 582, exp. 2.

19. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 586, exp. 1.

20. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 512, exp. 1.

- (166) Un librito impreso de los quatro evangelios.  
(167) Un libro pequeño aforado de tablas negras pequeñas muy viejo que al principio no tiene titulo y al medio parece ser de ejercicios y consideraciones.

G. Cristóbal de Anaya Almazán.<sup>21</sup>

- (168) Un catecismo y exposicion de la doctrina sancta impreso en Madrid año de mill seiscientos y cinquenta nueve.  
(169) Un libro a quarto intitulado trauajos de Jesus. [Venerable Tomás de Jesús, *Trabajos de Jesús*, 1602, 1609.]  
(170) Otro libro pequeño intitulado breve catecismo.

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21. A. G. M., Inquisición, tomo 582, exp. 2.



## BOOK REVIEWS

*Crusaders of the Rio Grande.* By J. Manuel Espinosa. (Chicago, Institute of Jesuit History, 1942. Pp. 410; frontispiece, bibliog., index. \$4.00.)

The final word on the tempestuous life of Don Diego de Vargas, reconqueror, recolonizer, ruler of New Mexico, appears to have been written. It is more than a biography, it is an exciting chronicle of a momentous period in the early history of the Spanish Southwest. The story is well told, and is presented in attractive typography and binding.

It is one of the curious facts of historical research, that it is unlikely that the biography of any other important figure in New Mexico history could be presented in such satisfactory detail as that of the hero of the reconquest. The reason, according to the author is this:

It was the rule during the period of Spanish domination in America to have every document of official importance executed in triplicate, one copy remaining at the seat of local government, another going to the viceregal authorities, and the third to the royal administrators in the mother country. Consequently copies of the most important official New Mexican records were filed in the government archives of Santa Fé, Mexico City, and Madrid and Seville, Spain. These original documents, most of which have survived, are now preserved in the State Museum and in the office of the Surveyor General in Santa Fé, the Archivo General y Público de la Nación in Mexico City, the Archive of the Indies in Seville, and the Biblioteca Nacional and Biblioteca de la Real Academia de la Historia in Madrid. Since New Mexico was a Franciscan mission field, the Franciscan records of New Mexico and New Spain constitute another group of important materials for the period.

The thousands of pages of archive material filmed by Professor Lansing Bloom during his research in the Archive

of the Indies at Seville, Spain, and elsewhere, on behalf of the Historical Society of New Mexico, the Museum of New Mexico, the School of American Research and the University of New Mexico, are now housed in the Coronado Library at the University, and were available to the author, as was the abundant material in the Archivo General in Mexico City uncovered by Professor Herbert E. Bolton of the University of California, an honored Fellow of our Society.

Dr. Espinosa sifts original and secondary sources as well as published material, correlating the facts and weaving them into an authentic and fascinating narrative. New Mexico's hero, "Don Diego José López de Zárate Vargas Pimentel Zapata y Luján Ponce de León Cepeda Alvarez Contreras y Salinas, Marqués de Villanueva de la Sagra y de la Nava de Bracinas," emerges from the book a great military genius, a resourceful colonizer and an accomplished statesman well deserving of the posthumous honors paid him annually in the Santa Fé Fiesta.

Before introducing Don Diego de Vargas to his readers, the author treats briefly of the events and circumstances which set the stage for the Reconquest. "The Spanish policy looked to the civilizing of the Indian as well as to the holding of the frontier \* \* \* it saw in the mission the best possible agency for bringing this about," concludes Espinosa. Therefore "the spiritual welfare of the natives was the dominant interest of the Spanish Crown in New Mexico in the seventeenth century. \* \* \* Missionary success was also paid for with the blood of forty-nine martyrs. \* \* \* The indecent manner in which the missionaries were murdered gave evidence of the contempt which many of the Indians had toward the Christian religion and the degree of paganism into which they had relapsed. At Jémez, for instance, the natives entered the room of Father Juan de Jesús in the night, seized him, stripped him of his garments, and in the light of burning candles they forced him to ride a pig through the cemetery, in the course of which he was beaten cruelly amid scoffing and ridicule. They then re-

moved him from the pig, made him get down on his hands and knees, and took turns riding on his back, beating him mercilessly to prod him on." The Franciscan was finally clubbed to death and his body thrown into the woods in the rear of the pueblo. His bones were found and identified in later years and taken to Santa Fé where they now repose in an adobe wall in the rear of the present Cathedral.

Chapter I opens with a brief review of the family background and the life of Vargas from his baptism in 1643, and his marriage in 1664 to the wealthy Doña Beatriz Pimentel de Prado of Torrelaguna, to June, 1688, when at the age of 45, he received his royal appointment as governor and captain general of New Mexico. The struggle to prepare for the reconquest which he offered to effect at his own expense, the bickering with the ecclesiastical authorities, the difficulties to gather the former settlers to accompany the expedition, are reviewed in detail.

In the chapters that follow are related vivid details of the reconquest, including the two entradas into Santa Fé and all that happened in between. It is an exciting story including incidents of treachery, fifth columnists, Quislings, propaganda, cruelty, hardship, suffering, reprisals, such as even at this day mar human history. In a four months campaign Vargas had restored "twenty-three pueblos of ten Indian tribes to Spain's empire in America and to Christianity." But it was merely a temporary conquest for the Indians soon reverted to their former state of rebellion.

The colonists who accompanied the second expedition to Santa Fé suffered greatly from continued snows and icy winds. Vargas himself was ill most of the time with chills and fever. Earlier in the year he had been thrown by his horse and lay prostrate with a wrenched knee and two hard kicks in the abdomen. Nevertheless he rode on for six leagues "where a doctor twisted his knee back into its proper position and where he spent three days convalescing." He then continued riding though in constant pain and had himself bled and purged. Of the seventy families in the expedi-

tion, twenty-seven were negroes and mestizos. The cost of outfitting was 7000 pesos and it started out with 900 head of livestock, over 2000 horses and 1000 mules. The food supply ran desperately low by the time the colonists reached Luís López, "so low that the people began to sell arms, jewelry, and horses to the Indians in exchange for grain and vegetables." It was a sorrowful picture that the conquistadores presented but for the indomitable faith and will of Vargas.

When they reached La Bajada "the faint of heart became panicky" and a number planned to desert. The ring leaders were Francisco de Ayala, Diego Grimaldos and Manuel Vargas. Food boxes were broken into and garlic and chocolate, the latter indispensable to the seventeenth century Spaniard, were stolen as well as several head of livestock, a great number of the stoutest horses, all the loose clothing handy and an extra arquebus. Besides those mentioned the deserters included Felix Aragón, Gregorio Ramírez, Francisco de la Mora, Nicolás de Espinosa, Pedro López, Pedro de Leyba, Miguel Durán, María de la Cruz, Andrés de Arteaga, Bernardo, Miguel and José Manuel Rodríguez and several others. Three were recaptured, the others made their way to Sonora and Casas Grandes. This is but a modicum of one of the most interesting and thrilling stories ever told.

Chapter headings such as "The Battle of Santa Fé," "Continued Hostilities," "Meeting the Economic Problem," "Pacification of the Pueblos," "Rebuilding Missions and Settlements," "The Struggle for Existence," "The Pueblo Revolt of 1696," "Indian Warfare," "The Road to Final Victory," "Border Politics," "The Return of Vargas," indicate the flow of events graphically delineated.

An "Epilogue" sums up the author's conclusions as to the changes in social, economic and political conditions during the years of the reconquest. He writes: "Many commentators fail to recognize the change which came over the land; generalizations which apply to the earlier era do not hold true in the same sense in the later period. \* \* \* Hence-

forth the military phase of viceregal and provincial policy, \* \* \* accompanied by greater emphasis upon permanent and self-supporting civilian settlements, took precedence over missionary enterprise." Further: "Eloquent testimony of Vargas' good judgment as a town founder, or refounder, was the growth of the villa of Santa Cruz commonly known as La Cañada. \* \* \* Clear evidence that upper New Mexico was 'the bulwark of New Spain' and its advancing frontier of settlement, was the remarkable growth of the El Paso district." Finally:

"Always it must be emphasized, New Mexico was an isolated frontier community, its people living simple village and rural life. \* \* \* In general the life of the province was the usual provincial Spanish life of far removed frontiers. Through long isolation, Spanish folk tradition became fixed." The bibliography cites the ten principal archives as well as manuscript sources together with a long list of printed works consulted as secondary sources. The index while not exhaustive is helpful. Altogether, *Crusaders of the Rio Grande* is a volume that should have a place not only in every historical library but also in every school room and home in which New Mexico traditions are cherished.

P. A. F. W.

*Pichardo's Treatise on the Limits of Louisiana and Texas*, III. Edited by Charles W. Hackett. (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1941. Pp. xxii + 623; bibliography, index. \$6.50.)

With this volume, three-fourths of the monumental "argumentative treatise" of Father Pichardo are now available in English translation. The work will conclude with a fourth and final volume to appear later.

The first two volumes were reviewed in an earlier issue (THE NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, X, 54-57) and our criticisms then stated, both adverse and favorable, do not need to be repeated.

As Dr. Hackett explains in his preface, Volume III now

before us opens with a concluding chapter of Pichardo's Part II (which began in Vol. I and continued through all of Vol. II)—which is an exhaustive, and at times labored, dissertation on the "Plains of Cibola" and which marshals the arguments and quoted authorities of Father Pichardo to prove that Soto as well as Coronado visited those plains. As to Soto's route, Pichardo depended wholly on secondary sources,—the works of Garcilaso de la Vega and Antonio de Herrera. Unfortunately he seems not to have had access to the account of the "Gentleman of Elvas" which is the nearest to a primary source which we have. This, with the data from Ranjel (gotten and used by Oviedo), was the basis of the Soto story as given by T. H. Lewis in *Spanish Explorers*. It is hardly fair of our editor to give the impression (p. xi) that Lewis did not pay due attention to Garcilaso's work; Lewis did, but he found Garcilaso's work too full of mistakes to be reliable. Yet surprisingly Dr. Hackett seems to regard Pichardo's work as definitive: he avers (p. xxii) that the "conclusions of the erudite cleric will . . . stand the test of time and historical investigation."

Perhaps a simple test of the relative value of the authorities above cited is to ask the question: did any of the Soto expedition see buffalo? It is a remarkable and significant fact that the Elvas account makes absolutely no mention, direct or even allusive, to this prolific animal of the plains; but notice (p. 88) how the Inca is quoted:

In all their wanderings through Florida, these Spaniards saw no cattle, and although it is true that in some parts they found fresh beef (*sic*), they never saw cows, nor could they get the Indians, either by threats or friendly advances, to tell them where they were.

Had Garcilaso stopped with a period after "cattle," he would have been correct. The rest of this quotation may be regarded as pure embroidery. Nor is Pichardo's explanation convincing, that the Spaniards failed to see them because of their migrations. He would have us believe that they were

on the plains of Cibola all through the winter of 1541-42 and yet didn't see buffalo!

Again, in a work which depends wholly, as does the Pichardo treatise, on the copying and argumentative interpreting of source material, there are countless ways in which a factor of error may creep into the text. We call attention to a single example (p. 100) where Vetancurt is quoted as saying that to Father Escobar Don Juan de Oñate "gave possession from the Rio del Norte to the Port of Buena Esperanza, 200 leagues to the east." Apparently Vetancurt was none too clear as to where Oñate and Escobar were when that "possession" was given; Pichardo's comments make it worse; and to cap it off, some copyist or translator gives us "to the east" where Vetancurt said "to the south" (*al austro*). Certainly the editor, Dr. Hackett, knows that, when Oñate in 1601 hoped to find a harbor in the Quivira country from which to send ships direct to Spain, he headed for the great plains *northeast* from San Gabriel. Quivira definitely was not in what later became eastern Texas, in spite of Pichardo's clever handling of his sources.

Perhaps the reader will find in the entire treatise no better example of Pichardo's tortuous reasoning than in his "Part III" which takes up most of this volume and will be concluded in the next and final volume. He begins (p. 111) with the remarkable assertion that "God himself, Creator of heaven and earth, decreed (*sic*) that rivers, whenever possible (*sic*), should be the boundaries of kingdoms, provinces, and properties." But the French, "going against that decree of God," had from the seventeenth century insisted on the conflicting principle that frontiers should follow the dividing lines between watersheds; and to avoid the spilling of blood, the Spanish monarch had, "though with grief in his heart," suffered the French encroachments which had resulted. This principle having thus been established, it should of course be observed in fixing the frontier between French Louisiana and New Spain, and Pichardo therefore accepts and warmly endorses the dividing line proposed by d'Anville,

—shrewdly ignoring the fact that this line conforms to neither the one principle nor the other. As shown by the Pichardo map of "New Mexico and Adjacent Regions" the d'Anville line as it ran northwest cut directly across the Red and Arkansas Rivers to 41° north latitude—and was extended by Pichardo due north across the Missouri River! Not only had the French been "unjust" repeatedly in trespassing beyond that line; so also was the Lewis and Clark expedition in going up the Missouri River—although supposedly that river was in the very heart of our Louisiana Purchase. It is somewhat ironic that the boundary finally agreed upon under the Adams-Onís Treaty of 1819 conformed more nearly to both the above principles than did Pichardo himself: it followed the Sabine River and long stretches of both the Red and Arkansas Rivers, and it conceded to the United States the entire watershed of the Missouri.

The fact is, as we get a more comprehensive view of the entire verbose disquisition, that Pichardo seems throughout to have had this d'Anville line as his objective. His queer ideas as to the "plains of Cíbola" and the location of Quivira are essential parts of the "build up." And there is certainly significance in the relative location of the d'Anville line and the hypothetical route by which Pichardo took Coronado far south (when he was said to be going north) into the woodland region (but still the "plains of Cíbola") of eastern Texas—without being sure that he could get him back to the Tiguex pueblos before winter set in. To Pichardo that seems to have an inconsequential detail, and his map ignores it.

Dr. Hackett has done a tremendous lot of work, excellent work, in making the Pichardo treatise available in these fine volumes for students of the Southwest. But in endorsing Pichardo's findings as "conclusive," Dr. Hackett seems to have put himself on the spot. We shall look forward with much interest to the next and final volume of his work.—  
L. B. B.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

*Hugh Stephenson and the Brazito Grant.*—Since our editorial note in the April issue regarding Don Martín Amador, his daughter Mrs. Clotilde Terrazas has supplied some further details. As to Hugh Stephenson and the Brazito Grant she writes:

It did not cost him a cent, for my great-great-grandfather, Don Francisco García de Noriega, was the owner and he made him a present of that share. Don Francisco was a multi-millionaire. He had a son named Antonio, and several other sons and daughters, one of whom was Guadalupe García de Noriega who married a Spaniard Don Agapito Albo. These were my great-grandparents.

So you see, Stephenson did not buy that land. As I understand, my mother said that he was Don Francisco's Godchild—that is why he made him a present of that land.

It may be interesting to add that Don Agapito Albo of El Paso del Norte was one of the seven deputies chosen early in 1822 to constitute the first legislature of New Mexico (*Old Santa Fe*, I, 146, 164.) The El Paso district continued to be a part of New Mexico until the summer of 1824, when it was transferred to the State of Chihuahua.—L. B. B.

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# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

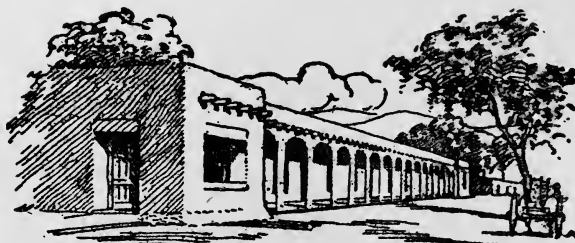
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# NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW

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## ORIGINS OF THE FOREIGN-BORN POPULATION OF NEW MEXICO DURING THE TERRITORIAL PERIOD

*By* RICHARD R. GREER

IN THE United States the foreign-born population has always been an object of practical interest and a factor of importance and significance in political, economic and social life. The reasons for this are too obvious and have been too frequently set forth to require repetition in this place. The states of the eastern, and to a lesser extent those of the western, seaboard have of course been most directly affected by the influx of trans-oceanic immigrants; it is in those states also, perhaps, that newcomers have attracted the greatest amount of academic interest. But what has been the numerical, political and economic importance of such sojourners in the commonwealths of the interior? And, more specifically, what has been the picture in the Southwest, where, in addition to ultramarine immigrants, has come a large delegation from our neighbor to the south, the Republic of Mexico?

Under the aegis of the United States, New Mexico underwent a long formative period. Politically, this extended from 1850, when the Territory of New Mexico was formally organized, to 1912, when statehood was achieved. Economically, maturity is even yet a thing of the future. It was not until the coming of the railroad in 1879-1881 that any extensive development was possible, and the story since

that time has been, generally speaking, one of an expanding process. The number and composition of the population has, of course, been a prime factor in determining the rate and direction of this expansion. It is the purpose of this paper to study the origins and number of New Mexico's foreign born during the vital years of the territorial era. The statistical information is taken exclusively from the decennial reports of the United States, 1850 to 1910 inclusive.

In the year 1850 the total population of New Mexico was reckoned at 61,547.<sup>1</sup> Included in this total were 2,063 persons born outside the United States, or 3.3 per cent of the whole. Of these 2,063 more than half claimed Mexico as the land of their birth—1,365 of them, to be exact. Other nations of the western hemisphere were but scantily represented, as the aggregate for British America was 38, the West Indies 2 and South America 1. The largest European contingents came from Ireland (292), Germany (215), England (43), Scotland (29), and France (26). Other nations represented were Prussia (14), Switzerland (11), Spain (8), Russia (4), Norway, Denmark, Holland (2 each), and Portugal, Wales, Sweden and Italy (1 each). Five persons hailed from "other countries" while the nativity of 223 of the foreign-born was unknown.

From the foregoing statistics at least two inferences may be drawn. The first is that, as in the United States generally, the bulk of the European born proceeded from the northern and western countries of that continent; the second is that, as early as the middle of the nineteenth century, the population of New Mexico was surprisingly cosmopolitan as to origin, if not as to culture.

The succeeding decade witnessed a rapid increase in the ranks of the foreign-born, for in a total population of 93,516 were included 6,723 persons who were of non-United States origin, their percentage of the total having jumped to 7.1+.<sup>2</sup>

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1. The data in this paragraph are from the Seventh Census of the United States, 1850, I, p. xxxvii.

2. These data are from the Eighth Census of the United States, 1860, I, p. 573.

Mexico still led the field with 4,815,<sup>3</sup> while the other nations of the western world sent representatives as follows: British America, 76; South America, 8; West Indies, 8. European immigration was greatly in evidence, as there were in New Mexico in 1860 from Ireland, 827 persons; from Germany, 569; from England, 145; from France, 108. From Scotland the number was 49, with 27 from Switzerland, 24 from Spain, 13 from Poland, 9 from Denmark, 6 from Holland, 5 each from Belgium and Portugal, 4 from Australia, 3 from Sweden, and 2 each from Wales, Russia and Norway, while China, Greece, Italy and Turkey sent 1 each. Northern and western Europe (as compared with southern and eastern Europe) yet preserved an overwhelming majority, and it will be observed that several previously unrepresented nations had cast their names into the (melting) pot in the decade between 1850 and 1860.

The census report for 1870 reveals the most interesting fact that during the preceding ten years the population of New Mexico decreased to a total of 91,874 persons.<sup>4</sup> However, the foreign-born element seems to have followed the general movement, for its aggregate declined to 5,620. Thus the numerical relation of this latter group to the whole did not change greatly, the percentage being 6.1+, or a drop of one per cent. In breaking down the figure given for the foreign-born, we find that the Mexicans again claim first honors, with 3,913 (a sharp decrease, however, from 1860).<sup>5</sup>

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3. The sharp increase here indicated is not surprising if we remember that the Gadsden Purchase fell within the decade covered by this census report. The foreign-born who were acquired with that tract fell wholly to New Mexico—but not as immigrants in the usual sense.—Editor.

4. Citations of this paragraph are from the Ninth Census of the United States, 1870, I, pp. 336-42.

5. Here again, properly to evaluate statistical figures, it is necessary to remember important boundary changes of New Mexico. When Colorado Territory was created in 1861 (following gold discoveries and the rush of the '59ers), she was given that part of New Mexico which lay north of parallel 37° north and from the 103rd meridian west to the Continental Divide. Then in 1863 approximately half of what was left (all west of the 32nd meridian west from Washington) was cut off to make the Territory of Arizona. Naturally these losses in area meant also losses in population, both native and foreign-born. In what was left of New Mexico, we should probably find that there was a natural increase instead of decline in population.—Editor.

A change is to be noted in regard to the European picture, for Germany (582) has taken a narrow lead over Ireland (543). Totals for other countries are: British America, 125; France, 124; England, 120; Switzerland, 42; Scotland, 36; Italy, 25; Spain, 16; Denmark, 15; Poland and Russia, 12 each; Austria, 10; Wales, 9; Sweden, 6; Norway and Belgium, 5 each; Hungary, 4; Holland and South America, 3 each; Portugal, West Indies and Bohemia, 2 each; Central America and Asia (unspecified), 1 each; also 1 born at sea.

It should be noticed that there was a decrease of nearly three hundred in the Irish-born inhabitants during the decade. Also, the French delegation overtook the English, and the Swiss element surpassed the Scotch. Northwestern Europe was still in the ascendancy, but the number from Italy increased from one to twenty-five.

By 1880, the population of New Mexico had more than recovered the ground lost between 1860 and 1870, for the total had climbed to 119,565.<sup>6</sup> The foreign-born included 8,051 persons, or 6.6+ per cent of the whole. Mexico accounted for more than half, with 5,173; Ireland regained second place with 795; Germany came third with 729; England outstripped France with 339; then came British America, 280; France, 167; Scotland, 110; Italy, 73; Switzerland, 54; China, 52; Sweden, 39; Wales, 28; Denmark, 23; Poland, 22; Norway, 17; Russia, 16; Austria, 15; Bohemia and Cuba, 13 each; Spain, 12; Pacific Islands (other than Hawaii), 11; Portugal, 8; Hungary, West Indies, South America and born at sea, 7 each; Holland and Belgium, 6 each; Australia, 4; Sandwich Islands, 3; Africa, Luxemburg, Malta and Turkey, 1 each. The increasingly cosmopolitan character of the foreign-born population is clearly revealed by these figures. Italy is the country to watch, however, for her representation trebled in the decade between 1870 and 1880.

The succeeding ten years witnessed a further growth in the population of New Mexico, for in 1890 the total figure

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6. The data of this paragraph are from the Tenth Census of the United States, 1880, I, pp. 4, 492-95.



stood at 153,593.<sup>7</sup> The foreign-born element increased likewise, attaining the sum of 11,259, or 7.3+ per cent of all inhabitants. For the second time the Mexican representation registered a decrease (the first being between the censuses of 1860 and 1870), but yet maintained the lead with 4,504 persons. Germany forged into second place with 1,413; then England with 1,258, followed by Ireland with 966, Canada and Newfoundland with 681, Scotland with 436, China with 369, Italy with 355, France with 284, Austria with 172, Sweden with 149, Wales and Switzerland with 122 each, Russia with 73, Denmark with 54, Holland with 46, Norway with 42, Belgium with 35, Poland with 24, Spain with 23, Cuba and the West Indies with 16, Portugal with 14, "born at sea" with 13, Australia with 12, South America with 10, Hungary with 9, Bohemia with 8, India and Asia (unspecified) with 7, Africa and Europe (unspecified) with 5 each, Japan with 4, Luxemburg and Atlantic Islands with 2 each, and Turkey, Greece and Central America with 1 each.

Several items merit mention. England, it will be noticed, more than trebled her figure of 1880—although the reason for this is probably beyond definite proof, the increase might have come as a result of the growth of the cattle industry during the 'eighties, an enterprise in which the Scotch and the English took an active part. The sudden growth in the Chinese element was very probably due to the building of the Santa Fe railroad and others during the decade. Chinese labor had been found superior to that of the Irish and other nationalities during the construction of the Central Pacific in the latter 'sixties. Doubtless the factor which contributed most to the increase of nearly all kinds of foreign-born, as well as to that of the total population, was the coming of the railroad. This made access to New Mexico much less difficult, and, consequently, rendered immigration more attractive. Mining activity, which began on a large scale in the territory after 1869 or 1870, was of course a constant inducement to the more adventurous and the more desperate, and

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7. These figures come from the Eleventh Census of the United States, 1890, I, Pt. 1, pp. 2, 606-9.

without doubt drew many persons of foreign origin into New Mexico during the era examined in this paper.

By 1900, the total population of the territory had risen to 195,310, while the ranks of the foreign-born numbered 13,625, making a percentage of 6.9+. Mexico recouped her losses of the decade 1880-1890 and was represented by 6,649 persons.<sup>8</sup> All the other leaders suffered a numerical decline from 1890 to 1900, with the exception of Italy. The relative standings were: Germany, 1,360; England, 968; Ireland, 692; Canada, 680; Italy, 661; Scotland, 427; Austria, 352; France, 298; Sweden, 244; Switzerland, 123; Wales, 105; Russia and Holland, 99 each; French Canada, 84; Denmark, 57; Poland, 55; Hungary, 41; Norway, 33; Bohemia, 15; other countries, 583.

It will be seen that the figures for 1900 are somewhat less complete than for preceding censuses. Italy was the only European country among the first five which made any gain, but her representation was nearly doubled between 1890 and 1900.

The census of 1910<sup>9</sup> was the last one taken during the territorial period of New Mexico's history, for two years later the Sunshine State arrived at political maturity and claimed its place in the union. The growth in population during the decade 1900-1910 was the most impressive yet recorded, as in the latter year a total figure of 327,301 was reached. The foreign-born element likewise experienced a healthy increase, attaining the sum of 23,146, or 7 per cent of the whole. Mexico accounted for about half, with a representation of 11,918. Italy finally came into her own, carrying off second place with 1,959—then Germany, with 1,746; Austria, with 1,233; England, with 1,101; Canada, with 912; Ireland, with 644; Scotland, with 509; Sweden, with 365; France, with 326; Japan, with 254; Russia, with 228; Hungary, with 209; China, with 202; Switzerland, with 172; Greece, with 167; Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro,

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8. Twelfth Census of the United States, 1900, I, Pt. 1, pp. 2, clxxiii-clxxiv.

9. Thirteenth Census of the United States, 1910, I, pp. 30, 838-39.

with a total of 167; Norway, with 151; Turkey in Asia, with 123; Denmark, with 116; French Canada, with 111; Spain, with 100; Wales, with 93; Netherlands, with 86; Belgium, with 44; Finland, with 26; Cuba and the other West Indies, with a total of 25; Turkey in Europe, with 17; Central and South America, with 14; Europe (unspecified), with 12; Portugal, with 10; India, with 7; Roumania, with 6; Newfoundland, with 3; Luxemburg and all other Asia, with 1 each; and all other countries, with 88.

Several generalizations may be ventured on the basis of the data given in the preceding pages. With the exception of the figure for 1850, it may be said that the foreign-born element represented a stable factor in the population of New Mexico during the territorial period. In the half-century included between the years 1860 and 1910, the extreme variation of the percentage of foreign-born in the total population was but 1.2. The lowest point occurred in 1870, with 6.1 per cent of the total population born outside the United States, while the highest mark was achieved in 1890, with the percentage of the foreign-born standing at 7.3. Throughout the period under consideration, the Mexican deputation was without fail the largest, and this fact is to be regarded as the natural result of the proximity of that country to New Mexico. Again, it is to be noted that, in contrast to the condition prevailing on the eastern seaboard after 1890 (at the latest), the northern and western parts of Europe constantly furnished the bulk of the immigration into the Territory from that continent. The statistics in regard to the Italian-born supply another item of interest. From no other nation did immigration proceed in such a constantly and rapidly increasing stream, for from 1860 to 1910 there was not a decade in which the Italian representation was not tripled. In conclusion, it should be noticed that during the entire territorial era the foreign-born population of New Mexico exhibited a satisfying, and rather surprising, degree of cosmopolitanism. A host to peoples of every clime, the Territory of New Mexico served in its way to further the American tradition of assimilation.

## ADVENTURING TO SANTA FE

By ARTHUR WOODWARD

DOWN THE long, hard road they passed, the adventurers to Santa Fé. Hostile Indians waylaid them. Unfriendly Mexican officials looked askance at their pack trains and long lines of white topped wagons. Heavy duties were laid upon the goods they brought. Men feared their ever ready long Kentucky rifles and the hair triggered Missouri tempers. The first men who ventured into Santa Fé were taken prisoners and were held within the confines of the Mexican provinces from 1812 until about 1819-1822. However, no sooner had some of them been released than they returned home to Missouri, outfitted with fresh pack trains and again turned their faces westward. Thenceforth nothing could halt the ceaseless tide of men and wagons, "adventuring to Santa Fé."

Some of these men have left brief journals. The accounts written by Captain William Becknell, M. M. Marmaduke, Robert W. Morris, A. LeGrand and others are fairly well known. Many of these items first appeared in the columns of the *Missouri Intelligencer* and the *St. Louis Enquirer* during the early 1820s. Later, certain of the journals were re-printed by the Missouri Historical Society. There is one item however which seems to have escaped the notice of historians. In itself perhaps it is not important, but as a bit of unique frontier humor it should be known.

The majority of the accounts are serious, matter-of-fact narrations of the hardships encountered, descriptions of the terrain, observations on the inhabitants of New Mexico, etc. The author of the account in question is anonymous but his account of a trip to the "province wherein dwelleth a people called Montezumians" has a certain flavor that will, I am sure, be relished by those whose historical tongues have become accustomed to the bread and meat of the more prosaic narratives.

There are no definite clues to link this Biblical style journal with any of the well known trips. The party apparently started from Boone's Lick in Missouri; but so did many of the outfits that took the westward trail. Hence, any attempt at annotating this humorous "journal" would in my estimation be entirely superfluous.

The account appeared in the *Missouri Intelligencer*, in two parts. The first was published August 5, 1825, p. 2, col. 1; the second section appeared in the issue of August 19, p. 2, cols. 2-3.

## THE BOOK OF THE MULETEERS

### CHAPTER I

1. And it came to pass in the reign of Ellick the fat, that the dwellers round about Boon's Lick marvelled with one another

2. And said, verily we have corn and oil, and milk and honey, and cattle and horses, and he goats in abundance, but nevertheless we have few pieces of silver.

3. And one of the judges, a father of preemptioners, rose up and said, men and brethren, hearken unto me.

4. And they did hearken.

5. And he said, there lieth over against us a province wherein dwelleth a people called Montezumians.

6. And they go in and out of tabernacles of clay and they be miners and shepherds.

7. And they have among them gold and silver and precious furs and ass colts in abundance and they be moreover a barbarous people and heathen idolators.

8. And he said, men and brethren of the tribe of Benjamin, hearken unto me—and they answered, and said, we do hearken.

9. And he said go ye unto your several places of abode and tarry three days; and on the fourth day rise up early in the morning while it is yet dark, and saddle your asses.

10. And on the fourth day they gathered themselves together as they were wont, every one on his own ass, and came, and stood still over against the habitation of Benjamin, and they said lo! we are come unto thee as thou has bidden.

11. And Benjamin combed his locks, rose up, and came forth to where his ass was tethered by the way side.

12. And he said, men of Boon's Lick, let your loins be girt about & your hearts filled with the oil of gladness, for you are going into a far country.

13. And they answered with one voice, yea, verily, we rejoice exceedingly and marvel not.

14. And moreover they cried out as one man, be ye our centurian & we will do thy bidding; and say unto each of us singly, go, and we will go, come, and we will come.

15. And they were armed every one with weapons of war according to his fashion, and they were valiant men and true, and well skilled in all stratagems and divers cunning devices.

16. But moreover as they journeyed forward in the wilderness the centurian cast about him and said unto his followers, be on your guard, for we are in the land of the *Arapehoes*, the *Camanchies*, and the ungodly *Paducas*.

17. Nevertheless be of good cheer and these heathen shall flee before us everyone to his own city; and they annointed their arms with bear's oil and set a watch round about.

18. And all of the men of Boon's Lick answered and said, we fear not, for we go into the land of promise.

19. And Benjamin raised his voice and spake cheeringly, and said, yea verily, I say unto you as I said before, we seek the gold of ophir and soft furs and ass colts and onyx stones.

20. And when they came unto a deep valley, by the river Arkansas, they stood still and said to the centurian, lo! here is water, let us drink.

21. And he said, yea, eat and drink and make yourselves glad, for ye have journeyed far, else ye may faint by the wayside.

22. And they unmuzzled their mules and their asses, and laid them down; and they drew from their panniers corn cakes, and the flesh of swine and did eat.

23. And when they had finished feasting, they rose up and departed leaving the fragments of the feast strewed round about and the ravens and the magpies came and picked up the remnant.

24. Now when they had journeyed forward three Sabbath day's journey on the river bank, and crossed over the waters thereof, they came to a great desert whereon the grass withered.

25. And it came to pass that they had no water, and they were exceedingly thirsty, so that their tongues were parched and cleaved unto the roofs of their mouths.

26. Now therefore Benjamin the centurian, was sorely vexed, for everyone went his own way in search of a fountain, and they marvelled exceedingly; and they said unto the centurian, why have ye brought us here to perish in a far country?

27. And Benjamin stood up among them and said, why marvel ye, men of Boon's Lick; what seek ye?

28. Wherefore are my locks grey if ye hearken not unto me? Gird your loins about ye, and seek and ye shall find water and precious metals. Why tarry we for the gold to come unto us—let us journey forward unto the land of Montezuma, and straightway silver shall rise up and meet us.

29. And they answered with one accord, and said—as thou listeth so will we demean ourselves.

30. And it came to pass about the seventh hour, at the going down of the sun, that they came unto a pool, and it was brackish.

31. And the captain of the host said unto the men of Boon's Lick, drink ye and give unto your asses likewise.

## CHAPTER II

1. When therefore the caravan of Benjamin had eaten and drank there came among them certain wild oxen.

2. And they essayed to drink from the pool and would not be gainsayed.

3. Then Benjamin and all the men of his tribe rose up, with one accord, and laid hold of his arms, every one his double trigger.

4. And they slew of the wild oxen half a score and the humps upon their backs were as sweet morsels under their tongues.

5. Now therefore they journeyed forward and they tarried not until they compassed the hillocks of sand, and came unto a great plain, whereon herbage did grow.

6. And they set their faces toward the mountains that divided them from the land of Montezuma, and they went forward many Sabbath day's journey.

7. And it came to pass that the Caravan arrived in the midst of a city, and they of the caravan stood still by the way side, and looked round about them, and lo! a people came forth from their tabernacles of clay and their skin was like the skin of Ethiope.

8. And the dwellers of Santa Fé looked up and beheld

the men of Benjamin, and they were sore afraid because of their habiliments and their harness of war.

9. And they marvelled one with another, and said, what manner of men are these whose skin is like unto the whiteness of a leper?

10. And the elders and the chief men of Santa Fé spake in a strange language, and said whence came ye?

11. And Benjamin answered and said, we be from a far country, from the land of corn and swine's flesh.

12. Now they of the Ethiopie skin spake again unto the strangers and said, what seek ye?

13. Then Benjamin the caravan bachi stood forth and said, we come from afar with our asses laden with merchandize and we seek gold and silver, the ox and the ass and all that is within thy gates.

14. Then the men of Santa Fé cried out with one voice, saying, tarry ye, come in and sojourn, and our maidens shall wash your feet and anoint your beards.

15. And they tarried, and did eat of the flesh of the lamb, and of goat's milk, and of barley water.

16. And they spake to one another and said, it is good for us to be here, for we are weary and our lot is cast in pleasant places.

17. Now it came to pass when they had sojourned awhile that there came among them certain money changers and set before them strange coins and said

18. These we will give unto you, yea more for your purple raiment and fine linens and sandals.

19. And the men of Benjamin said, add thereunto from the flocks and herds of your hills four score of ass colts, and mules and jennets a great many.

20. And those of swarthy skin answered them according to all they had spoken and thus did as the men of Benjamin had commanded and rose up and departed.

21. Then they of Benjamin shouted with one accord and cried aloud saying, this is the land of promise—and the land of payment—for we are laden with the gold of Ophir.

22. And it is moreover of greater value than Loan Office, and the sound thereof is like unto sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

23. And the music thereof is like the music of running waters in a great desert when the horse and rider thirsteth with a parched tongue.

24. It maketh the feeble strong, the lame leap, and the aged forget their grey hairs, yea it turneth the hair of the head like the plumage of the raven.



25. It inclineth the maiden to listen unto the word of him that wooeth, even the old men and the maidens are made glad thereat.

26. It buildeth up kingdoms and layeth the city and high palaces low.

27. It breaketh the bolts of the prison door—it causeth disease to flee away.

28. Now therefore all the men of Benjamin rose up and set their faces toward the land wherein their kin folk dwelt, every one his saddle upon his own ass.

29. And they rejoiced with exceeding joy that their sojourning in the land of idolators was at an end.

30. And when they came out from amongst the tabernacles of clay, they shook the dust from their feet.

31. Saying, this people is in the gall of bitterness, and the region of vermin.

32. Let us therefore cut off everyone his locks, that they multiply not among us. And they were shorn every one according to his mode.

33. And they did bathe in the pools by the highway at the going down of the sun.

34. And as they journeyed homeward in the wilderness, and in the land of the Arapahoes, the Camanchies and the ungodly Paducas,

35. Certain valiant young men of the tribe of Benjamin watched all night, neither did they close their eyelids.

36. And when Benjamin and his followers had wandered in the wilderness for the space of forty days,

37. And when their beards had waxed long and their raiment was like unto sack cloth overspread with dust and ashes.

38. They came unto a great river whose waters rolled one upon another like a mighty whirlwind.

39. And there stood therein great beams upright in the water like the bowsprits of tall ships.

40. Now therefore when they had gazed on this mighty sheet of angry waters they all cried out with one voice—**MISSOURI! MISSOURI!**

41. And they were exceeding glad, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

42. And everyone had many shekels of silver, and mules and ass colts a great company.

43. And all the old men and maidens, and all their kin folk dwellers in Boon's Lick were exceedingly rejoiced thereat.

CONTINUATION OF  
AN ACCOUNT OF ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT  
AMERICAN DESERT BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,  
DUKE PAUL WILHELM VON WÜRTTEMBERG

*Edited by* LOUIS C. BUTSCHER

(Moellhausen has just completed his account of the adventure in the Platte; and now Paul Wilhelm takes up the thread of the story again as we read it from his journal.)

I OFFERED THE courier of the mail-coach a hundred dollars to halt and pull the wagon across to the other bank. It was a tremendous undertaking. For after taking his own wagon across he had to return and hitch the stubborn, lunging, twisting, rearing beasts to our vehicle in the midst of the icy, rushing current, with the yielding, treacherous sand for a footing. The powerful beasts were taxed to the utmost to free the little wagon from the clutches of the sand that had settled about its wheels and running gears.

Moellhausen had in the meantime prepared more coffee. This revived my spirits; for since noon of the preceding day nothing had passed my lips, and the fast and the cold had taxed both body and spirit to the utmost. The warmth within the leather tent quickened my blood. This type of tent, in contrast to those made of sail-cloth, holds the heat even in the severest cold weather.

The Indians had appeared quite famished. It seems that even where the buffaloes are quite plentiful they suffer quite frequently from the pangs of hunger. These Cheyennes, just like the Snakes, do not amount to much in the matter of endurance despite their splendid figures. Usually there are only three horses and two bows for every four bucks.

The chieftain had such a miserable hunting-knife that I felt a great pity for him. So I took one of my own of English make from my trunk in the wagon and handed it to him. It was of the best English make.

His face lighted up with joy. Quite in contrast with the sober expression that had marked it up to this time.

He said something to me that I could not understand. But it must have been in acknowledgment of the gift. For it sounded like a profession of gratitude.

Then he gave a sign to his followers, and these, with "hows" and smiles rode off. But the day had advanced so far that we had to strike camp only 18 miles below the ford.

During the succeeding two days the weather grew constantly colder. The glass showed 18°-22° Fahrenheit. Water froze in our five-gallon cask in a short time, and I was barely able to protect myself against the weather even though I was wrapped in a buffalo robe.

During the evening a half-frozen man who had travelled alone and on foot from Salt Lake Town sought shelter at our fireside.

(Moellhausen Takes up the Story Again.)

We had travelled two days since the crossing of the Padukah when, about the middle of the afternoon, we struck a place with fine grass which induced us to call it a day's drive, and to halt there till the following morning. We turned the horses loose. The weather had moderated to a surprising degree. Thus we felt for the first time in several weeks quite contented and even happy in the solitude of the immeasurable prairie.

We were reclining on the dense growth of short grass, soft and yielding as a feather-bed, and we discoursed about our peculiar situation. Over the events of the past several days. Then over the near future. A herd of buffaloes drew near us and we were just rejoicing over the prospect of singling out one of them in order to revictual our supply of meat which had become sadly depleted.

Just at the moment when I was ready to pull the trigger I heard voices. A small troop of horsemen approached whom we at once recognized as whites. At their appearance the buffalo herd took flight. I can hardly say whether regret over our loss or the pleasure of seeing people of our own kind was the stronger emotion.

As soon as they had sighted us they turned off the trail to greet us most heartily. They told us they were Mormons, on their way from the Great Salt Lake to Missouri. After a brief visit they rode several miles farther before settling down to camp. We could see the gleam of their fire throughout the evening.

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We broke camp the next morning almost at the same time as they, but our friends of the evening before held the lead which increased steadily because of their stronger, fresher horses. Due to the wavelike character of the country we were now traversing, we lost sight of them at last.

Alone again on the great plain, we trudged onward as rapidly as the dwindling strength of our horses permitted us to go.

Suddenly there was a report of shots in the direction where we had last seen the Mormon travellers. This, however, did not disturb us. Rather did we reason quite hopefully that our friends had encountered a buffalo herd, and we were glad over the prospect of replenishing our slender supply of meat. It is an old custom of the prairie country that any traveller passing by a freshly-slain buffalo may cut as much flesh as he likes without bothering himself over first coming to an understanding with the huntsman who killed it.

We were gradually nearing the place where the shots had been fired. At last we could sight from a low ridge and beyond a slighter one farther on a group of people who to all appearance were scrutinizing some object that lay on the ground. We were confirmed in this impression, and the duke instructed me to ride over and cut out a generous piece from the dead buffalo. I was to wait for him farther on along the wagon trail.

I spurred my miserable beast into a weak gallop and in a few minutes I was on the other ridge from which I was able to view the scene in front of me. Quite contrary to my expectations I was not able to distinguish a single white man, but instead of that some twenty or thirty Indians who, judging from their savage costumes, were on the warpath. What was my surprise at beholding such a scene can easily be guessed! I turned my horse in haste and ran back to my companion in order to apprise him of the unwelcome news.

"If this is a detachment from a war party," rejoined the duke, not in the least perturbed, handed me my double-barrelled rifle, "we shall get to see them soon enough. Be prepared to fight for your life. But under no circumstances must you shoot except when there is no other recourse. Then be sure that you do not miss your man."

This was surely a piece of well-meant advice. But I cannot deny that it would have pleased me much more if there had been no occasion for it.

In the meantime I examined my pistol and placed the rifle in front of me slung across the horn of my saddle, while the duke was surrounding himself with a veritable arsenal of heavily loaded shotguns, rifles, and pistols.<sup>1</sup>

1. These were all of the muzzle-loading type. Breach-loading firearms had not been invented at this period.—The Translator.

After these preparations we drove on. But we had hardly proceeded more than a couple of hundred yards when on a nearby hill there appeared on horses and afoot a whole band of savages intent on reaching the wagon trail ahead of us.

They were Ogallalas, and as fine a lot of warriors as one can encounter on either side of the Rockies. All were dressed in attire of the most varicolored stuffs. Faces, chests, and arms were painted in a truly satanic manner. Their hair was hanging in long braids down their temples, and the scalp-lock, fell down over the back.

They were heavily armed. Not only did they carry bows and arrows, tomahawks and knives, but also carbines and lances.

When they had approached to within fifty paces we stopped and aimed our rifles at the foremost of our unbidden guests. At the same time my companion gave them to understand that we would shoot if they made the slightest motion.

When the Indians saw that we were prepared to fight to the bitter end, they answered us with the customary sign of peace, after which the duke permitted them to approach us.

It is a peculiar characteristic of these savages that they respect a fearless mien and a show of personal courage. For in the knowledge that we were indisputably in their power they did not touch any of our belongings. They asked, to be sure, if we had any whiskey to which the duke replied with a negative sign. But they took nothing, even though they could have done so with impunity and it was easy enough to satisfy them in the matter of firewater, when the duke handed them the vinegar bottle. The chief who received it took a long draught from it. Then, with a show of utter disgust, he spat the fluid out again.

We waited only until, on the question of the duke as to whether they had any meat, one of the Indians hastened to their camp, returning with a good-sized piece from the rump of a buffalo and depositing it in our wagon.

In return for this the duke offered them a good hunting knife which was not accepted. Then the Indians went away and we resumed our journey.

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We had no sooner separated than I became aware that an Ogallala was following me. I turned off to one side, but he followed all my movements with such a peculiar insistence

that I turned toward him with a questioning look.

He was a fine-looking fellow, of perfect form. His horse he reigned easily with a single leather strap, and with it all he sat so firmly on his high saddle that horse and rider seemed as a single being. His features were almost indistinguishable beneath the thick layer of alternating red and yellow paint. From beneath the prominent forehead there shone a pair of eyes with such a dreadful, savage, almost maniacal expression that it froze the blood in me. I have never been able to forget that mien.

He was dressed in a hunting-jacket of bright blue cotton stuff fastened with straps of fine leather. Around his his neck he wore, in addition to strings of white and blue waist there was a belt from which the scalp-locks, handsomely prepared, of his slain enemies were dangling. About beads, a collar of soft otter-fur, to which a number of bear's claws were attached. Not a few large brass-rings weighted down his pierced ear-lobes.

Such was the appearance of the fierce Dakotah. He now demanded in a raucous voice that I give him my bridle-bit in return for his lasso. He gave me to understand that he was about to declare war against the Pawnees and that he would need a better means for guiding his horse on that account.

Of course I made a negative sign, whereupon he dropped back again in my rear, in which position he continued to follow me in whatever direction I turned. I must confess that this fellow and his movements were making me feel exceedingly uncomfortable, so that I decided to call the duke's attention to his crazy behavior.

"Just ride in advance of the team," directed this man of iron nerve. "In this way, should he raise his weapon against you, will I be able to shoot him from his horse before he has time to draw."

This assurance sounded anything but comforting to me. Moreover there could not be the least doubt that such a step would prove our sure undoing. However, to please him I did as he had bidden. This forced the savage between the duke's gun and me.

We had not proceeded very far in this position when all of a sudden the savage ran up to my side, reached out with his free hand behind me and grasped, before I could fathom his purpose, my long bowie knife out of its sheath. Although I instantly turned about he could have shot me down quite easily. But this was evidently not in his mind. It was noth-

ing but the knife that had roused his robber's instinct, and once he had that in his possession he raced back to his camp.

"Your hunting knife!" the duke cried out when he had recovered from his surprise. "How are you hereafter going to cut up the flesh of the buffaloes without it?" "Ride at once back to their camp and demand the return of your knife."

"But if he refuses to give it back to me?" I asked, rather dubiously.

"Well, then just take it away from him; Prompt decision means everything in such a matter," was his cool reply.

"But if they should scalp me for it?"

"Then I shall avenge you. In that event we are quite relieved from all further worry about our return to Missouri."

"That is all very good," was my thought. But despite the melodramatic notions of the duke with reference to such an adjustment I felt that my scalp, unkempt and barbaric though it was to look at, was worth a trifle more than the knife. In all truth I would gladly have forgotten its loss in the certainty that the skin of my head was secure. It was quite flattering, to be sure, that the duke gave me credit for so much courage. But I was wishing with all my heart that he himself had possessed less of that martial quality, and that we might proceed peacefully on our way. However, I did not dwell long on these philosophical reflections, but handed the duke my rifle and rode unarmed back over the nearest hill toward the camp of the Ogallalas.

However interesting the Indian horde appeared in their warlike costumes, there were yet not a few things that inspired me with real apprehension. There was a horse, for instance, which they had just butchered, and for the flesh of which a number of warriors were quarrelling like famished dogs. But more especially fear-inspiring was the circumstance that five or six of the warriors sprang up at my approach and pointed their carbines at my head.

I endeavored to pacify them as well as I was able with signs expressing my peaceful mission. To my immense satisfaction I saw them lay down their rifles, and so I rode with apparent calmness into the circle about the camp fire.

Among the whole band there was only one warrior who wore in his scalp-locks an eagle's feather, the signal distinction of a chieftain. To this fellow I now walked up deferentially. I extended my hand to him with genuine courtesy. As I had no means by which to make him understand me in

words, I showed him my empty scabbard and pointed to the thief, telling him in good German—English or French he would not have understood any better—that he would oblige me immensely if he saw to it that the knife was restored to me.

If the chieftain did not understand my words, he evidently guessed their meaning. For he addressed himself to one of his horde and this latter quickly grasped a long spear and walked toward me. Its point consisted of the end of a sword to which a white badge was fastened. On this were painted a bloody hand and a bloody severed arm.

Later I found out that this was a magic or "medicine" talisman, placed against my breast as a guarantee of their friendship. At the time, however, when I felt its sharp point against my breast, I expected nothing else than that this philanthropic savage was going to plunge the sharp blade between my ribs.

This, however, did not come to pass. I was left unharmed. What was more, the purloiner of my knife was compelled to give me back my property, though this was not done without considerable protest on the part of the thief.

Once more in possession of my property, I was desirous of returning to the duke without any further loss of time. I pressed the chieftain's hand and assured him that I felt highly honored and very happy in his company, to be sure, but that I would feel even happier almost anywhere else on earth just at this time, a compliment which the chieftain answered with a solemn but discreet "How."

I extended my hand to several other Indians who were near, but when I approached the fellow who had been forced to yield me the knife and who was standing there leaning on his rifle, the features distorted with hate, he vouchsafed no word of reply to my good-bye, but turned his back to me as an especial token of his grudge.

Not in the least disturbed by this discourtesy I rode slowly away. Steadily I kept my eyes on the fellow, for I did not trust him. I may have gone some thirty paces, perhaps, when that devil raised his gun, cocked it and drew on me. I was about to motion to him that he should not carry the joke too far, for I believed his hostile gesture to be in jest, when something like a flash of lightning and a little cloud of smoke issued from the barrel of his weapon. At the same moment a bullet tore my cap from my head.

"A miss is as good as a mile," I reflected with a wry grimace as I stopped my poor nag in order to pick up my



badly abused headcovering. Then I mounted once more, saluted the savages again and rode back to the duke.

I found him standing against the side of our wagon, a double-barrelled rifle in his hands. The report of the gunshot had worried him greatly as to my fate, a feeling that became intensified because the bullet intended for my head also whizzed uncomfortably close to his own.

But instead of pursuing our journey without delay this doughty iron-eater decided on paying the savages a visit. He was going to demand satisfaction for tis unwarranted outrage. In spite of my most urgent entreaties to desist from this reckless errand he walked over to his camp.

"I went straightway up to the chieftain," so the duke writes, "and advised him to save his lead for the Pawnees rather than to waste them on Mr. Moellhausen who was his friend. This proof of my courage and my knowledge of their character and sense of justice pleased the young chieftain exceedingly. He extended his hand to me and shook it heartily. Then he called all his followers together, had the pipe of peace passed around, took the medicine bag and the spear with the warshield and laid them at my feet while repeating several times: "Lau, lau, Capitana!"

In referring to the bullet aimed at my head the duke was told that it was fired merely as a parting salute for his friend. At this we both enjoyed a hearty laugh. The duke then assured me that from then on I was no longer a greenhorn, but a full-fledged veteran voyageur. But I reserved my grateful acknowledgment of this compliment to a more auspicious hour.

I realized at this time the utter hopelessness of our situation. Our horses were emaciated, worn out dispirited. There was this enormous distance of many hundred miles to span, with winter coming on. Our larder was almost empty and the prospect for replenishing it remote and not to be depended upon.

We had come out of our difficulties with the Indians far more successfully than I had expected. Our scalps were still where they belonged. But was there not constant danger lurking from similar encounters? The country was full of roving Indian bands. Would we be able to conciliate others as we had done those out of whose clutches we had just escaped by the merest chance. By an exceedingly narrow miss?

The duke had so often spoken of the furious snowstorms that swept the western prairies. Winter might overtake us

long before we could reach the shelter of the settlements. For aside from the Catholic Mission in the Putowatomie Nations there was not the slightest refuge from the raging gales that could sweep over that immeasurable domain that is as open as the outstretched palm.

It is an unappreciated blessing of Heaven that man cannot see into the future. Could we have foreseen what lay ahead of us, my dark forebodings would have turned to stark terror.

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#### AN ACCOUNT OF ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT BY DUKE PAUL WILHELM

Three days long we had travelled since our encounter with the Ogallalas (so writes the duke) when we approached the two forks of the Platte.

It was quite early in the morning when I stepped out of the tent to survey the neighboring country, as was my custom at arising. Turning my eyes toward the west I saw a small herd of buffaloes grazing quietly on the level plain, perhaps a thousand paces up the wagon trail. I had just decided to saddle Moellhausen's horse with the intention of riding slowly toward them, with my body bent down over its neck, when, at some distance to the right, two dark objects caught my eyes. These were apparently motionless. They were too far away to be distinguishable. Being quite motionless they might have been taken for dead buffaloes. Moellhausen now appeared in the opening of the tent, and I pointed out to him what I saw.

The atmosphere was peculiar. Distant objects seemed to change constantly in appearance. Objects at some distance from us, although apparently motionless, seemed to take on new forms even as we were scanning them. We could not make out what they were for quite a while. At first we took them to be a couple of buffaloes still lying on their bed-ground. Now they looked like small ravens. Again we thought that they might be Indians crouched on the ground. We even decided that they were wolves.

And so we contended with one another for some time about the identity of this puzzling spectacle until we recognized what we least desired to find. They were Indians!

As we were walking toward them they rose from the ground and moved resolutely toward us, while we, keeping the same pace, returned to our little wagon. When they

reached us we found them to be young fellows so savage and filthy in appearance that I cannot recall any human beings that I had ever beheld roaming over the prairies who could match their repulsive exterior.

Their forms were enveloped in woollen cloths that might have been white at one time. Now, however, they were a dusky color between gray and a dun. A sort of cowl, or hood, of the same material served them for a head-covering. Their feet and legs were clothed in leggins and moccasins of tanned deerskin. In their hands they carried cavalry swords, which to judge from their polish, had not been their property very long. Undoubtedly they had been captured in a recent predatory raid. For the rest they were armed to the teeth. An enormous, wolflike hound followed at their heels.

At our approach they shouted "Cheyenne." They seemed to be peaceably inclined. But from the very first they aroused our suspicions, for they resembled the Kiowas more than any other tribe, these being the thievish rabble that have an especial hankering for robbing and murdering pale faces.

When they came near they began at once to beg in the most insolent manner. First of all they asked for whiskey. Of course, we refused their demand, and when they made as if they were going to grip our horses by the reins, we threatened them with our guns. Sullenly they let us pass, but at a distance of some fifty steps they were following us, and with not the best intentions in the world, as appeared quite obvious.

Moellhausen, whom the presence of these ruffians seemed to annoy almost beyond endurance, asked my permission to send a bullet through their heads. This I refused to grant in emphatic terms. At this point, however, I must let my young friend take up the thread of the story.

#### ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT BY MOELLHAUSEN

My proposal (explains the latter) to kill the two rascals, was foolhardy when viewed in the light of future events. Moreover it was unjust as will be seen when the two sides, the one affecting the red man, the other the pale face, have been given a just and equitable consideration.

At this moment, however, my lust to kill was born partly out of my utter ignorance and inexperience in dealing

with the Indians, and for the rest because I had become embittered against them as being to blame for all the misfortunes that had befallen us.

And how childish and inconsiderate this feeling was, after all! How superficially I had adjudged their attitude toward the whites! How short-sighted my views with reference to the relations between the two races.

Here was a people hunted, persecuted, killed as one would kill wild beasts, on their own soil, in their own native land which they had inherited from their fathers. Here they had to bear untold wrongs too cruel for words that would describe their horror.

Was it not indeed most natural that they should regard every one of these as an intruder, an oppressor, an enemy? Why should they not view every white man with suspicion? Why, indeed, with any feeling less intense than quenchless hatred?

Mindful as they must be of the outrages they had perpetrated against his own race, why should he not seek to avenge them whenever he had an opportunity to do so?

Whosoever utters imprecations against this vengeful and irreconcilable spirit of the Indian race is utterly oblivious of the uncalledfor and execrable vindictiveness of the whites who demand in retaliation for the stealing of a single horse the sacrifice of many human victims.

"Thou shalt not steal!" says the self-styled civilized white man to the aborigines. In the same breath he plans on robbing the ignorant child of nature of his home, of the honor of his wife and daughter. He extinguishes in the red man's breast every spark of hospitality, destroys all faith in such preachments. He kills in him all potential good. He arouses his blackest passions.

"Thou shalt not kill!" commands the white man's God, and this white man's law the missionary reads to the untutored savage. Yet for a single murder committed by the latter entire tribes are destroyed with savage ruthlessness.

"Nowhere is a human being so utterly despised on account of his color, if it is not white as by this in all other respects so generous and noble race, the Anglo-Saxons," interrupted the duke my spoken reflections.

"The people who break out in coarse and cruel excesses against the copper-skinned race and the African as well; who deny that they are susceptible to civilizing influences; who, it would seem, are stubbornly bent on rooting them out to the last individual—these are not aware that they expose

their own ignorance, their lack of consistency and justice. They are not capable, in fact, of recognizing the true causes which led in the first place to these evils which by now have become so deeply rooted that they are past repair or cure."

The idea of shooting down the two Indians, was, therefore, turned down by the disgusted duke with the question, "By what right do you presume to kill human beings whose superior you are only by reason of your better weapons?"

"The right of the stronger," I answered coolly, "and the desire to rid myself of their sinister company."

"Even in the wilderness," interrupted the duke, "one should surely shed blood only in self-defense, even though the principle that might is right is, to my deep regret, still recognized as law.

"And you do not really believe that these two savages are the only ones in the vicinity? Do you suppose that we would survive their death a single day if their murder could be traced to our door, as it surely would?"

I did not reply. Riding alongside of the wagon I reflected whether, under circumstances as they were, it would be after all such a great misfortune to be scalped in a respectable manner.

The two Indians were following us from afar.

When we saw their band draw near (continues the duke in his journal) there was nothing to do but to await the turn of events with calmness. For iron nerve is often the only way by which one is able to pull himself out of a critical situation when confronted by a band of savages on the warpath.

From a rise in the plain we were able to survey the low ground ahead of us. Along this level terrain we saw a body of fourteen or fifteen warriors coming toward us. All were afoot, well-armed with cavalry sabres, carbines, rifles, bows and tomahawks. They were for the most part young bucks, in their exterior the exact replicas of the ones I have described.

Just as on a former occasion, I commanded them to halt, and permitted them after an exchange of the customary signs of peace to approach us.

At first they feigned peaceable intentions. They wanted to look at my weapons and demanded brandy and victuals, neither of which I deemed feasible to give them inasmuch as we now had no other meats but bacon which the Indians of the West hold in utter contempt.

Gradually they grew aggressive, even insolent. The situation became tense.

Just as I was going to utter an angry protest one of the two rascals who had first come to intrude on our course uttered a hideous cry and rushed at us. Quick as thought itself the rest of the band threw aside their loose outer covering and raised their weapons with the obvious intention of killing us instantly.

The attack was made so suddenly and from all directions that we were unable to use our firearms. To be sure, we tried to break through the human wall with our horses, but they saw this simultaneously. One of the bucks sprang in front of the team and struck the near horse on the head with his tomahawk so that the poor beast sank on its knees stunned by the blow. It rose instinctively, but was unable for the moment to advance a step. A few days later it died as a result of the cruel stroke.

We now felt that we were completely in their power. In front of each of us were six or seven of the blood-thirsty horde. I had seized my double-barrelled rifle; but hardly was it in my hands when they snatched it away. One of them aimed its mouth at my head. They also took the short sword with which I was wont to give a slain animal the coup de grace; and when I was going to reach for my trusty pistol they seized it also and tore it from my grasp.

With these weapons in their possession they grew more impudent. They dragged me from the wagon, jerked off my Mexican serape and my cap. At a signal they cocked their guns and bent their bows directly at my head. My own double-barrelled rifle and another gun touched my breast, and one of the younger savages held his bent bow with the arrow almost touching my right eye.

They give Moellhausen and me to understand that our lives were forfeited because we were Yankees and therefore their deadly foes, and that they must have our scalps.

I smiled in disdain at their threats and preserved the utmost calm. I told them that I was a Washi. Coolly I pointed at them with my ten fingers and cried, "Squaw-men!" With undisguised contempt I counted them, pointing my finger toward them, one at a time, until I had reached the last of them, then at Moellhausen and myself. Then I said with a sweep of the hand, "Fifteen." Pointing to my companion and myself, I said, "Two."

"You are cowards! Squaw-men! Two brave white

warriors are not to be cast down by fear of such odds against them."

I must state here that, while the word "Yankee" meant utmost abomination to them, that of "Washi" stood for "French Creole" or "Canadian," a name which they held in high respect and affection. In fact, all foreigners not Yankees are considered to be Washis.

This attitude of mine had an immediate effect. All weapons were lowered. All our stolen belongings were restored in a quiet, orderly manner, even to the most insignificant objects. The leader, who was the coolest and most reasonable among them, brought me my cap and serape with quiet dignity. There was a youth who had disappeared during the melee with my highly prized pistol. To make amends for this the young chieftain brought a fine six-chambered revolver and laid it in the wagon. Then he pointed to a dead buffalo some distance away, whereupon the little band took their leave with many protestations and gestures of friendship.

(During the attack on the duke, Moellhausen received similar treatment. It may interest the reader to have his own report of this encounter.)

#### MOELLHAUSEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS

I myself (he writes) felt the fists of an Indian in my neckcloth. He twisted it so tightly that my breath came only in short gasps. Thus he held me, my body bent away from my horse. All this time carbines and arrows were touching my breast and my forehead. These were held rigid, motionless as only Indians are able to hold them. This was my situation. I had the firm belief that my life was forfeited, and that it was only a matter of seconds when my soul would take its flight into the Great Beyond. In that extremity, I was even amused to see two Indians release their bows, then carefully, deliberately draw the arrows across their wet tongue, then put them across the bow once more, to make sure that nothing should halt their passage through my heart and brain.

The whole affair was of shorter duration than I am taking time to describe. They had even emptied both my saddle bags of their contents while the upper part of my body was balancing on the arms of the savage.

Among the things they had taken was my leather briefcase which was full of sketches of landscapes, Indians, buffaloes, and hunting-scenes. I believe that the sight of the

pictures made an impression on the redskins that led to our salvation. The sketch-book I never came to see again. In the same manner did I lose my neckerchief. The Indian who had carressed my throat so ungently within its strangling hold had it in his hand the last time I saw it.

"Dumme Kerle!"<sup>1</sup> scolded the duke in anger when he felt himself freed from the rough grip of a number of hands intent on murder. And "Tumme Kels! Tumme Kels!" repeated the Indians, as well as they were able, the words that seemed to please their ears.

Just as we were ready to leave the scene of our recent encounter, the young chieftain pointed toward a dead buffalo some two hundred paces down the road, with a gesture that we could help ourselves to as much of the flesh as we might wish to take.

Both of us acknowledged our gratitude for this mark of generosity with signs of sincere appreciation. Then, once more in possession of our liberty and our belongings, we urged our horses into a trot.

"We just barely saved our scalps this time," said the duke with a hearty laugh as he drew his fingers through his tangled locks. And I, too, raised my hand automatically toward the scalp lock of my head which quite unexpectedly was still in its proper place. I looked back toward the band of Indians that were now squatted down on the ground just where we had quitted them. They were looking intently at some object.

I immediately examined my saddle-bags and became aware that my sketch book was missing. I now no longer doubted what had been the reason for our almost miraculous deliverance. In their superstition they recognized something of magic in these pictures. And since this magic had undoubtedly proceeded from us it was a foregone conclusion that we were medicine-men, wherefore our lives were held sacred.<sup>2</sup>

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1. Certain it is, according to Paul Wilhelm's graphic account, that the Indians had become entirely convinced that they were dealing with Washis, and not with Yankees, i. e., Anglo-Saxon Americans. It is hardly likely that there was time enough in the brief encounter to permit those Indians who opposed the duke, especially their chief, to have even a glance at the sketch-book. And it was this latter, the chief, who decided favorably the outcome for the two travellers.—The Translator.

2. It is hardly necessary to observe that Mr. Moellhausen was evidently unable to survey the scene in which Duke Paul Wilhelm played the chief role. Had he been able to witness what had passed between the Indians and that intrepid, masterful principal in the little drama he might have been considerably less impressed with the significance of the sketch-book as it affected the happy solution of their terrible predicament.



It was not easy to reconcile myself to the loss of my cherished notes and sketches. But, after all, there was no little consolation in the thought that they had helped us out of a situation that had so nearly ended in a tragedy.

I firmly believed (continues Moellhausen) that the duke would send me back for the sketch-book as he had done on that former occasion for the knife. Nor can I deny at all that this time I would have resisted such a naive demand more resolutely, for the memory of the unfriendly bullet was still too fresh in my mind.

About three hundred paces from the Indians we came upon the slain buffalo. Its body was still warm, so that it could not have been killed more than an hour before. Indeed it had the appearance as if the hunters had been disturbed in their task of cutting up the carcass by our arrival on the scene.

The duke turned off the road and drove our wagon close to the dead animal, whereupon we continued the work begun by the Indians without further delay. And rarely, I believe, did two people handle knife and axe with the zeal that we manifested, cutting off as we did one great chunk after another and throwing the coveted flesh into the wagon. Luckily the Indians had left the most desirable portions untouched, so that we were able to provide ourselves with a supply of meat that was tender and juicy.

Meanwhile the savages were still squatted down in the same place. They seemed to be engaged in matters of serious import. Nor did they appear to be inclined to molest us any further. It is hardly necessary to add that we had no particular desire to incommode them, even with our protestations of gratitude for their generosity.

As soon as we had stowed away as much of the buffalo meat as we could find room for we drove onward. We would have been in the best of spirits had not the wounded horse shown unmistakable signs of total prostration. We travelled till late that evening before making camp. With the fragrant roast meat before us we forgot the hopelessness of our situation.

(Here the duke takes up the thread of the story once more.)

During the next few days we proceeded down the river with a violent north-east wind that checked our progress considerably. The valley was bordered by low, wave-like, grasscovered hills. The nights were starlit, and during the day we were warmed by the autumn sun. Up to this time

we had been encountering large buffalo-herds and small bands of antelope; but gradually the former grew less frequent, until, now as we were nearing Fort Kearney, we had left the last of them behind us. The grass was still beautiful, and there were tracks and other signs of small detachments of buffaloes from larger herds here and there in evidence, even as far as the Little Blue. One could no longer depend upon finding any, however, even by going out on a special hunt for them. At the close of the fourth day after our encounter with the last Indian band—we arrived at the homestead of that hospitable American, Mr. Boots. I decided to stop over for a day of rest. I improved this as an opportunity for purchasing the supplies necessary for the rest of the journey to Kansastown. A large amount of maize for the horses was also bought. For this cereal is more peculiarly suited for horses and all other domestic animals than any other I know of.

Mr. Boots assisted us in the making of repairs on the wagon and harnesses. Since Mr. Moellhausen felt indisposed again he was unable to render any assistance in these necessary tasks.

While we were here as guests of Mr. Boots, a number of Pawnees from the great horde (grand Pawnees) came there, good-looking young people with pleasant smiling faces, all naked except for a buffalo robe thrown over their shoulders.

One of these, Nika-Paki, or Charlie for short, was a really nice, well-mannered, good-looking young fellow. He spoke English quite fluently; for he had been brought up among the whites. He wanted to go along with us to St. Louis. Mr. Moellhausen, who at this time was still an enthusiast for this type of Indian, had already started at his hobby, the proselyting business.

I did not interfere as I did not wish to offend him. However, I did secretly all I could to thwart his efforts. Indians, it must be said, are rarely useful on a journey as they dislike any kind of work. In fact, they can often prove very annoying.

That evening the Pawnees gathered about the warm stove for their evening meal which they evidently relished very much. It consisted of hot bread, bacon, potatoes, and coffee.

These roving Indians have become a veritable plague to the whites, for they are persistent beggars. They always demand food, and they are habitually inclined to thievery. With all my precautions I, too, had to make this experience again.

The young bucks had caught a wolf whom they had chased with hounds and tortured to death. It was a loathsome spectacle. The animal had long hair and a face like a fox. It was 3½ feet long from tip to top and about two feet tall.

In the morning, after half a day of rest, we broke camp in order to reach our next stopping place, Fort Kearney, three miles away. A mighty prairie fire was raging toward the east, on the left bank of the La Platte which we had been following since our last encounter with the Indians.

The commanding officer of the fort drove out to meet me and offered me provisions. These I had to decline inasmuch as I had provided myself with a sufficient supply at the store of Mr. Boots.

Many Pawnees came up and greeted me. They were very friendly, for some of them recognized me. After a brief visit with these simple-hearted children of nature we drove on. The way led over a flat plain where the grass was abundant. When we were about six miles east of the fort, we struck camp at the side of the road. There was no water near by. The night was beautiful, but the prairie fire encircled the entire horizon and the smoke formed clouds of mist grotesque shapes and of somber colors.

The next morning I had driven about six miles farther on when I saw several small bands of Pawnees walking toward me rather briskly. A few only were mounted. All were showing in their dress and woe-begone expression the signs of utmost want and suffering. They bore only bows and arrows which was ample proof of their pitiful condition.

It is just such classes of Indians as these that become positive plagues to travellers on long expeditions such as I was engaged in. They can become a menace to life unless the white man possesses the necessary tact and resoluteness, two attributes which are essential to him when he is confronted by such savages on a lonely highway. It seems impossible to get rid of the rabble when they stop one with their insistent even insolent demands for food or clothing or money, and more than all, for fire-water.

But I made a virtue of necessity and distributed a handful of small silver coins among them. With these they seemed to content themselves.

There are occasions when the Indian rises to heights of courage, chivalry, generosity and self-denial, to lofty knighthood even. He is generally fearless in battle and proud in defeat.

Then again one may find him childish and timid as a woman, when he can descend to whimpering cowardice, when he is unashamed of acts so low that they would brand males of any other race with the ineradicable mark of outcasts.

A group of this type it was that approached me on this occasion. They claimed that the Sioux had slain two of their squaws, and that they needed firearms and powder and lead in order to avenge the wrong. Instead of coming to me as entreaters, they demanded these things in a most insolent manner.

When I replied that I was returning from the Far West and that my supplies were barely sufficient for the homeward journey, they made a show of climbing into my wagon. I immediately drew my revolver, the gift of the chieftain I had encountered near the junction of the Platte forks and cocked it, giving them a clear proof of my inflexible determination. I laughed in their faces, and it is almost unbelievable how their attitude changed in a moment to abject cringing cowardice.

What a contrast between these and the Pawnees of Cooper's portrayal!

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At last, when I saw more and more small bands come up to me, I grew desperate and decided to drive the twelve miles back to Fort Kearney and ask the commanding officer for a escort until we should find ourselves out of reach of this rabble.

An old chieftain, of an appearance that inspired trust, came up to me, expressing sorrow over this resolution. He tried to make me understand through signs and words that I should turn in the direction of the great encampment which was about to break up. There the great chiefs would protect me and give me safe conduct. Other elderly warriors joined him and gave me their kindest assurances.

Thus it went on until more and more armed savages were drawing a tight cordon about my wagon. These latter were younger and would not listen to their elders. These grew unbearably insolent and made as if they would pull Moellhausen from his horse and me myself out of the wagon.

Just then came on a handsome big black horse a knightly figure, supple and almost fair of face, with the features of a Greek demigod. A magnificent mantle of scarlet red clothed him, held together by rosettes of hammered silver. Underneath this he wore a blue jacket that harmon-

ized uncommonly well with the brilliant red of the outer covering.

But instead of showing any inclination to help me he looked at me in undisguised hostility. He pointed with his rifle toward the river, six miles distant—for what reason I was unable to find out. Then he had some of his followers grasp the horse by the bits. At the same time he loosened a heavy whip from his saddle and struck them several times unmercifully across the head.

As this is a token of grossest insult, I grew furious and was about to aim my revolver which I still was holding in my hand, all cocked, intending to blow off the top of his head. This would have been easy to do as the insolent savages had not even deemed it worth the trouble to relieve me of this firearm.

But in a flash I became mindful of Moellhausen who, after all, was a ward of mine, and who would inevitably be doomed to death like myself for such an indiscretion. He saw in a flash what my thoughts were. But before he could make any defense, I threw down my revolver and the double-barreled rifle that lay across my knees. Then I began a violent invective against him and his rabble. I told him in the most scathing terms that Mr. Moellhausen and I were men, whereas he and his men were vile squaws whom the great Sioux would not deem worth scalping.

This produced an immediate change. The great cacique proffered me his hand and called me a great chief. In a moment the scene had changed, and all my former tormentors crowded up to me to beg my pardon.

The chieftain offered to trade his handsome horse for my mule or his English rifle for a bearskin I had. The latter I presented to him with my respects, but I declined every offer of barter with disdain.

We were just getting ready to start now when there was a slight commotion among the savages. Another chieftain rode up, evidently attracted by curiosity. He was also of superb stature and knightly bearing, a man of middle age. At the sight of me he stopped short. A cloud passed momentarily across his brow, then passed. There appeared a glad look, a look of recognition in his eyes. Then he stepped on the wheel, opened his arms, and embraced.

"My benefactor!" he cried in good English, "My king! You do not know me? Do you recall the battle of my people with the Mandans? Do you remember the chief of the Pawnees, Pawoka, the Eagle's Head, after our people were

crushed in the ambushade of the Coulee? The Eagle's Head was to die, and I, his son, to be held as bondsman. But you pleaded for his life and my liberty with your friend, the great Mandan chief, and you moved the great heart of the man. You asked that our nations should make a treaty of friendship. That treaty was made, and for thirty-one summers it has lasted. The God of the Pale Faces be blessed!" And the man wept, a rare sight in a great warrior. Then he turned and spoke to his people. They shouted in a very paeon of acclaim. I was offered horses, the choice of their herd. But, whatsoever may have been my reason, I refused them. Many times was I to regret my stupid lack of foresight.

It seemed almost discourteous to break off this welcome encounter. But with mutual expressions of lasting friendship we parted, and I drove away with a lighter heart.

The day after this adventure a furious windstorm swept over the prairie from the east. This gradually veered until it blew directly in our faces. During the night the prairie fire reached us and soon a wall of flames surrounded us. It drove a rain of glowing embers against our leather tent to the very edge of the Little River where we lay encamped. A superb spectacle it was, but also a fear-inspiring one.

We would have fallen victims to the unchained elements had we not been just in time to reach the shelter of a little island in the middle of the stream. Here our horses were grazing calmly as if utterly unaware that a terrible death was lurking only a few steps away. They had come across to this haven of their own accord.

I cannot to this day understand how the poor beasts escaped death from suffocation. For, brief though the actual exposure to the terrific heat, it seemed in the smoke, the glowing sparks, the pitiless sting of cinders, the maelstrom of ashes whirled about in a blind fury, that every living thing must perish.

As to ourselves, I believe that it was only due to the tightly closed walls of our tent that we passed through the frightful visitation alive.

At the mouth of a slough not far from the lower end of this island, I observed a mighty buffalo which the prairie fire had probably driven there. I crept up toward him and with a shot through his heart I was so fortunate as to procure for us a large supply of excellent game-meat for the oncoming days.

The storm wind blew with such violence that I led the horses down into the slough for shelter. It was tolerably comfortable for them in the hollow, and the grass in the soft muck was still green and tender. We decided to stay in the shelter of this little refuge until the wild storm subsided.

The hurricane, however, never abated even for a moment.

The wagon was constantly in danger of being blown over, and we were unable to find any place where it was not exposed to the full fury of the storm. In this extremity I decided to break up camp. But although the wind was blowing from the side, the poor beasts could scarcely drag the wagon forward. The sand and dust were so dense that our eyes and nostrils were filled, and our faces and hands were pelted so mercilessly that we had to protect them with cloths.

One who has never travelled on the steppes of Western America during the winter season can have no idea of its terrors. There is not a moment's surcease from the raging violence of the furious blast. It overwhelms the stoutest-hearted to be exposed to it through endless hours. The hopelessness, the utter loneliness are appalling. No human creature is fitted by nature to endure its numbing chill.

I have travelled through the vast deserts of Africa and Arabia when the simoon raged for days and nights. There the heat and thirst become so terrible that only children of the desert or white men of iron nerve can live through it. These extremes of heat and cold are equally intolerable, just as are the effects of the blinding sand.

We reached the headwaters of the Little Blue the same evening. It was impossible however, to make a fire. But fortunately there was a dead tree which the conflagration had set on fire. It was not entirely consumed by the flames, and Mr. Moellhausen was able to make coffee and roast some buffalo meat over the remaining embers. The wind never abated in fury and the cold increased throughout the night. Our suffering was intense although we slept in the wagon. The wagon cover, made of stout sailcloth, was whipped and lashed so that it cracked constantly like the report from a rifle.

The trail along the Little Blue leads through many deep and declivitous defiles. At one of these we lost over three hours. Although we hitched a horse ahead of the team in order to drag the small, lightly-loaded wagon up the steep slope the poor beasts were dragged back down to the bot-

tom three times, slipping and falling on their knees until these were bleeding cruelly. Then we decided to unload the wagon. After that we just barely succeeded in reaching the top of the incline, carrying the contents up to the wagon in armloads.

The banks of the little stream are bordered by low, but steep bluffs. It is a pretty little river, about thirty feet in width and two in depth. The water is clear, but so much ice floated by that we could not find out whether there were any fish in it.

The grass was still fairly good where the fire had not touched it, so that the horses were not suffering for want of pasture. One of them, a mustang, and also mule, had until now kept in condition and fine spirits. So it was with an American-bred chestnut mare, though this latter was no longer in good flesh.

For four days the journey along the Little Blue continued, through mucky, narrow bottoms, and across smaller creeks. A short time after breaking camp on the morning of the fifth day, it happened that the horse that carried the pack and was following the wagon without a lead-strap ran into a bog hole and sank so deep that it was impossible to pull it out. We were forced, after long and futile efforts to free the animal from its plight, to camp on this spot.

That night, November 11, a fearful snowstorm swept down upon us from the north and we had to lie over. The temperature was between 20 and 22 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. The horse had perished in the morass. Dread winter had set in in all its fury. This in view of the endless road ahead of us, filled me with a palsying dread.

According to my reckonings we were still 30 miles from the Big Blue and 120 miles from the Catholic Mission, the latter the nearest place where we might be able to obtain shelter and provisions.

Sugar, coffee, and flour were about gone. Fortunately we still had some buffalo meat left, also two whole smoked hams, about six pounds of bacon and the same amount of lard, and in addition some rice and salt.

This supply offered little encouragement for the dreary prospect of having to pass the winter on this bleak spot. If we had been halted on the Big Blue or the Vermillion, more subsistence might have been conceivable, as these rivers are full of fine, savory fish which it is easy to catch with bait when one chops holes through the ice crust. It would be possible to exist on such a simple diet; though, of



course, the prospect was not particularly attractive. Of maize I still had about two bushels on hand, which I reserved for my chestnut who was not by nature adapted to subsist solely on the grass of the prairies.

The weather had grown considerably worse by the following morning. The glass was now down to about 30° below zero, Fahrenheit. The stormwind that was now partly laden with sharp icicles had become so frightful that my chestnut mare which had up to now held out uncommonly well froze to death during the night. This reduced my motive resources to the mule and the scrawny Indian pony.

In the night the wind fell, but it continued to snow. The tent, too, had become so cracked and full of little holes that it was no longer snow-proof; and whenever we tried to build a fire in it the smoke threatened to strangle us. For this reason we could no longer have a fire by which to warm ourselves.

This frightfully pungent smoke had come to affect my eyesight so seriously that I was suffering untold tortures. This condition grew worse and worse during the following day until I could see only as through a dense veil. Soon I was no longer able to read my own writing. Moellhausen's left eye became affected with the same trouble.

Now I became afflicted also with colic and unremitting headache. The glare of the snow grew constantly more intense and unbearable.

Notwithstanding my almost total blindness and pains in the vitals, I arose on the fourth day of our encampment on this accursed spot and we dragged ourselves fifteen miles farther onward until it grew dark, setting up our miserable tent, our sole refuge from the killing cold, on the bank of an almost dry and treeless creek.

The following morning—it was November 17—the miserable beasts were hitched to the wagon again, but they refused to pull it up the slope. Therefore we had to unload and carry everything to the top of the little hill. Even the empty vehicle they were hardly able to draw up the gentle acclivity. This consumed the better part of the forenoon, and during the rest of the day, our way leading over very slippery, hilly prairie which was crossed by a great number of ravines, we were able to make an advance of only seven miles in spite of the cruellest efforts.

On the morning of the eighteenth we again started out in order to make a creek called Sandy Hill Creek, where we

found a goodly supply of wood and running water. Here we stopped and pitched our tent.

We had scarcely finished the task when suddenly a storm arose accompanied with snow so dense that we could not distinguish the nearest objects. With the great snow masses that already covered the earth, and the lowering of the temperature to a point where my glass could no longer register, it seemed that the end of everything was near. The wind blew down the tent as often as we tried to pitch it anew.

A new horror was added! Great numbers of wolves appeared, it seemed out of nowhere. Their howl was ceaseless. They approached to the very door of our tent, and we were in momentary danger of being eaten up by them. Gradually our tent became buried in the piling snow masses.

Our supplies were now at their lowest ebb. My body was so injured from the cold and so exhausted from famine that it had now become too stiff to permit me to rise from my comfortless couch on the ground.

Through eight unending days and nights we were in these desperate straits, and death seemed imminent, not an hour away. Mr. Moellhausen, who was twenty-four against my fifty-four years, proved himself still stout-hearted and the personification of devotion. His courage did not desert him even in this fearful extremity. How my heart went out to him in this terrible crisis, I cannot tell in words. I resolved from the exercise of all the will-power I could still command to continue to face the impossible at the side of this intrepid companion of mine if God only willed to deliver us from this situation.

Our last horse, the Indian pony, now sickened and died. The same symptoms appeared with each of our horses before their misery came to an end. First of all their spine became cramped and extremely sensitive to the touch. Thick mucus was discharged from the nostrils, as if they had become afflicted with an acute attack of the glanders. This was followed by a sudden emaciation and deathlike faintness.

On November 25, when our situation had become at last hopeless and we had resigned ourselves to die, God sent us help. The mailstage from Fort Laramie came along. The driver and the passengers found us. But there was scarcely enough room for one more person.

Even this space was very unwillingly offered, and only after long entreaties and the promise of a large sum of

money. In addition I had to give the mule and a saddle to the passenger who was to be incommoded.<sup>3</sup>

Now it was to be a question of who should remain behind. We agreed to leave it to the toss of a coin, and chance decided in my favor. With deep grief and sorrow I left my loyal, gallant companion, with the promise to send him help from the colony at the Catholic Mission. A few miles on the way we chanced upon a band of Otoe Indians who were camping in the shelter of a little copse of brushwood. As these were settled rather comfortably, my new friends deemed it wise to arrange with these kindly disposed Indians to bring Mr. Moellhausen to their encampment and to give him good care and attention until he full recovered. The nobility of these children of nature was the more evident when they refused a generous compensation which my new travelling companions offered them for their promise to bring Mr. Moellhausen to Independence as soon as he should be able to resume the journey.

As for me, I soon saw that my new companions were fine, good-hearted people who showed a most sympathetic understanding for the terrible experiences through which my companion and I had passed. This feeling of friendship cheered me beyond words. My gloom over the thought of Moellhausen had disappeared as soon as those arrangements with the Otoes had been made, and I was soon beginning to take a new interest in my future.

The succeeding ten days, however, were as hard as any through which I had passed before the mailcoach found me. The nights were terrible, exposed as we were to the deadly blasts of the gale. My body and limbs were frost bitten so that I could find no relief from the suffering that wracked me.

At last we arrived at the Catholic Mission of the Putawatomes. But these gentlemen of the cloth showed little sympathy toward me, nor even the slightest consideration for the fate of my companion, the memory of whose pallid

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3. In another manuscript, a more detailed duplicate of the one on which this translation is based, Paul Wilhelm writes that on this outward journey he had hidden a considerable store of provisions, and with these a large sum of money on a spot on the Little Blue, to be available on the return trip. When he looked for this cache on his arrival from the West, it was not to be found. He concluded that some camping party must have by chance discovered it and appropriated it. This accounts for his moneyless condition when the mailcarrier took him to Kansastown. After reaching that point he was able to command ample credit through communicating by telegraph with his bankers in St. Louis.—The Translator.

features I was unable to keep out of my mind even when my own body was passing through martyrdom.

When my disappointment on account of the cold and inhospitable reception by the Jesuit Brothers was so apparent, a Canadian half-breed of the same faith as theirs, but of Samaritan mould, volunteered to make a search for Mr. Moellhausen, and to bring him back to civilization even sooner than he might be able to return with the help of the Otoes. But I learned later that he never found Moellhausen, and he himself was not seen again. So it must be supposed that he lost his life on this unfortunate and tragic mission.

The Anglo-Americans who did not wish to be outdone in generosity collected among themselves the sum of two hundred dollars as a reward and gave it to the man.

We remained at the mission over night. The ill-concealed hostility of our hosts chilled us even more than the howling snowstorms, and the even lower temperatures that had set in during the night, after the brief spell of thawing weather of the preceding day due to a warm wind from the northwest.

Undoubtedly on account of this sudden warm spell the river Kansas had become released from its icy fetters; for huge ice-floes were rushing down in the rising torrent that threatened a score of times to crush the sides of our frail, flatbottomed ferry-boat.

On the opposite side a Swede was living on a lonely homestead. This kindly fellow insisted that we stay with him until we had recovered our strength and spirits. For my companions also were showing the effects of the indescribably harsh experiences of the trip. For the first time since my brief stay in Scott's Bluffs I had the blissful luck of sleeping in a comfortable bed. I have good reason to remember this noble fellow, Gustaf Larson, as long as I live.

The rest of the distance to Independence was again over slippery ice and through mountain-high snowdrifts. My condition when we arrived at this hospitable little place was critical. But every aid in the power of its citizens was offered me to raise my spirits and renew my strength for the rest of the trip to St. Louis.

My miraculous deliverance had been telegraphed from Kansastown to St. Louis and New Orleans. All the newspapers in the United States manifested their sympathy and rejoicing over my return to civilization which had long been despaired of. After a month of suffering I was now able again to find sleep on a comfortable bed.

From lovable, hospitable Independence I travelled to Booneville in a post-wagon which in the west is called "mail-stage," and which is merely a lumbering farm-wagon useful only because of its high wheels and broad tires which render possible the passage over the endless miles of boggy forest-roads. The distance to Booneville is 104 miles by way of Marshall and Arrowrock. Booneville is just across the river from Franklin. There I stopped over a fortnight for rest and in order to recover my health which had been shattered.

There is a splendid tavern in Booneville where I enjoyed for the first time since I left St. Louis the comforts of civilization. Among my new friends I remember with great pleasure two countrymen, one of them Dr. Knickelaand, from Hanover, the other the leading merchant of the town, Mr. Kehle, from Gera, both of whom urged me to make my home with them.

There are still 180 miles intervening between here and St. Louis, and the roads are miserable, the conveyances wretched—surely a sore trial for an exhausted wayfarer to face!

Continuing my journey I made another halt of four days at Jefferson City. On the evening of my arrival I found that great demonstrations of rejoicing had been arranged here in my honor. My reception at the capitol of this great pioneer state was cordial beyond description.

Farther down the Gasconade had to be crossed twice. The ice was very unsafe. But with the aid of a long pole I managed to reach the other side. A part of my luggage slipped through and was lost, and several persons broke through. These were saved only with the greatest difficulty and at considerable risk to the rescuers. We had to spend the night in the open although we were wet to the skin and utterly unprepared for such an emergency.

The rest of the way to St. Louis was by way of Manchester and was very rough and tedious. Our post-chaise stuck fast in the quagmire a number of times, and we had to finish the last eighteen miles in a two-wheeled-ox-cart.

Just as in Jefferson City so was I received in St. Louis with a welcome that moved me to the depths of my heart. But I was obsessed with the fixed conviction that I would never get well in this city with the endless number of entertainments that I soon learned were being planned in my honor. I wanted, for the first time in my life, to rest, rest, rest! I longed for the warm, balmy air and the "dolce far niente" of the dreamy Southland.

The cold increased hourly. Never was such terrible cold known within the memory of the oldest settlers. In such weather, with the roads in an unspeakably bad condition and often blocked for days, with navigation interrupted, if not for long periods entirely stopped, it will be most difficult for the inhabitants of towns and cities to provide themselves with supplies of fuel and foodstuffs, even though the latter are plentiful on farms, and though the forest primeval is at no great distance from any populations, even from St. Louis itself.

The prevailing wind is from north-northwest, with the sky clear and the ground bare of snow. The temperature is 15° Reamur (34° F.).

The general character of the dwelling houses is of a lightness and a flimsiness that is surprising in a people like the Americans who love comfort and have every means near at hand to arrange their mode of living accordingly. It is for this lack of foresight that the people suffer so severely in times of cold. Fireplaces and castiron stoves radiate heat only within a short radius. Beyond that there reigns an arctic temperature, and walls, windows, and doors are hoary-white with frost.

(Post-script written after Paul Wilhelm's convalescence in New Orleans.)

My heart wells up many times during the day, and my eyes grow dimmed as I recall the deep sympathy and affection which was shown me by the people of the cities through the Missouri State, especially of Independence and Booneville. Many of the inhabitants offered me substantial pecuniary aid, a high proof of disinterestedness and philanthropy when you reflect that at this time money is lamentably scarce and times are hard because a great number of banks have gone into bankruptcy throughout the republic leaving the depositors penniless.

Of all the great virtues in the character of the Anglo-American the two most desirable are their magnanimity and self-effacement to alleviate sickness and misfortune, and their natural and spontaneous hospitality. This is the magnificent legacy born out of the earliest of the founders of the Republic, of their Franklin, their Jefferson, their Washington.

I have observed wherever I have been a guest that there is a natural devotion, a common interest in the home. In the most humble cabin, as well as in the finest mansion, I see that the housewife and mother in one is idealized.

Nowhere else in all my extensive travels over the planet have I seen such downright adoration manifested toward womanhood.

And as long as these lofty traits, the hallmark of true knighthood, are the dominant and basic virtues of the American people the Ship of State will ride secure through any storms that may betide.

## A FIGHT FOR LIFE: MOELLHAUSEN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ABANDONMENT AND SUBSEQUENT ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS

(Found among the journals of Duke Paul Wilhelm, a companion-piece to the latter's "Adventures in the Great American Desert.")

### THE ADVENTURES OF MOELLHAUSEN: FORSAKEN!

**W**HEN I SAW the postwagon disappear on the bleak, frozen horizon I felt that the nadir of my misfortunes had been reached. Within the rude vehicle were the only white people, so far as I knew, in this ice-covered solitude hundreds of miles in extent, while the only living beings now about me were wolves.

These announced their presence and in ever increasing numbers. Their tongues lolling, their greedy gaze fixed on me, I could almost detect a cunning, calculating look in the blood-shot eyes when the moment for the general attack would be arriving.

This moment could have been the very next one. I might be able to fire two or three shots into them, at most. That which would follow at once was easy to guess.

My first task must be to put my firearms in good condition and to have them in readiness and instant reach. My arsenal consisted of two shotguns, one single and the other double-barrelled. These carried heavy charges of buckshot with deadly effect at 150 paces off. In addition, there was the duke's single-barrelled German rifle, with a range of over 300 paces; a six-chambered revolver made by the Yankee, Samuel Colt; four horse-pistols; my long-bladed hunting knife, and a heavy axe.

With these death-dealing instruments, I felt somewhat reassured and secure in an attack by savages, provided there were not too many, and that I saw them first. That a marauding band of these might pay me a visit at most any time I knew only too well.

So far as I had been able to study the nature of those terrible sharks of the prairie, the gray and white wolves, I felt that I could hold them at bay unless hunger at last might drive them to desperation. Whenever I looked out I saw small packs of them along the creek-bottoms. They shifted their position constantly, either only a step or two, or trotted a dozen or more steps, eyes always turned toward the tent, then stopping. Some of them would disappear through the dense underbrush, then emerge on the other side and trot up the hill-side where they would disappear. But for those that dropped out of sight there were always others drifting in, apparently from nowhere.

After a survey of the situation from my frail little fortress, the leather tent, I now set about to protect myself against the constantly increasing cold and the silently drifting, sinister snow. This snow, fine as sifted flour, seemed to find an entry in to my refuge through the tiniest openings, even no larger than pin-pricks.

Soon I had built a wall of snow, packed against the leather sides partly by tramping, partly by beating it with my shovel. I could notice at once that the fire was burning more lustily and that it diffused more warmth.

Next I went down to the little river and gathered a large supply of dry wood. This I dragged over the snow up the slope to one side of my tent-door. Last of all I brought up two pails full of water.

Now I began to arrange the interior of my habitation. First of all I gathered all the hides of buffalo, a large horsehide, and coverlets that we had brought with us when we set out from Kansastown and laid them out with a view to comfort and warmth.

Then I made a little excavation directly under the hole in the center of the tent-roof, Indian-fashion. This I made narrow and two feet long. As the ground was frozen I was unable to dig it more than a few inches deep. But I knew that the fire would melt the frost in the earth so that I could have it at any depth I wished within a day or so.

My provisions consisted of a few remnants of buffalo meat, a little rice, some coffee and tea, and a quantity of maize. This latter, intended for provender for the chestnut mare that had perished in the snow several nights before, became now a welcome addition to my larder.

Carefully I now set to work to divide these very meager supplies into rations. I believed that help must arrive from the Mission of the Putowatomies within a fortnight at the



latest, and accordingly the division was made in fourteen portions.

When I had done all this I felt very tired. While working I felt animated and almost cheerful. But no sooner than I was inside of the tent my spirits began to sag. As soon as I had prepared my simple evening meal over the little fire and eaten it I made ready to pass this first night alone in the solitude of the vast wilderness.

When you know that a fellow-being, be it only a child, is near about, you can never feel so altogether alone. The human voice, even when it is the plaintive cry of a little one, has something cheery and sociable about it to make even the wilderness endurable. But with your own voice it is different. I made one attempt to talk to myself in the ordinary tone of conversation. But with a shiver I ceased. My voice had something dreadful, unnatural, unrecognizable about it as it resounded in the narrow limits of my habitation. When it died away it seemed as if it were a mocking, horrible echo from a specter out of one of the corners of the tent.

The sun dipped low behind the rising bank of snow-clouds sending its last beams across the illimitable snow fields that seemed to sound the signal for a weird concert, no longer strange, to be sure. But now, with my brave companion and leader gone, the howling resounded doubly dismal.

A whole horde of prairie wolves formed the chorus, a quarter of a mile away. Their ki-eye was ear-piercing, now sounding like the gibber of ghouls, now like the laughter of madmen released. To their long drawn-out treble there were soon added the deep notes of the great, shaggy wolves.

For minutes this eery baying would cease. Anon a leader raised his penetrating cry again, when immediately the whole choir fell in in wild discord. And the howling stormwind bore these savage notes far out upon the solitary land.

In the slough, where nothing was left of the dead horses but the brightly polished bones—and of harnesses and halters only the iron-rings—there now ensued a furious battle. The wails that came from the smaller combatants, the prairie wolves, were borne to me on the air like messengers announcing the death-throes of the victims that had incautiously ventured too near their monstrous cousins who with their huge jaws set with teeth sharp as steel shears would rend them hors de combat with a single slash.

As long as it was light I peered out of the darkness of

my tightly-closed tent in an endeavor to count the great horde that had collected about the bones in the slough, but at last I had to give up the attempt. It was a childish diversion, I must admit. But it distracted my mind from gloomy thoughts for a brief space. A moment only and sleep overpowered me. The thousand conflicting emotions of the day and my frenzied haste to make everything ready for some degree of liveableness had brought on a terrible fatigue, bodily and mental.

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Just as the sun had risen above the crest of the eastern hills I woke up. Hunger was gnawing at my vitals. "One night has gone by," I thought to myself as I cut a notch in one of the tent-poles. "If only the other thirteen would pass as safely! Or better, if the people I am expecting to deliver me could come much, much sooner!"

It must have been somewhere between the twenty-sixth and twenty-eighth of November, and according to this reckoning I expected that I would spend Christmas at the Mission. I was far from suspecting at that moment how far I was wrong in my reckoning.

Could I have just then been able to foresee the unutterable sufferings, the horrors that I was destined to endure, I doubt not that I would have ended it all with a bullet!

The day went by slowly, gloomily. I passed some time dragging more firewood to the tent-door to insure myself of an abundant supply against the contingency that even so short a walk might become impossible during a long-continued blinding snowstorm.

To my utter horror I now noticed that a paralyzing weakness had gone into my feet and knees, so that I was reeling like a drunken person as I tried to walk along. If this became aggravated, if it did not abate, I could see myself slowly freezing and starving to death.

In a sorrowful mood I was sitting in front of my tent. My eyes were absently watching as the seething, boiling water in the little kettle was tossing the kernels of maize upward and sucking them back again in a mad whirl.

I had just stuffed my little clay pipe with dry willow leaves mixed with a little tea and was blowing the acrid smoke away from my nostrils when I saw several horsemen approach from the north. They were driving some horses ahead of them loaded with heavy packs.

Prepared for all eventualities I awaited their coming

calmly and motionless. I soon recognized them to be Indians who were returning from a beaver-hunt, in haste to reach their settlements on the Kansas. Therefore I knew that I would have nothing to fear from them.

When they had come within rifle-range one of them advanced toward me. Arrived at the tent he addressed me in fairly good English. Immediately he dispelled any suspicions I might have felt when he told me that he was a Delaware. Soon he was sitting at my side by the fire in the little habitation, while his companions, a set of wild-looking young fellows, were making themselves comfortable by a fire they had built outside of the tent.

Long and earnestly the older man talked to me, in an attempt to persuade me to leave all my belongings as well as those of my chief, the duke, to the wolves and roving Indian bands and to go with him to their wigwam on the Missouri.

"The wolves," he warned, "will draw closely and ever more closely about you. They will leave you no rest, neither by day nor by night. And if they delay in their purpose of devouring you, then the Pawnees who rove over this region will plunder and afterwards scalp you."

I turned his kind and generous offer down and tried to convince him that within two weeks at the latest people with horses were sure to arrive from the Catholic Mission, in which event I would be able not only to salvage my belongings, but also to go in a little wagon. In my present weak state, and crippled as I was, it would be utterly impossible to make the journey on horseback, and much less on foot.

"The help you expect," spoke the kindly Delaware, "cannot reach you. The palefaces will not come. They will not risk their good horses and their lives to ride against the terrible storms from the Missouri to this place for any cause, even to save your life, which, as they believe, in spite of the most urgent pleas from your friends, is already past saving.

"But I note well that the word of a paleface prevails against the counsels of the savage. You have the choice. May you not delude yourself in false hopes!"

I persisted in my resolution, and I had cause to repent it often and most bitterly.

At parting this noble fellow gave me a haunch of venison from a deer which he had slain that morning. Then he pressed my hand mutely and pursued his way in a southeasterly direction without looking back again toward my tent and disappeared with his followers behind the near hills. I was alone once more.

It is not possible to describe my sufferings during the several days that followed. I was lamed to such a degree that I had to creep back and forth on my hands and knees in order to fetch water from the creek and to drag wood in small bundles from the timber by a rope fastened about my waist. My head was whirling from the least effort. I was reeling like a man out of his senses. I was beginning to lose my memory. I was unable to reason. My faculty to think grew blurred. My mind was wandering toward utter darkness. Worry and the terrible cold may have been the cause.

The stormking was now constantly shrieking and howling across the barren waste and threatened to bury me alive. During the nights I did not dare to close my eyes; for the wolves, maddened by hunger, were growing hourly bolder and more ravenous. Relentlessly their circle drew more tightly about my little refuge. I would listen to the crunching of their footsteps on the snow as they were scurrying and leaping about, snarling and gnashing their formidable teeth.

In terrible suspense I harkened to every noise, waiting for the moment when the first should attempt to rend the tent opening.

That moment arrived and I quickly fired at random, right through the thin tent walls out into the black night. Terrified, they scampered off, to repeat their assault a few hours later with the same tenacity.

During the day, when these brutes that shun the light would not dare to draw near, I was able to rest. But, oh, what kind of rest this was! Among the litter that surrounded me in the small space, like chaos itself, I had discovered a small vial of laudanum. This and a box of quinine were now the only drugs that were left from the store we had brought with us from civilization.

By means of a strong draught of this liquid which I had swallowed after finishing my all too scant breakfast, I managed to fall into a dead slumber.

Gayly-colored pictures now danced about me in sweetest dreamland. I was now quite insensible to the cold, to hunger, to the torturing pains that had racked me waking and sleeping. I was relieved of all physical discomforts. I was deliriously happy.

But as I awakened to naked reality once more, all the terrors and agonies came back, it seemed, a hundred-fold greater than before.

There I lay, my limbs all stiff and paralyzed. The few pieces of clothing which the Pawnees had left me sufficed no longer to protect me from the cold whenever I ventured outside of the tent. A buffalo-hide thrown over my shoulders was all that I could find to shelter me.

Nine days I had suffered and endured in this manner. Nine notches I had now made into the tentpole, one on each morning at awakening, when it was only by the most torturing efforts that I was able to drag myself as far as the woodpile just outside the tent-door to bring in barely enough wood necessary for the life-giving fire.

Moodily, gloomily, I meditated over my hard lot. Deliverance by ordinary means seemed no longer to be hoped for. Without having arrived at any decision, without caring for any consequences, I again reached for the laudanum flask and drew it to my lips. I drank in the soothing liquid in long draughts. I almost emptied the vial. Then a stupor shut out all the horrors of body and mind.

How long I may have lain there I do not remember. But it was black night when I awoke. The storm was raging and straining at the tentpoles, almost drowning the howls of the wolves. An unbearable thirst was torturing me. My feet and lower limbs had become numb from cold.

With an almost superhuman effort I managed to blow a few tiny live coals into a blaze. When I had started a crackling fire, I began to eat handful after handful of snow. But no sooner was my thirst slaked to a bearable degree than the pangs of hunger reappeared.

Like one gone stark mad, I reached for the raw buffalo-meat and began to rend and devour it with wolfish greed, hard-frozen though it was. Never had anything passed my lips that tasted so delicious.

With no regard for the future, I now roasted piece after piece over the red coals. In my ungovernable greed I had devoured no less than three days' rations!

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Toward morning, to my glad surprise, I felt quite free from the incubus that had oppressed me through that eternity of nights and days. The torturing illness had vanished as if by magic, and it was sweet to be alive. Yes, life was fair, was rapturously fair even though the surroundings were not any more hopeful than before.

Leaning on my rifle for a support, I strolled about for a little while. The movement filled me with exquisite pleasure, like Burgundy wine.

In a few days I had recovered so far that I was able to walk up a slope back of the tent so that my eyes could rove again over the landscape. It was by no means less dreary. Yet it no longer depressed and terrified me as it had done before.

But in proportion as my strength returned, so did my slender supply of provisions grow ever more alarmingly small. I now bent all my willpower to think of means whereby I might be able to increase my food supply. My hope for news or help from the Mission I had by this time abandoned completely. Once and for all, I resigned myself to the hard alternative, to stay out the entire winter where I was. At first, to be sure, it was a bitter thought. But gradually dark despair softened into submission to the inevitable, and from this submission came a spirit of peace and calm.

Until now I had steadfastly refrained from taking recourse to flesh from wolves. In the end, hunger—hunger like mine which few mortals have been doomed to suffer—does easily dispel nausea, and it did not cost me a hard struggle, even the first time, to chew on the tough, stringy, sinewy meat, which had no particle of fat on it, and which was not unlike a piece of sole-leather with respect to tastelessness.

Now when I had finished my first meal of wolf-meat, I had to admit to myself that it had turned out quite contrary to my apprehensions. I had as much as I could wish for, for the first time since we crossed the La Platte southeast of Kearney, six weeks before. For six weeks I had had insufficient nourishment, at first, two meagre meals a day, and since our encampment on Sandy Creek, only one.

For days, meat and boiled maize had been my sole diet. Now the maize was also gone, and my supply of salt was almost exhausted. Perhaps I dreaded the time when there was no longer any salt more than I had the petering out of all the other food supplies together. It is easy to imagine my relief, even downright joy, when I found that wolf-meat was actually palatable and delectable. Now there was no longer any occasion for worry that death from slow starvation was to be my lot. It was an easy thing to slay a wolf each day and pick only the best parts of the carcass, then to scatter the rest far and wide over the snow. The latter would serve as bait as long as there were wolves, and these would last indefinitely unless they all should finally succumb to hunger, too.

There was an abundant supply of powder, lead, and

ignition caps. For this I felt profoundly grateful to the superior judgment of the duke whom I was inclined to criticize when he purchased such enormous quantities the day before we departed from Kansastown.

All I needed to do now was to raise the little flap at the right of the tent door. The small opening was large enough for a full view over the banks of the stream below. When the first of the wolves appeared, on the approach of twilight, I was already lying in wait with my gun ready on the instant. The first slinking brute to emerge from the bushes was doomed to fall a victim to my trusty rifle.

Since the setting out from Kansastown, I had practiced unremittingly in the use of the several kinds of firearms we were carrying. The target might be wild life of any kind or motionless objects. My mentor, a crack shot himself with both pistol and long range weapons, gave me no peace from daylight till dark. I had to shoot from the moving wagon, from the saddle, from a position flat on the ground, or kneeling or standing.

We had two long-range rifles of a most modern type that could deal death at three hundred paces, quite an improvement over the American rifles of that day which could not be relied on for the killing of big game at a distance greater than two hundred paces.

My teacher was not satisfied with any performance that was less than perfection. He would grow almost insulting in his impatience when I took a long aim. I had to learn to find the range in distance, on level ground and on hilly, at a wink of the eye. "Faster! Faster!" was his constant command. When I tarried a second, he would shoot and spoil my chance.

He had a way with him that was irresistible. He succeeded in changing my naturally sluggish, leisurely habits of action until they became tense and automatic. A glance at the object and a touch at the trigger became a simultaneous act. An American invention called the hair-trigger added immensely to the accuracy of the aim, as this required only the slightest touch of the forefinger to fire.

It was usually necessary to use all haste to reach my victim. For I soon learned that these animals were cannibals. They would devour their own comrades as unhesitatingly as the kill of other animals. Often I would slay a big brute at a distance of two or three hundred paces. Then there would ensue a ferocious battle. In the twinkling of the eye, the carcass, still palpitating, would be torn in a

dozen bits. In fifteen minutes only the clean-gnawed white bones were left scattered on the ground.

I had the foresight to lay up a store of flesh sufficient to last a number of days. This froze solidly in a short time and thawed only when placed in a kettle of boiling water or when held on a forked stick over the fire. For there were days at a time when the snow blew over the plains with such an intensity that it was impossible to see a dozen paces beyond my eyrie. At such times the cold within my little refuge was as intense a few feet away from the hearth-fire as out in the open.

Slowly the days passed, and infinitely more slowly the nights. But my rambles extended farther out from day to day. My spirits had risen once more so that I was singing or whistling while I walked or when I was busy gathering wood, or carrying water, or preparing my simple meal. This had the effect of driving away gloom and nostalgia and worse things. For I had caught myself repeatedly in certain queer aberrations which gave me not a little cause for apprehension.

And so I had cut the twenty-sixth notch on the tent-pole, my improvised calendar. As usual, after my early supper, I had thrown my buffalo-robe about my shoulders and fastened it tightly around my waist with a belt. Then I took my rifle under my arm and followed the beaten trail to the top of the nearby hill. The snowstorm of the previous night had wiped out my tracks so that the trail was only an indistinct line, and the walk over the snow crust that broke as soon as my weight would come down on it became terribly fatiguing. But I persisted in going on to the crest.

The sun was within an hour of setting. Its rays fell obliquely over the endless snow surface of the wilderness. Not the lightest breeze was astir. The exertion had warmed me up despite the biting cold so that my buffalo fur felt uncomfortable. My breath had formed tiny, milk-white pearls on the black fur that almost hid my face.

Arrived on the hill-top, I now scanned the horizon in all directions as had been my habit from the first. To my terror I noticed a pair of human forms that were coming out of the north and directly toward my camp. I say in terror, for the sight of a human being had grown to be so unusual that I was far from feeling glad over this that I considered in advance as a decidedly unwelcome intrusion. A queer foreboding seemed to tell me that there was something about these two arrivals foreshadowing evil.



Since they were at first almost indistinguishable shapes, I was uncertain whether they were mounted or afoot. But since they were coming from a region whence only Pawnees were likely to come, it seemed to me that I must form a plan of action without a moment's delay. Undoubtedly they had seen me, perhaps even before I had discovered them. Therefore I must ascertain their intentions. I asked myself at once what the duke would do under the circumstances. For we had often discussed various kinds of eventualities and how we might face them.

I was convinced that he would advise me not to await their coming in the tent. I must be prepared for anything of a hostile nature. If their intentions were evil they should purchase my scalp at a good price.

There was perhaps a scant hour's respite in which I must get ready for them. For if they had reached the spot where I had discovered them they would be able to survey my little domain and hold me there indefinitely.

So, without delay, I hastened back to my tent and gathered up all my firearms and ammunition. I put, before carrying these to a safe retreat, a sufficient supply of firewood on the glimmering coals so that a cloud of smoke would continue to pass up through the opening at the top of the tent that served as a chimney. Then I took the weapons, including my axe and hunting knife, and laid these on top of the woodpile, fastening the tent opening in such a way that it must appear as if it had been done from the inside, by the person or persons at the heart fire.

Sandy Creek was about a hundred and fifty paces away. I ran in almost a half-circle about the tent. It had a high bank on the other side that was thickly covered with underbrush. It provided a safe hiding-place.

Carefully I placed my feet into the tracks which I had left behind on my return, a short while before, from a walk after water. Walking backwards with the minutest care my tracks appeared as those of one who had just come from the little creek-bottom. Even a crafty savage would be deceived, since there would not be any particular reason to excite suspicion that the person they had seen would attempt to dupe them.

The creek was frozen over. The wind had blown the ice clear of snow and it was smooth as a polished mirror. In order not to leave any marks from the hobnails such as were left of the soles on my shoes, I took these off. Then I walked down the creek until there was a fringe of brushwood on the

right bank, too. Putting on my shoes again, I climbed up the opposite bank, pushed into the brushwood, and retraced my steps until I was opposite my water hole again. From that point I had an excellent view of the tent. Securely ensconced in a well-protected place of hiding, where the tall grass could be tramped down on the snow and make a comfortable spot on which to sit, I awaited events. The brown grass in front of me was tall and dense so that I was able to observe from behind it every movement of my intruders without running the least risk of detection.

The minutes passed with infinite slowness. The strain of waiting grew ever more tense. The effort of the walk to the top of the hill had made me perspire. Now that the sun was near the western brim, it had already grown considerably colder. The chill caused me to shiver, caused my teeth to chatter in spite of my most determined efforts to refrain from it. I had been holding my double-barrelled rifle in the crook of my left arm in order to have it in immediate readiness the moment it was necessary to use it.

I could not endure the cold that had gripped my body as with an armor of ice. So I left the gun in my little retreat and stepped farther back into the bushes, where I began at once to stamp the ground and at the same time beat my arms and hands in a most energetic manner. My very life depended on the success of these violent efforts to quicken the flow of blood in my veins.

At last I felt warmth returning to my limbs and body again, and now I relaxed gradually in my extreme exertions and crawled back to my little observatory.

Now the heads of the two wanderers bobbed up from behind the hill beyond the tent. In a few moments more they were standing on the crest in clear outline, although the shadows were already lengthening as the red disk behind the two forms disappeared from view.

They were Indians. It was too far and the light too insufficient now to make out whether they wore warpaint on their faces. They were standing erect for only a moment, examining the tent from their eyrie, then bent down to look at my foot-prints. They then walked swiftly toward the tent and when they were quite close, they threw off their buffalo-robcs.

My eyes were following their slightest motions. They carried no firearms. But they had long, powerful bows, and the quivers which they carried at the back were well

filled with darts. The light for a few moments was perfect for accurate observation. They actually seemed only a few steps away.

I was unable to suppress a shiver even though my body was warm again, when I saw them slink about the tent, silent as shadows. There was a stillness in the air that was almost torturing. It seemed to me that they must be hearing the beats of my heart just as I myself could plainly hear them.

Now each moved the belt that carried the quiver until it was directly in front, then raised the bow and tested the tautness of the string. They exchanged a glance then that seemed to express satisfaction. Their hostile, murderous intentions could no longer be misunderstood. Under no circumstances could I therefore allow either of them to escape if I could prevent their return in a few days with a whole horde of their tribesmen.

After the two had exchanged some signs, they separated. One of them followed the tracks in the direction of the creek for a dozen paces while the other, eyes fixed on the tent and holding a dart placed on the bowstring, was slowly, ever so slowly, walking around the tent.

Noiselessly he had made the circuit just as his mate came back from his inspection. He was trying to raise the flap of the little opening, but it being fastened on the inside with a tight knot, he gave it up.

Now they exchanged signs anew. The larger placed his right hand against the cheek, then pointed to the curling smoke, evidently to indicate that someone inside was sleeping. Then he motioned where they should take their position so that their missiles, dispatched through the tent walls at right angles must pierce the heart of the sleeper without fail. This he showed by finger movements.

A horror gripped me. Were I lying in the tent, I would be a dead man the next moment. Only too well had I read their signs! "Here lives only one man. He reclines at the hearth-fire and he is sleeping. Three, four, five arrow-shots will finish him, and then we can make away with rich booty."

These were their thoughts, while I, the only witness of their treacherous designs, was squatting down in the snow and watching their signs and gestures.

My heart was now pounding as if it would burst, and the blood was racing through my veins as I saw the savages, each, send four or five death-dealing arrows into the tent.

In this moment I felt plainly, oh so plainly, with what tenacity man even in the most desperate extremity clings to life. For I was now ready to dispatch the two fiends with a glee that I had never thought myself capable of feeling. I waited only for the most opportune time.

Nothing, of course, had moved within the thin leather walls. The Indians listened intently. Cautiously they approached the tent-door. One of them laid down the bow, gripped his tomahawk and bent down on his knees in front of the door, while the other was standing guard a few paces away, with drawn bow.

In the meantime I had picked out the head of the kneeling figure. In the moment when he was stretching out his hands toward the flap I drew back the hammer of my rifle. Slight though the noise was it seemed as though the two had heard it. They stopped short, startled, and cast their eyes all about.

The kneeling figure now seemed for the moment the less dangerous of the two. Hence I changed the aim so that the naked breast of the other, who was standing ready to dispatch his bow into the tent as soon as the door strings had become unfastened, now became my target.

I fired and at the very instant of firing the Indian's sharp eyes must have discovered me. For quick as a flash he sighted me and sprang to one side. But the bullet had struck him after all and he fell to the ground with a shriek that froze the marrow in my bones.

The second had jumped up. The surprise had stunned him, and this gave me time to seize the gun that was loaded with a charge of buck shot. This he received in the face and throat and he fell without a sound across the body of his groaning comrade.

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Now my foes were dead and past all power to harm me. The realization of this, far from yielding me the slightest exultation, cast a gloom, a horror over me. I had taken human life. I had not been the aggressor. Beyond a doubt my deed was justifiable.

But for all this reasoning I was in a stupor, like a doddering idiot. I wanted to shriek. Something within me seemed to be at the breaking point. My remorse was unbearable. An hour before I had had no suspicion that anything so frightful as that was impending. There was then no blood-guilt upon my soul.

And how did I know that this was to be the only time I

would have to resort to murder? Before rescue might come—and this was now such a remote probability that I no longer gave it a thought—how many times would I be confronted with the same alternative, to slay another or to be slain myself. My mind was groping for help, for support, and I did not know whither to turn to find it.

By actual reckoning perhaps twenty minutes had elapsed since I had started out of the tent to hide in ambush. No scruples then troubled me. I deliberately planned to defend my life as dearly as I could. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to prepare myself for resorting to any of these extremes in order to free myself from these savages.

But, strangest paradox of all, while I was thus raving about my deed and railing at myself as at an inhuman fiend, I was reloading my rifle. Then I walked mechanically up toward the bloody scene.

A terrible groaning escaped from the throat of the undermost form. At first my eyes refused to turn in the direction of the two bodies. The groaning grew more agonizing and it awakened me out of my stupor.

The lifeless form of the younger savage was lying prone in front of me. The tomahawk was still gripped in his right. The murderous buckshot had penetrated into his throat, his eyes, his temples. The many little holes from which the blood was still trickling had disfigured the swarthy face so that it presented a hideous sight.

I rolled the body over so that I would not have to see his face again and turned to the fellow that was still alive. An older man he, with long black hair matted with blood and almost concealing his face, all but the eyes. And from their coal-black wells glittered into mine a fire of grimmest hate.

The bullet had entered beneath the left shoulder through the chest. Whether with deadly effect I was unable to tell. But the gaping, bleeding wound and the agony in his distorted features and the groans and the gritting of his teeth aroused my deepest pity. I bowed down over him and sought to make him understand by signs and soothing words that I must move him from the bitter cold to the fire in the tent; that I would wash and dress his wound and do everything in my power to have him get well again. I would immediately cover him with my own bedcovers and care for him tenderly and do my best to win his friendship.

This restored my peace of mind somewhat, and I felt confident that God would grant me this means to shrive my

soul from blood-guilt, if I could bring one of the two back to life and strength. The old fellow made as if he understood my good intentions. A wild joy suddenly lighted his features as he was expressing his satisfaction through the Indian "how, how."

Oh I was glad! I was joyous, happy. The prospect of saving the sufferer's life, of winning his friendship, of having him for a companion in my awful loneliness! Already soothed from the coveted solace I was bustling around to see what preparations I could make for his reception into the tent. But before I had made much progress his ever louder groans called me back to his side. As soon as he saw me he pointed with the forefinger of his left hand to his right arm which was bent under his body in a most uncomfortable position. With signs he entreated me to release it.

I knelt down close to his side to do his bidding. Hardly had I caught hold of the arm at the elbow when, without my slightest suspicion, his other hand which unknown to me was claspng a knife shot up from his body with the speed of lightning. While his left gripped me by the shoulder he plunged it twice with the right in the direction of my breast, but fortunately with insufficient force.

I tried my best to parry both thrusts with my right arm while with my left I drew, almost instinctively, my own hunting knife that I was carrying, Indian fashion, at my back in a belt.

My pity all gone, I now buried it twice in his bosom. There came a slight gurgle from his throat, from the direction of his chest. A stream of blood issued from the mouth. His body quivered, stretched out slowly as a rattle in his throat gave the unmistakable sign that the end had come.

When I rose from the ground I felt warm blood trickling down my arm, and only now did I realize that I was wounded. In beating off the first knife-thrust that sharp blade had opened the skin of my right arm from the palm of the hand to the elbow. The second thrust had caught the arm at almost the same place but did not follow it as far as before though it made a deeper, trough-like gash.

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The night that followed was the most terrible of my whole life. Many were the times that I was beside myself while, wrapped in my bedcovers, I was endeavoring to cool my wound with snow.

Sleep was entirely out of the question. In an incredibly short space of time there had, it almost seemed from no-

where, an enormous horde of wolves collected, drawn by the scent of the freshly flowing blood.

I rose from my reclining position to put fresh wood on the fire. This would keep me safe from them as long as I had the strength to feed the flames.

They came ever nearer to the human shambles, howling, snapping their jaws at one another with a ferocity that nothing can describe. It was terrifying.

The glare of the flames was reflected in countless blood-shot eyes. It seemed as if they were demons bent on destroying each other. The stench of their own blood now entered into the tent to sicken me. I discharged my rifle into the pack as often as I in my weakened condition could reload it. But this now had little effect on the frenzied monsters.

Only a slight cessation, then the wolf-pack began anew the vicious snapping of the teeth that would come together like jaws of steel, and the surviving ghoulish forms that were magnified in the steam from the sweat and gore of the awful conflict would growl and yap and strain and tug at a freshly fallen victim, only a moment before a comrade. They would pull and strain and tear the body still quivering with life. Then bones would crunch until nothing was left.

Thus passed the endless night filled with horrors so gruesome that they far surpassed the horrors of hell the great Dante had painted.

Even if my physical suffering had permitted me to sleep; if my mental state had abated from the terrors of what had befallen during the early twilight hours; even though certain death was sure to follow an unguarded moment, all this was meaningless through that death-in-life which held me in a trance-like state through that eternity of terror.

Dawn came and the noise of the conflict subsided. Sated, exhausted, filled with the instinctive fear that approaching sunlight brings, the decimated brutes now vanished like unearthly specters.

Then I arose, shivering, more dead than alive. I was determined to drag away the two slain savages, to efface every vestige of the gruesome spectacle. Even the dread that the tribe from which they had come on their mission of death would send a searching party was not so powerful as the accusing finger that pointed to my own blood-guilt.

I sought among the shambles of the night's conflict for the buffalo robes of the savages. They were stained with the blood of the wolves. I spread them out, rolled a body, horribly mangled and half-devoured on each, then dragged

them in turn to the creek. With my axe I enlarged the hole in the ice and pushed them in the swift current of the stream where they quickly disappeared.

The labor had been superhuman. Only the strength given me by sheer desperation had enabled me to finish it. When I had staggered back, my task fulfilled, I chanced to see two small bundles tightly wrapped in smoke-tanned deer-leather. These contained dried buffalo meat. The hateful scent of the smoked-tanned leather had undoubtedly preserved them from the greed of the wolves.

In spite of my utter weariness the pangs of hunger persisted and I tore at the food with the greed of the shark-like brutes that had turned the night into a hell for me. Then I must have fallen back on my rough couch into a deathlike sleep.

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It was nearly sundown when the cold and the pain from my swollen arm aroused me. My supply of wood was nearly gone. I must rally in spite of pain and weakness, to drag a fresh supply to the tent before darkness prevented me from my search.

My perseverance, even though it cost me untold agonies, saved my life. Without a fire I could never have passed through the night that followed. A blinding snowstorm, more furious than any in all that terrible winter, swept down on me from the land of ice and snow. Every moment throughout the night the strain against the tent walls made the poles creak and bend. Every blast was more furious than the one before. No human being could have survived the fearful cold without the protecting walls of the tent with all its deplorable insufficiency.

Well it was that I had found the little bundles of meat the savages had brought with them. I had no other food supplies. The twin horrors of cold and hunger would have finished me. For the storm lasted two days. My sufferings were almost unbearable. Great frost sores covered my body. My arms were swollen and feverish. It seemed impossible that I would survive this new visitation. But when the storm abated at the end of the second day the sun came out in all its glory as if prophetic of better days.

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The Christmas season was approaching. The solitude had become almost a thing accepted, a thing of habit. Mechanically I performed such daily tasks as sufficed to keep



me alive. Vanished forever were all the terrors of the wilderness, and with feelings of utter indifference I looked forward into the future. Gone was all desire to lift the impenetrable veil from it. Indeed I would invariably feel a something akin to a disagreeable disillusion whenever I would ask myself what was to be the end of this hermit life.

Sadly my heart would then turn back to the past, when my eyes feasted for the first time on the fairy splendor of a Christmas-tree, around which were gathered loving, smiling people.

My Christmas joys were now of a different and a simple kind. A small quantity of tea which I discovered among some rubbish I mixed with dry willow-leaves. This was a genuine solace to me. For with this mixture I would fill my pipe and smoke it. Reclining against a roll of bedcovers I would find a rare delight in the red glimmer within the little bowl and in the fragrant smoke that I would blow in little clouds up toward the roof of my little palace.

Then there was the chimney hole. I was able to catch most exquisite glimpses of the star-lit heavens. The stars were glittering and twinkling like so many Christmas candles. Often they appeared to quiver and quake from the cold, just as I myself. But for all that they shone down upon me as clearly as they had been wont to do in my care-free childhood years.

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On a certain morning as I was in the act of stepping outside I caught sight of a flock of prairie chickens that had alighted on the branches of a tree along the banks of the creek. My heart fairly rejoiced at the prospect of a fine roast for Christmas day. After such long and wearying lack of any variety whatsoever in wholesome and appetizing food, with never a change from wolf's flesh for which I had by this time conceived an almost overpowering distaste, it was but natural, though perhaps ungrateful to Providence, that my heart should constantly turn with indescribable longings to the pictures of good things to eat.

This desire became on the instant irresistible. I took up my shotgun, examined it and then put it away again knowing full well that the timid birds would never allow me to get near enough for a charge of fine shot to be effective.

So I took up my long-barreled rifle. A fine, proud cock was within full range of my bullet. The hunter's irresistible greed for prey was in my blood, and I took up my position

so that it would enable me to bag two members of the wary flock.

Of a sudden I happened to step on a small dry twig that I had failed to notice. It crackled ever so little, but it was loud enough to startle the timid birds and they whirred instantly to a safe distance.

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The days were going by in a soul killing monotony. Hope and despair alternated uncounted times. I had now cut forty three notches in my tent-pole. Six endless weeks of suffering and privation during which death was lurking never far from the threshold of my little refuge.

For hours through the day I would lie prone on my bed in a state that, I might say, was the vague borderland between slumber and waking, between dreaming and reality.

On this particular day, about the noon hour, I was reclining on my back, my eyes vacantly staring to a patch of blue through the hole above me, when all of a sudden I was startled out of my reverie by a noise like human footsteps.

With a movement as quick as flash of lightning I was on my feet, the trusty rifle in my hand. Peeping warily through my little hole in the tent-door, ready for any emergency, a reassuring outcry which I had often heard Indians utter on approaching our wagon struck my ear.

"Antarro how." (halloo, a friend!) it was.

At these words that sounded like sweetest music I stepped outside. Then, in good English, I heard:

"You are in a pretty tough fix, my friend!"

Naturally I was expecting to see a white man, perhaps a Mormon or a fur-trapper, wherefore I answered, even before I had seen the speaker: "Welcome, my friend!"

What was my surprise and, I must add, disappointment, to see before me instead, an Indian unspeakably dirty and wild-looking!

He was holding a gun fully five feet long in his right, and I gazed at him with ill-concealed disgust not a little mingled with suspicion. Indeed I was about to raise my own weapon, ready to forbid his nearer approach, when he exclaimed:

"You can speak to me in English. I can understand you very well."

"But you are an Indian," I parried, only half-convinced of his sincerity.

"My father was a white man, but my mother was red, I

myself prefer to live as an Indian. I am of the tribe of the Otoes. With five others of my tribe and with our squaws I am returning from a hunting trip up the Nebraska.\* Our wigwams are on the Council Bluffs.

"The fire from your wigwam has attracted us hither.

"Our camp is located in a deep ravine about two miles from here. Soon my comrades will join me.

"If you wish to come with me to my tent, come and wander with us to our village on the Missouri.

"The way is far. Much snow covers the earth. We must hasten. Our beasts are laden with much booty of the chase and from the traps, and there will be little space for your belongings.

"Our women will lace warm moccasins on your feet. They will provide you with leggins of deer-leather. Thus you will not leave tracks of blood in your trail on the snow.

"Decide at once what you resolve to do. But give me to eat first. I am hungry."

"I know the Otoes as brothers of the pale faces," I answered. "I shall go with you, and be it even unto the ends of the earth!"

After a march of four weeks we reached the village of the Otoes. I lingered during the four months that followed my return to civilization on a neighboring farm near a fur-trading post. But I kept up a constant intercourse with my Indian friends.

I remained as a brother to the tribe. Their thousand services and kindnesses, unselfishly tendered, touched me. They had nursed me back to robust health with tender, unaffected solicitude. In no other way could I have recovered from my hard experiences so completely.

Again I say, as I said to them while I pressed their hands at parting, that I felt thrice blessed in the enjoyment of their generous and cordial hospitality, and I vowed that I would never cease to think of them with the love of a brother.

I have never returned to them. I doubt not that they would be overjoyed to see me again and to welcome me with the same love that they showed me at all times while I lived in their midst.

The last moment, when I saw in their black, shining eyes

\*The earlier name for Platte river.—The Translator.

the inexpressible, wordless sadness because of the parting, I was unable to restrain the tears from bedimming my eyes. Yes, I have never ceased to think of them and of their unselfish affection.

To them I am indebted for much. I doubt not, for the preservation of my life, and even more, for my reason. Never, no, never can I forget them. My loving memories of them shall be a priceless possession through all the years to come.

I shall remain, as were their wishes and my promises when they adopted me into their tribe, their blood-brother, even to the moment when I shall be called hence to give an account of my earthly acts before the justice-seat of the All-father whom the North American Indians call their "Great and Good Spirit."

**CONSTITUTION**  
**OF THE**  
**HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW MEXICO**  
(As amended Nov. 25, 1941)

**Article 1. *Name.*** This Society shall be called the Historical Society of New Mexico.

**Article 2. *Objects and Operation.*** The objects of the Society shall be, in general, the promotion of historical studies; and in particular, the discovery, collection, preservation, and publication of historical material, especially such as relates to New Mexico.

**Article 3. *Membership.*** The Society shall consist of Members, Fellows, Life Members and Honorary Life Members.

(a) *Members.* Persons recommended by the Executive Council and elected by the Society may become members.

(b) *Fellows.* Members who show, by published work, special aptitude for historical investigation may become Fellows. Immediately following the adoption of this Constitution, the Executive Council shall elect five Fellows, and the body thus created may thereafter elect additional Fellows on the nomination of the Executive Council. The number of Fellows shall never exceed twenty-five.

(c) *Life Members.* In addition to life members of the Historical Society of New Mexico at the date of the adoption hereof, such other benefactors of the Society as shall pay into its treasury at one time the sum of fifty dollars, or shall present to the Society an equivalent in books, manuscripts, portraits, or other acceptable material of an historic nature, may upon recommendation by the Executive Council and election by the Society, be classed as Life Members.

(d) *Honorary Life Members.* Persons who have rendered eminent service to New Mexico and others who have, by published work, contributed to the historical literature of New Mexico or the Southwest, may become Honorary Life Members upon being recommended by the Executive Council and elected by the Society.

**Article 4. *Officers.*** The elective officers of the Society shall be a president, a vice-president, a corresponding secretary, a treasurer, and a recording secretary; and these five officers shall constitute the *Executive Council* with full administrative powers.

Officers shall qualify on January 1st following their election, and shall hold office for the term of two years and until their successors shall have been elected and qualified.

Article 5. *Elections.* At the October meeting of each odd-numbered year, a nominating committee shall be named by the president of the Society and such committee shall make its report to the Society at the November meeting. Nominations may be made from the floor and the Society shall, in open meeting, proceed to elect its officers by ballot, those nominees receiving a majority of the votes cast for the respective offices to be declared elected.

Article 6. *Dues.* Dues shall be \$3.00 for each calendar year, and shall entitle members to receive bulletins as published and also the *Historical Review*.

Article 7. *Publications.* All publications of the Society and the selection and editing of matter for publication shall be under the direction and control of the Executive Council.

Article 8. *Meetings.* Monthly meetings of the Society shall be held at the rooms of the Society on the third Tuesday of each month at eight P. M. The Executive Council shall meet at any time upon call of the President or of three of its members.

Article 9. *Quorums.* Seven members of the Society and three members of the Executive Council, shall constitute quorums.

Article 10. *Amendments.* Amendments to this constitution shall become operative after being recommended by the Executive Council and approved by two-thirds of the members present and voting at any regular monthly meeting; provided, that notice of the proposed amendment shall have been given at a regular meeting of the Society, at least four weeks prior to the meeting when such proposed amendment is passed upon by the Society.

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Students and friends of Southwestern History are cordially invited to become members. Applications should be addressed to the corresponding secretary, Lansing B. Bloom, University of New Mexico. Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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